NOVEMBER.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ATHLETES: A COMPARISON.

By C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

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Vol. VI. No. 32. NOVEMBER, 1901.

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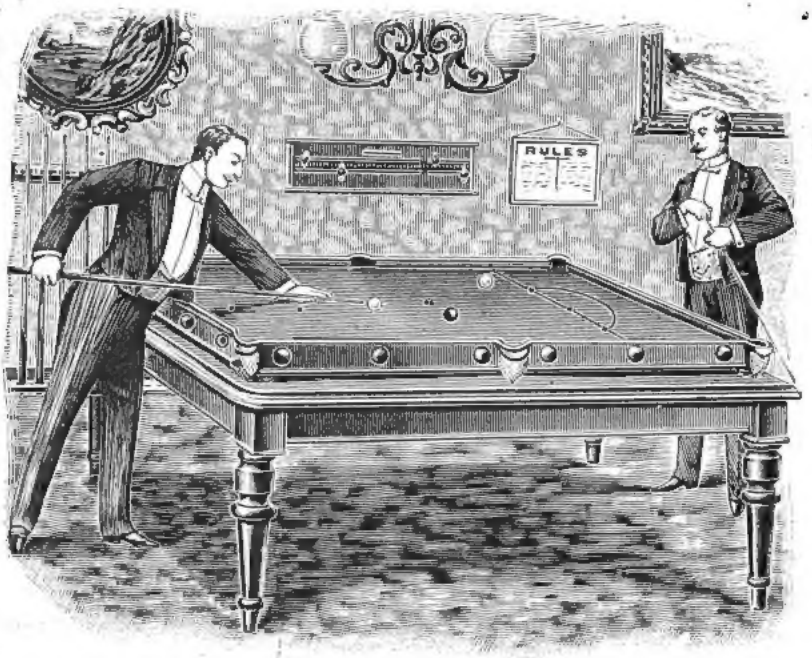

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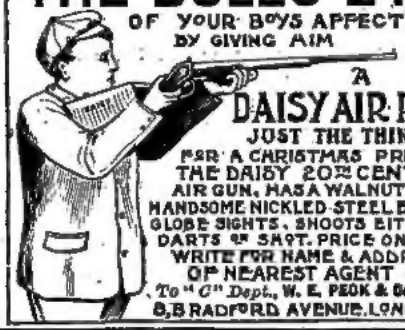

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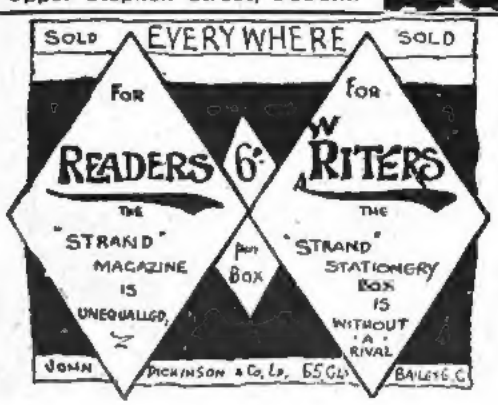

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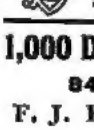

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THE CAPTAIN.

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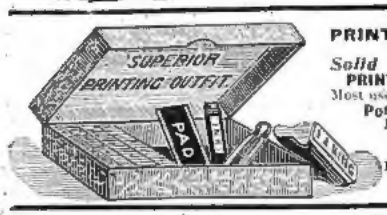

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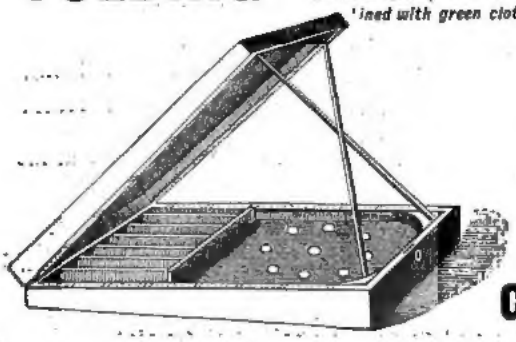

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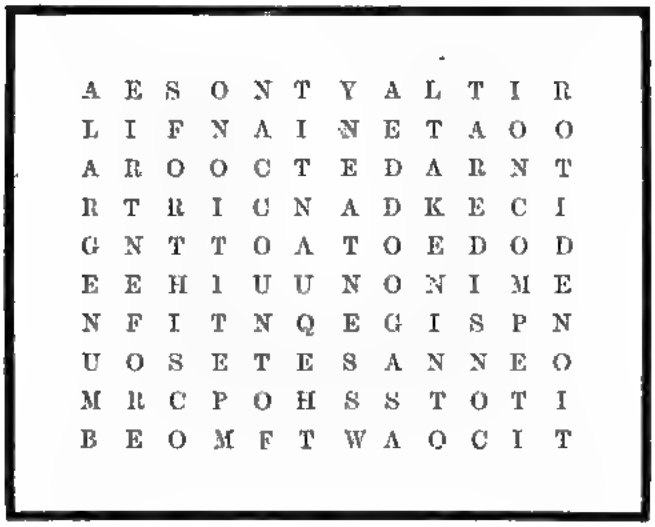


WHAT IS THIS?

The above cypher is a sentence taken from the September CAPTAIN. The solution will be published in the December Number

HE SNATCHED ME UP AND DARTED DOWN A PASSAGE AT THE SIDE OF THE STREET—*(See page 103).*

Drawn by E. F. Skinner.

A CAVALIER MAID.

The Romance of a King's Messenger.

By Clifford Mills.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

Etienne Glanvil, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the King to Lord Hopton; owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel.

CHAPTER V.

A CROP-EAR GALLANT.

The man thus rudely awakened started up with an oath of alarm, confronting me with astonished gaze, whilst I, glancing around, was no little disconcerted to find myself in the midst of the crowd of haggard, desperate-looking men, whom, I had adjudged to be Royalist prisoners. Glancing askance I saw no sign of my egress. On the wall grew ivy in wild luxuriance, completely concealing the secret doorway.

The sentry who guarded them had by this time caught sight of me. At first his jaw dropped in wonder! for in truth I must have seemed to him, as to all, to have fallen from the skies; then seeing collusion in my presence amongst the prisoners, he called out to me sharply enough to at once give an account of myself.

Putting on a brave face, though I feared each moment might bring Giles Harrison on to the scene, I bade the fellow remember to whom he was speaking, and, pushing my way through the crowd of gaping prisoners, made as if I would pass.

"Not so fast!" cried he, covering me with his musket, "no one leaves this company without orders."

"Thine officer shall be acquainted with this insolence," I replied. "Know you not that I am cousin of Sir Geoffrey Stapleton?"

"I care not who thou art," cried the man, to whom, being a stranger to these parts, my argument was not convincing, "but I bid thee get back," added he, pressing towards me, "for, woman or not, if you pass, I fire!"

My appearance amongst the prisoners had now attracted the attention of others in the courtyard, who, clustering round the sentry, commented upon my presence. From all wonder arose as to the manner of my coming, and none clamoured so loudly on this question as did the prisoners themselves, who each to the other declared that until the moment before no woman had been of their number.

Such a disturbance I knew full well could not fail to attract other attention, and despair was almost choking me, when an officer of dragooners rushed into the courtyard from the outside door.

"Zounds!" cried he, in commanding tones, his eyes flashing wrath upon the soldiers, "is this the way you respect yourselves?" And as the crowd cleared, his eye fell upon me, standing a little in advance of the prisoners, guarded by the sentry.

"Sir!" said the sentry, saluting him, "this woman hath cunningly contrived to visit the prisoners, unseen by any, and doth now wish to pass from their midst without order or permit, I doubt me not for traitorous purposes."

"Sir," said I, summoning my courage, "this is an insolent fellow! Already have I acquainted him that I am cousin of Sir Geoffrey Stapleton. Of his insolence thou art a witness," I added disdainfully, "and may judge of his skill and care as a sentry, seeing he himself owns I came here unseen by him."

At this the man cried out appealingly, but his officer, in a voice of wrath, commanded him to be silent. Then bending before me:—

"Madam," said he, "permit me to apologise for

this fellow's rudeness," and offering me his arm, which I accepted with gratitude, he led me aside, the people dropping from our path as we walked.

"These times are ill adapted to gentlewomen," said he with kind courtesy; "do what we will, such unfortunate accidents are of frequent occurrence."

"How can I thank you?" I answered, breathing relief with each step we took onward.

"By permitting me to escort you to the house," said he gallantly, "and so prevent any further discourtesy being offered by these ignorant fellows."

My desire to be away on my mission whilst there was yet a chance was threatening to overcome both my prudence and politeness. But I schooled myself to reply with calmness that I was unable to accept his most kind offer, being bound on an errand to someone a mile or two away.

"And you go unattended?" he cried, in undisguised astonishment. "Nay, let me entreat you to not extend your kindness to so venturesome an undertaking; believe me," he added, "what I have myself witnessed persuades me that this unhappy country is no meet place now for a lady, in which to travel thus alone."

We had by this time passed through the courtyard gates, and no little alarm had I to find myself, once outside, in the midst of a small group of officers, who stood with their men and horses at the entrance. To my surprise, they one and all bowed courteously as we appeared, which I thought monstrous polite conduct, considering the rebels they were.

Returning their salutations gravely, my companion passed them without comment, and with me on his arm, where I leant timidly, in a perfect tremor of anxiety, he walked on up the hill towards the house.

A sound startling me, I looked back in fear. Nor was I much reassured to find the whole assembly of officers and troopers following us, at a few paces length behind. Alarmed at such a brave show of the enemy all round, I hesitated no longer.

"Sir," I whispered hurriedly, glancing up to my companion's face, which even the ugly scar that marred it could not rob of its brave kindliness. "I would bid thee adieu before these others overtake us."

He shot a look behind and turned to me with a smile in his eyes.

"So," said he, "you go despite my warning?"

But I, burning to be away, and fearing even his kindly interference, "Fie, sir!" cried I, mockingly. "Such caution wrongs thy leader, the victorious Fairfax."

At which, starting, he paused in his walk, regarding me closely.

"Why truly, sir," I continued, "for have I not been assured by all in this country side, that, Fairfax once amongst us, safety would be ours!"

"Indeed," replied he dreamingly, "and such in truth is my desire. But how, like a mirage in the desert, does the vision of peace and safety lure us on to just one other effort, and the goal is won. Nay, lady, judge me not by my most poor services, but rather believe Fairfax hath the heart to help his country, but knows not more than thou whether this war brings England's salvation or her ruin."

He spoke in gentle sadness, as if in argument with unseen accusers, and in his dark eyes and o'er his strong, stern face shone the light of noble desire. With parted lips and wide eyes I looked up at him, and as we so stood the voice I most dreaded to hear fell on my ears.

"Pardon, your Excellency!" cried Giles Harrison, coming up to us with an obsequious smile on his lips.

Then, as I started in my fear, I knew for certainty what my heart a moment ago had told me—that I leant on the arm of no less a personage than Sir Thomas Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the rebel forces in Devon. Into such company had the bearer of the King's letter fallen!

His reverie thus unceremoniously broken in upon, Fairfax turned upon the intruder with scant welcome. "How now?" cried he, once more the stern leader of soldiers.

But naught ever disturbed the bold effrontery of Giles Harrison. Unabashed by Fairfax's glance, or the surprise expressed by the officers now grouped around us, he stepped forward.

"I ask your Excellency's pardon," he said glibly. "But I would crave a few words with your Excellency in private."

I felt my lips tremble as Fairfax bent his keen gaze upon Giles Harrison's excited countenance, when at that moment came my lady's voice from the porch, where she stood in all the bravery of her best attire, smiling a welcome—a truly winsome picture, to whom the gallant Fairfax hurried instantly, taking me, willy-nilly, along with him.

On seeing me on the arm of her most honoured guest, my lady's face fell for a second, no doubt at such a seeming forestalment of his favour, but, bent on charming, she fell to complimenting and coquetting the hero, as only my lady could.

"As for you, truant!" she cried, shaking her finger in mock censure at me, "it seems for all thy boasted partisanship with these malignants, you have yet a pretty liking for their worst enemy."

At her words Fairfax glanced at me curiously, but my lady, to whom the least rival was intolerable, claimed his attention, whilst I, chafing at the delay, stood thus hedged in without hope of escape.

As she graciously greeted the others, "'Tis well," said she, laughingly, "you wear not crimson sashes, for in truth we are but poorly garrisoned, having but a short time since seen Sir Geoffrey's troopers depart for Stevenstone, to escort there, for better safety, a prisoner of no little importance, which tidings, your Excellency, my husband is burning to impart to thee himself."

So saying, she smilingly led the way within.

Taking advantage of the opportunity thus offered me I stepped aside from the throng that followed my lady and Fairfax, and hastily concealed myself behind one of the open gates of the porch, where I stood in much apprehension of discovery.

By very necessity of his poorer rank, Giles Harrison was amongst the last who entered, and by that time my lady and her chief guests were away within. Doubtless anticipating that I had gone forward with the rest, he passed onwards without a glance behind.

No sooner were they all well down the passage than I sprang from my shelter and fled across the intervening roadway, heedless of the wonder of the gaping village folk, who stood awaiting the reappearance of Fairfax, and plunged into the shrubbery, going thence with haste to the brow of the hill.

"PARDON, YOUR EXCELLENCY!"

CHAPTER VI.

IN TORRINGTON.

WHEN, EXHAUSTED by haste, I paused in my flight, I was half way through the pine wood, and could see in the valley beyond the slated roof of the Harrisons' farm.

Now, the roadway being too public for my journey, I was compelled to pass this farm, and anxious that none there should see me, I kept to the fringe of the wood until I came to the stream that ran below it.

Remembering the cover its high banks would afford, I tucked up my skirts and climbed down between them, picking my way as best I could—now plunged ankle deep in rippling water; now creeping by aid of drooping boughs along the slippery banks, where, amidst the deep, soft moss, the first shy primroses peeped their pretty heads. Faded ferns, brown and straggling, which had lingered through the winter snows just to die a-welcoming this sweet flower of spring, drooped sadly to the water edge, where the murmuring stream sang them a requiem not without hope of leafy summer, that would bring them new life.

But I had scarce passed the farm when low voices fell on my ears, making me pause in my haste and listen in much alarm.

Creeping under cover of the bushes to the top of the bank, I saw that, a few yards off, a party of soldiers had concealed themselves in a deeper

gulley of the stream. At first I took them for outposts of the rebels, but observing that some carried no arms, and also their dishevelled and most wan appearance, I concluded that they were fugitives of the royal army, either in retreat or on their way to offer, as so many had done this morn already, their services to the King's enemies.

Whatever they were, I craved not their company; so, stealing away from the stream, I got to the moorland beyond, and, without further hindrance, reached the foot of the hill immediately below Torrington.

As I commenced to ascend, my heart beat wildly with anticipation. Close at hand was I here to my destination, and also, I trusted, to Stephen Gale. If the latter were but swift and sure with the work I had in store for him, might not the wheel of fortune turn once more—aye, speedily—in favour of the King!

For aught I knew, the missive I carried might tell place and time of landing of that great reinforcement of troops from the Queen's country—the tardy coming of which each loyal heart had deplored these months past. Nor could I see reason against such help. Had all France come to avenge the wrongs of Queen Marie, I had felt no surprise; for, in truth, it was a right shameful thing that the daughter of the great Henri Quatre should have met with such indignities and cruelties from the people of her adopted country.

Much had I heard of the manner in which the Cavaliers had barricaded the approaches of the town by the laying of felled trees across the roads, and other obstructions, and I thought it like I might find difficulty in rendering sufficient account of myself and my journeyings, when desiring to pass through these barricades, now in the hands of the Roundheads.

At the top of the slope which I was ascending stood a cottage, the garden of which, long and straggling, ran some way down the hill. It struck me now that if I could enter this garden and persuade the owner to allow me to pass through the cottage into the street beyond, awkward questions might thus be avoided, and pursuit of me rendered less easy; and having so determined, I climbed the bank.

Alas! on all sides did I behold signs of last night's fight. What had once been the garden was now a muddy waste of trampled earth. Broken muskets, pistols with bloody butt ends pikes, and shattered swords lay scattered here and there, while all round were the dark stains which told that Torrington had not fallen without most cruel slaughter.

Sickening at the sight, and sad at heart, I stood there, when there came the sound of a woman's weeping. Looking round, I saw a feeble, grey-haired old creature sitting on the bank opposite.

I crossed to her, but so profound was her grief that it was not until I had made several inquiries that she raised her dim eyes and regarded me.

Alas! poor woman! from her I learnt that it was her home that had been thus despoiled, and thus lamenting, she sat midst its ruins. One of my silver coins found its way into the desolate creature's hand, upon which she, drying her eyes, granted my request, and, hobbling along at my side, babbled of the recent fight, which, she said, had been past description for fierceness.

"As for the church," quoth she, "it is no more—nor wilt thou find a house standing for many yards around it."

At her words a terrible supposition sprang to my mind. The house I was seeking—the eighth down the lane to the right of the church—what of the fate of that?

Bidding the woman a hasty adieu, I hurried on, my mind in a state of doubt that was almost unendurable. For, this clue of Stephen Gale lost, I saw no possible chance of my making inquiry for him, without risk of falling into the hands of my enemies.

As I hastened along the stony street I drew my hood well about me, being in so forlorn a spirit with apprehension and anxiety for the welfare of the letter I carried, that I feared my face might bring suspicion upon me.

For, despite the rain which was still falling, quite a concourse of people thronged the streets; one and all appeared to have donned their best attire, as if for some festival.

Their outward content fell on my heart with heaviness. No word caught I of sorrow for the King's defeat; nay, alas! loud were they in their congratulations and welcome to the victorious Roundhead soldiers, who paraded the town with much show of pride in their bearing.

But the traitorous enthusiasm of the people waxed greatest when along came clattering a troop of horse.

"See!" cried they in the crowd, lifting their voices and tossing their hats in the air, while mothers raised their babes that they might also behold, "'tis the Ironsides, of whom ye have heard—godly men and true, who fight the Lord's battles." And from every throat rose the cry:—

"The Ironsides—the Ironsides—who come to save us from the Pope and the Stake!"

While around all shouted, and little children clapped their dimpled hands in high content at the sight, a voice above the rest cried, "Cromwell—see ye the General amongst them?"

And as the name was passed from mouth to mouth, to be caught by those who leant wide-

eyed from the lattices above, the people, great in number but moved by a single thought, cried out, "Cromwell—Cromwell!" till all the air was filled with the sound.

Pressed by the crowd to a front view, I, looking up, saw, riding in the rear of this strange and famous body of fighters, a square-built man, with a strong, rugged face, now paled with elation as he rode through the applauding people. Much had I heard of him and his traitorous undertakings, and knew the King had no worse enemy than he with the stern mouth and keen eyes before me.

Here, one of the crowd, catching my cloak, whispered exultingly that a party of these same Ironsides had been early dispatched to follow after and harass the retreating Cavaliers.

"And God speed and assist them," cried my informant, "nor care I where they run these malignants to earth, so that it be not in Torrington."

So mortified was I at the miscreant's joy that I wrenched my cloak from his grasp, and, forgetting discretion, cried out, "Shame on ye all, traitors, who forget your duty to your King!"

I could have bitten out my tongue when I had thus spoken, but it was too late. Though most ran on down the street after the troopers, several turned as I spoke, and to these the man at my side cried out: "What, a malignant among us?" and, in the mood for excitement, the crowd came round me, jostling and pulling, till, ready to weep with remorse at thus endangering the missive I carried, I stood, with hood dragged from my head, in their centre, expecting each moment to be discovered by those who were after me.

Suddenly, a man head and shoulders taller than the rest, pushed his way amongst them till he stood close to my side. A great, blue-eyed giant of a fellow was he, with an imperious bearing, and much did I fear his great strength and boisterous elbowings.

"What is this?" he cried, brusquely.

Whereupon they all fell to crying out that I had upbraided them as traitors, with other accusations.

"'Tis in truth a bold maid," said the giant, looking at me searchingly, "who prates of loyalty to the King in the streets of Torrington to-day!"

Then, as the crowd made an angry surge forward—

"Back!" cried he, threateningly, and the nearest men amongst them, considering him with their glance, fell aside, muttering.

Yet, when I made to pass, I was confronted on all sides by a hedge of angry people, who cried that go I should not until I had given an account of myself.

"Let us see what she carries beneath her cloak," cried one, stepping forward. "How know we that she be not another Guy Fawkes?—one such Papist villain, 'tis said, did last night destroy our good church."

At such a speech, the smouldering fire of their anger blazed forth Rough hands seized me, clutching at my cloak, which they strove to tear from me. But I, desperate, remembering that which I carried, resisted with all my might, and raising my voice, cried: "In the King's name, help, if there be a true man amongst you!"

"Dost hear?" they shouted one to another, "in the King's name! Treason!—to the Justice with her for a seditious and malignant person!" And with one accord they closed round me, pressing and pulling until I felt myself no longer on my feet.

But before I fell, no doubt to have been trampled by these traitors, a powerful grasp caught me, and looking up, I saw the face of the blue-eyed giant close to mine.

Shielding me with one arm, he pushed his way through the crowd, buffeting and repelling with his free hand those who withstood him, till, getting clear at last, he snatched me up and darted down a straight passage at the side of the street, the crowd following and howling at his heels.

CHAPTER VII.

A LOYAL HEART.

HALF swooning with fear and the rough handling of the crowd, I lay across the shoulder of my captor, expecting each moment to be brought face to face with the Justice, or, worse still, Giles Harrison, whose servant it was but too likely was he who carried me.

Bewildered as I was, I now found that my captor's object was to elude the mob, which he presently accomplished, not so much by his speed, which was wonderful enough, as by the method of his journeying by narrow ways and covered passages, out of which he would dart but to seek the shelter of another.

Emerging from one of these, he came out upon a hilly street, which he crossed. Stopping in front of an unpretentious house, he rapped in a curious fashion upon the door.

It was almost immediately opened by a young and comely woman. Seeing me, she started back.

"Why," she cried, "what means this?"

But the man, without speaking, pushed past her into the cottage, where he put me down.

I found myself in a small, stone-paved kitchen, dimly lighted by a tiny window at the back, the one looking on to the street being roughly barricaded.

By this time I was in such a state of fear that I could scarce stand. Clinging to the table, I settled my mind to desperate endeavour in the keeping of my secret, and so looked up, to find both the man and woman regarding me with anxious concern.

"This lady," said the man, finding at length breath to speak, "has met with much ill-treatment from a crowd of base rebels. See that she leaves not this house till dusk."

Then turning to me, who stood scarce able to believe mine ears—

"Lady," said he, "my sister will give thee welcome shelter for the time, but talk no more of the King, or loyalty, in the streets of Torrington, if thou dost hope to keep thy freedom."

Before I could find words to express my gratitude he was gone, leaving me in no little state of surprise and thankfulness at such unlooked-for kindness.

The woman, who had a bearing somewhat above those of her class, was the first to speak. Looking at my bedraggled appearance, she exclaimed with indignation at the cruelty of those who could so ill-treat a maid.

"'Tis lucky," she said, as she helped me to arrange my attire, "that my brother saw it, for, villains as these traitors are, there are few of them who would willingly care to oppose Stephen Gale."

"*Stephen Gale!*" I cried, catching her arm, "sayest thou Stephen Gale?"

"Why, so it is," she answered, wondering.

But I had flown to the door, which I strove to open.

"Let me go," I implored, desperately. "For I must seek him."

But she, coming to me, seized my hands and forced me back.

"Would you undo us," she cried, "by such folly, and fall thyself again into the hands of the crowd?"

"But Stephen Gale," I persisted. "I must find him and that right speedily, to unfold to him a most important matter in which I would, in the King's name, beg his ready and honourable assistance. Nay, if thou art for the Cause, help me in this, I pray thee," and I caught her hand beseechingly.

"Why, and so I will," she said, soothingly, "and for that, dear lady, you must wait till his return, my brother having but a short time since received a sudden warning from a loyal heart at Stephenstone, to hold himself in readiness to further conduct the escape of one of the prisoners of the Parliament from there—a prisoner upon whose instant departure from Torrington my brother, and all those helping him, set much advantage to the Cause."

I could have cried with vexation as she spoke. To think that I had by most unheard-of good fortune seen Stephen Gale, only to lose him! Alas! this venture, praiseworthy as it was, might delay him hours, and each moment was precious.

Watching my woeful face the woman bade me have no fear but that her brother, or some trusty soul he would procure, would assist me.

"For there are still some in Torrington to be found by those who go not blindfold to seek them," she said. "Though these same must of needs work in quietness, their right hand not knowing what their left doeth."

So saying, she led me to a seat, into which I sank wearily enough, being quite spent with fatigue and excitement.

Noting my weariness, she with much kindness brought me a cup of milk, which she pressed me to drink, saying that no doubt, like all who loved His Majesty, I had broken my fast with a sad heart and little appetite that morning. Such kindness and sympathy touched my heart, and much did I thank the loyal soul, assuring her that I owed my life to her brother's timely help.

"Ah! many can say that of Stephen," she replied proudly. "Nor has the fear of his great strength proved useless in stopping undue interference from any of his neighbours, who may have suspected him of loyalty to the Cause. As it is, not a few whom the Parliament was after hath my brother got safely off from Falmouth to France—but," cried she with a start, "I place strange confidence in one I know so little."

I hastened to assure her of my perfect love for the Cause; telling her that my father, a Cavalier officer, had died fighting for the same. Also did I acquaint her of what was sorely troubling me—the unfortunate betrayal of Stephen Gale by his sister at South Molton to the Roundhead spy. But not a word said I of the missive I carried, so fearful was I for its safety.

On my news she mused awhile, then, her brow clearing, "These rebels will seek in vain for his house," she cried, "for it lies deep midst the ruins of the church, though little did I dream last night that such misfortune would ever give me content.

"'Tis in truth an ill wind that blows good to none," she added. "Yet must Stephen be on his guard, now that the Roundheads have him by name."

From her I then learnt that the King's men had retreated to Cornwall by way of Holsworthy,

and with them had gone her husband, who had joined Hopton's forces a week ago.

"Thankful was I," she said, "that my man had taken my children to Bideford, out of harm's way, for we none last night knew if each moment would not be our last, and when the church blew up, that was the terriblest sound I ever did hear. I was all alone in the house, fretting my heart out for my man and Stephen. I could not so much as peep from the window because of the way my husband had botched it up for safety, but at length, so mad did I get with fear, that, despite John's warning, I unbarred the door and looked out into the street. I found it so bright with moonlight that all I dare do was bide in the shadow of the doorway, and for a time I stood there listening in a tremble to the terrible shouting and firing up in the town. But presently from out of the shadow someone crept and touched me. At first I thought I was lost, but it was just my own man, whom I had thought never to see alive again. Dear soul! as I fell a-crying on his neck with joy, there came down the street, helter-skelter, the sound of horses. Thinking it was the Parliament men, I was for pulling John indoors. But he cried in my ear that it was the King's horse retreating, and that the Roundheads had taken the town.

"SPY!—TRAITRESS!" HE CRIED.

"I stood there like one turned to stone by the sorrow of his tidings, and with his arm around me we watched them go by. Ah! what a flight was that! With scarce a word spoken, only the snort of the horses and the heavy breathing of the men to be heard—the sparks flying out of their horses' shoes—away down the hill they rode, galloping for dear life to the bridge of the Taddyport. My John told me that the brave Lord Hopton was amongst the last who had passed. But alas! naught could I see for sorrow. Scarce had they disappeared when my husband told me he had but come to say good-bye. And presently he went, by way of the garden yonder, to the river. Being so loath to lose him, I stole with him to the bank beyond, and as we went we came on so many, likewise escaping, that all the hill there seemed alive. Not a step could we take, but a man was there panting and running to find bridge or ford by which to get out of Torrington."

Thus, with many a sigh for the pity of it, did this true soul tell me of Torrington's fall.

From a painful sadness I was startled by a soft knock at the door. Alarmed, I sprang to my feet, but the woman, calming my fears, turned to welcome in a small, wizened man, with a bright, sharp face. As he caught sight of me he uttered a cry of surprise. But, the woman whispering a few words in his ear, he came forward and bowed, with much effusion, assuring me I had but to wait to see the scales turned in favour of the King. Then, approaching the woman, he proceeded to state his business, which, at first, was mighty unintelligible to me. Yet presently did I make out that his brother, who kept the "Green Dragon Inn," at Langtree, might be fully relied upon to give the fugitive shelter for the night.

"All this have I told Stephen," he concluded, "and but came to give thee this."

Then, winking knowingly at me, he said: "They that are pressed against their will to serve the Parliament make but half-hearted servants. Early yesterday morning, we at Torrington had knowledge sent us of the Roundheads' password and signal, and to-day we fare as well, for look thee——"

So saying, he passed me a slip of paper, on which I read, in hasty scrawl, "He hath given us the Victory, Torrington."

"'Tis the Roundheads' password for the night, and will, if all goes well, secure our fugitive safe journey to Langtree," he chuckled, charmed at my wonderment, and, passing the paper to the woman, he told me, with much glee, of his many methods of outwitting the rebels. But here the woman, who, methought, had been looking somewhat ill at ease, cautioned him to retire lest the neighbours might gossip.

"A man of many words," she exclaimed, as she closed the door upon him, "but faithful, as are all his family. A hairdresser by trade, he has much opportunity of secretly serving the Cause."

But I thought she spoke somewhat restrainedly, as if regretting the great confidence the man had placed in me.

Marvelling how I might best reassure her, I looked up presently to find her listening, with parted lips and bated breath, to a sound in the street beyond. The next moment she had flown to the outer door, which, with eagerness, she unbarred. Full of fear of betrayal, I sprang up, and concealed myself in the shadow of the settle, and as I did so two men rushed under the low doorway into the kitchen.

Heavily cloaked were they, and speedy must have been their coming, for, for a space, naught could they do but clasp their heaving sides and pant for breath. Then one, turning to the woman, who stood white-faced at his side:—

"We are betrayed!" he gasped; and, rushing across the kitchen, opened the inner door. "To the river, sir!" he cried. "Quick! they are after us."

But, with a scream, I sprang forward, for the voice was that of Stephen Gale. "Nay," I cried, "thou must not go," and I flung myself in desperation before him, thinking he would again escape me.

But before he had time to reply, the man at his side, who had turned as I spoke, caught my arm, and, pulling me into the firelight, looked into my face.

"Spy!—traitress!" he cried; and at his words I screamed, catching his cloak, for it was none other than the Cavalier.

"Sir," I cried; but he shook himself free of my hold, and the next moment they were gone; and the firelight, flickering, fell on the face of the woman, who stood like a statue of scorn, guarding the door through which they had passed.

"Let me go, I pray thee. Oh! let me go!" I cried, struggling with her.

But she had caught the word "traitress," and, faithful soul that she was, would die rather than let me pass, to do the harm she thought I intended.

And now, from the street outside, arose a murmur of angry voices and the clatter of many feet.

Desperate, I flung myself at the woman's feet.

"Good soul, thou dost undo all," I wailed, "for I carry the King's letter in my bosom."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMPTY HOUSE.

FOR a moment she stared in wonder at me Then she laughed aloud, still holding me down.

"I know thou hast a false heart there," she cried. "So go thou shalt not, to carry abroad the tales thy lying, fair face hath cozened out of me."

But, as she spoke, there came on the door without a heavy knocking, followed by a summons to open it in the name of the Parliament.

The woman no sooner heard this, and the voices of the crowd that was by this time gathered outside, than she loosened her hold on me, and, springing to her feet, stood panting, with wild eyes fixed on the door. Then, as if beside herself: "Another moment, good door!" she cried. "Another moment, heart of oak, if thou wouldst save them!" And at every blow that fell, she flinched where she stood, as if the hurt had been hers.

Seizing my chance, which seemed slender

enough, I crept to the door behind her, and, softly opening it, fled out into the garden.

A thin rain, driven by the wind, blew into my face as I stood a moment looking for the outlet through which the men must have so shortly passed.

Espying at last a small gap in the hedge, I ran to it, and, from a high and sloping bank, looked down on to the turbid river below.

As I scrambled in haste through the opening, I heard the door of the cottage I had just left fall in with a crash. I heard, too, the woman shrieking, as, followed by the soldiers and crowd, she rushed into the garden.

Without another look behind I jumped down and ran, which way I knew not, nor counted on. For full ten minutes I fled thus along the slope, scrambling through hedge or skirting garden walls, until, venturing to look behind, I saw to my relief that I was not followed.

Creeping to the shelter of a buttress, I looked eagerly from thence to right and left of me, on both banks of the river. But alas! not a sign could I see of Stephen Gale, or the Cavalier; they had utterly disappeared. Weary and dispirited, I leant there in the shadow, and strove to collect my thoughts.

In truth, it seemed I could not be in a worse plight, hunted as I was by Giles Harrison and his creatures, and suspected by the loyal hearts of Torrington of being a spy.

There was but one hope, and that was to endeavour with all speed to overtake the Cavalier, who, I doubted not, having escaped his enemies, was already on his way to Langtree, and return to him the King's letter. Tears of vexation rose to my eyes when I thought how nearly I had touched success, but to see it vanish into most cruel failure.

That the loyalists of Torrington had set so much store on the rescue of this King's messenger from the hands of the rebels, only convinced me that the letter he was expected to bring to Lord Hopton was known to have been of great importance. And here in my keeping was this priceless missive, to be found ere long by the traitors, unless I could devise some means to prevent it.

To be sure, I could tear it up then and there, and scatter the pieces into the swift-flowing river below, but to destroy the King's letter was to me so terrible a thought that I durst not even contemplate it.

So thinking, I rose and pulled my hood around me, and as I did so, something white fell from it and fluttered to the ground. Picking it up, I saw with astonishment that it was the slip of paper upon which was written the Roundhead counter sign that the little barber had shown me, and afterwards given to the woman.

In our struggle together, doubtless, it had fallen from her bosom into the folds of my cloak, and there remained until this moment.

The sight of it brought back all my longing to save the missive I carried. Here, if it had been possible to pass undetected, was that which would have taken me safely out of Torrington and found me on my way to Langtree before daybreak.

Alas! it seemed I had for naught saved the despatch from the hands of the Roundheads.

So I fell to thinking again; while the rain, in a grey curtain of mist, blew up from the west, shrouding the river and covering all around with its silvery spray.

A sound so slight that only one so fearful would have detected it brought me out of my thoughts. Looking to whence it came, my eyes, through the drifting rain, met those of a man, who, creeping like a snake, was coming up the bank in front of me.

I knew him at once for the younger of Giles Harrison's confederates, and with a startled cry I sprang from my shelter and fled on along by the wall. Coming to the end of it, I saw a narrow passage before me.

In an instant I was up it, and had gained the street beyond. Here, looking round in desperation, I saw at my right hand, but a few yards off, the deep porch of a house abutting on the roadway, and into this I hurried.

Crouching in its shadows I now observed that the door was unlatched, showing a glimpse of a dark, stone-flagged hall within. One moment I hung back on the threshold, appalled by its gloom. Then, urged by desperation, I slipped in and softly closed the door behind me.

Standing trembling in the gloomy passage, I listened to the coming of the spy. But as he did not so much as approach the porch, but went on swiftly up the street, I trusted I had for the moment eluded him. But no sooner did this terror leave me, than I found myself in much fear of discovery by the occupants of the house I had entered with such scant politeness.

My eyes had by this time grown accustomed to the gloom, and I now saw that a few yards off me was a staircase that lost itself in darksome twistings above. To my left was an open door, and to this I crept, hoping to find a better hiding-place than the hall afforded.

Looking cautiously from its threshold I saw before me a large room in much disorder. Benches lay on the floor around a table that was thickly strewn with the remnants of a meal. Tankards of ale, hastily flung aside, had rolled beneath the table, bespattering the floor with their contents.

I saw no other way of preserving the King's letter but to remain where I was till night.

But even little hope had I of passing undetected through the streets of Torrington, watched as I was, I doubted not, at every turn.

Before leaving Stapleton I had intended to have donned the cap of a serving wench, and but for the haste and manner of my departure would have been so attired. It struck me now that in some room of the deserted house I might find what I needed, and by this little disguisement, increase, even though slenderly, my chance of eluding my enemies.

Plucking up courage at the thought, I, not without a tremor, ascended the dim staircase, and came at length upon a door. After much trying I succeeded in forcing the rusty bolt.

Observing an oaken chest in one corner of the apartment, I flew towards it, but alas! it was empty, and a cry of disappointment broke from my lips. A further search around brought me no better success, and with a sigh I had already turned my steps towards the door, when that very instant my eye caught the dull sheen of velvet, protruding slightly from beneath the bed's cover-lid.

The sight stopped me. Might not this be one of the hiding places in which the owners of the house had concealed any valuable attire from the soldiers who had lately left? Stooping down, I pulled, and out came a gallant's cape. Searching further, I found doublet, breeches, boots, and even a hat with sweeping plumes, all of the courtliest cut imaginable, neither too plain nor over-garnished, though somewhat marred by the recklessness of their bestowal. As I looked at the quality of the gauds, I could not but marvel at the want of care of their owner, who had chosen so unsuitable a place for hiding his braveries.

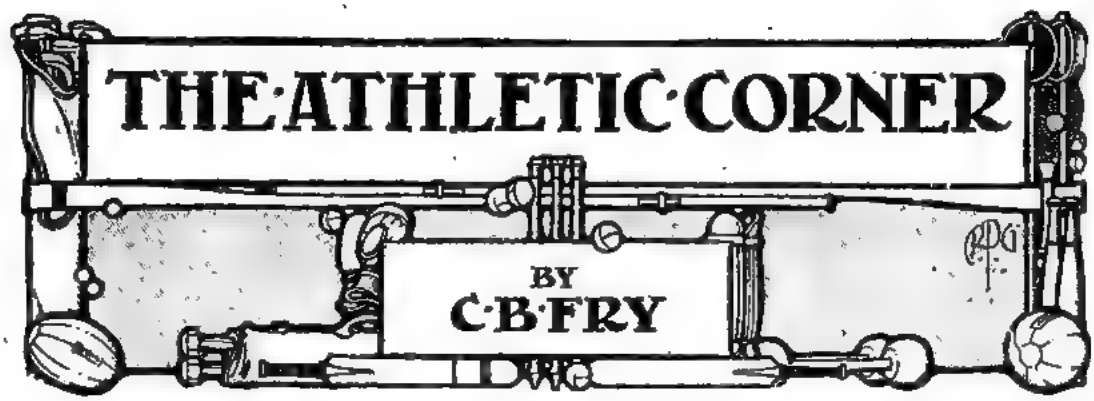
"WHY, IF I COULD BUT DARE!"

So dainty, yet quiet, a suit marked a pretty taste, and I fell to wondering who had owned it. Slim of build and somewhat of a dandy, as the perfect blending of the colours showed him to have been, had he now given up these pretty gauds for the pot head-piece and leathern doublet of the Puritan soldier?

Alas! what mattered it! So thought I, when something flashed to my mind, and I dropped the doublet I was holding and looked at the garments before me in shy wonder.

"Why, if I could but dare!" I cried, and laughed softly, my face in my hands.

(To be continued.)



ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ATHLETICS: A COMPARISON.

IN view of the recent athletic meeting between the English and American 'Varsity teams it may not be uninteresting to inquire into some of the differences of our athletic methods.

When the Yale team met Oxford over here in the first contest of the kind, being President of the O.U.A.C. and a competitor at the sports, I had some opportunities of noting these differences. From what I was told of the Yale men I gathered that they found some of our arrangements strange and baulking at first. To begin with, they had been accustomed in long distance races to running round the track with the left side inwards, whereas we go exactly the other way round. The idea in America is, I believe, that

IT IS BETTER TO HAVE THE RIGHT LEG ON THE OUTSIDE

because it is the stronger and better able to work the runner round the corners. I doubt whether the American direction has any substantial advantage over ours; but there really is reason to suppose that the right leg is, in point of fact, stronger than the left in most men. An experienced traveller once told me he had noticed that men lost in the bush always begin walking round in a circle when they become tired out, and he put this down to their having what he termed a master-leg, which, in most cases, was the right.

In America all hurdle-racing is run on the cinder-track, whereas here it is always upon turf. The Yale men found this difference a distinct difficulty, for, in addition to having to run on turf instead of on cinders, they had to negotiate firmly fixed instead of movable hurdles. Hurdling on turf is a poor game if the ground is very wet; in fact, hurdling on mud, over fixed obstacles, is both farcical and dangerous. But, to my mind, when the turf is fit, as it usually is, our race over fixed hurdles is the finer affair; the obstacle is the essential characteristic of the race, and the American hurdle is too movable to be a thorough, downright obstacle. I do not agree with the criticism sometimes put forward to the effect that the lightness of the movable hurdle makes the American timber-topper slovenly;

THE AMERICAN HURDLER IS, IF ANYTHING, NEATER AND SMARTER THAN THE ENGLISH.

Still, the fact that he has no serious bump to fear doubtless enables the American to practise going low over the sticks "with greater confidence"; and consequently the American style produces more good hurdlers in a quicker time than does ours, for "going low," *i.e.*, almost grazing the hurdle, is at once the secret of speed and the difficulty of the art. The legs of our tyros are horrible to see sometimes. Skinned from knee to ankle and bruised all colours! W. J. Oakley won the hurdle race in the first match with Yale over here, but when Cambridge ran against Yale, in New York, the Americans won both on cinders, in their own style, and on turf, in ours.

In sprint races, high jumping and long jumping, there is practically no difference between us. But in weight-putting and hammer-throwing there are several important ones.

We put the weight from a 7ft. square, and we are allowed to propel the missile pretty much as we like, provided we do not distinctly bowl or throw it. The Yale men put from a circle, the dimensions of which I forget, but it was a small one: and instead of the circle being marked out, as our square is, in whitewash, the

circumference consisted of an arrangement in wood, resembling a cart-wheel without spokes. In America the rule about methods of propulsion is stringent. The putter is not allowed to begin his put as he chooses;

HE MUST KEEP THE ELBOW OF THE ARM HE USES BEHIND THE SHOT.

If his elbow is in front of his hand he is said to "draw the shot," and is disqualified. The Americans hold, rightly enough, that a heavy man gains a big advantage in initial velocity if allowed to pull as well as to push the weight. Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, a noted Yale runner, says that he saw an American who could only put the shot 39ft., draw it 42ft. with ease.

In hammer-throwing the English 'Varsity rules used to allow a 30ft. run, whereas the American rules provided for a circle so small that the thrower has no run at all. The size of our circle has been reduced, but we can still take advantage of a bit of a run, whereas the Americans have only space to spin round.

In both the strong-man events the English rules gave us a distinct advantage over our rivals from across the sea; yet, to say that we were out-classed in these events scarcely expresses the American superiority. The Yale putters and throwers were not only bigger and stronger than ours, but their style was immeasurably more scientific. A glance at their muscular development was enough to convince one that they had given long and assiduous attention to dumb-bell work and

OTHER FORMS OF WHAT MAY BE CALLED ARTIFICIAL TRAINING.

And the precision and accuracy of their action, whether in putting or in throwing, was equally indicative of systematic education in the art of propelling shots and hammers.

As a matter of fact, it is in the science and system of their training that the principal difference between American athletes and our own lies. They make a business of their athletics, and devote an immense amount of attention to detail: we treat our athletics as a pastime, and are prone to follow somewhat haphazard methods. I doubt whether, according to the American point of view, I have ever trained at all in my life.

Nowhere is the contrast between their training and ours more marked than in our respective Universities. When an Oxford man goes up in the October term, all he has to do if he wishes to take up athletics is to pass into Rowell's, the jeweller, in High Street, pay his subscription, and enrol his name. He is then free of the Iffley Road running ground and all its appurtenances, save only the dressing-room, sacred to the blues. He goes there and does what he chooses, no one interferes with him, he trains or not as he likes, and either does or does not enter for the strangers' races in the various college sports held during the term. If he is a freshman and has ambitions, he probably enters for his chosen event or events in the freshmen's sports. If successful he is a marked man, but

HE IS STILL LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES.

Again, in the Easter term, everyone follows his own bent till the O.U.A.C. sports are held. From the results in these the team of blues to meet Cambridge is chosen; or practically so, for the committee is not bound by any rule in the matter, and chooses exactly as it thinks fit. For these trial sports, then, men train on their own. When, however, a man has been definitely chosen to form one of the team for Queen's Club, he is looked after somewhat. Mr. C. N. Jackson, the treasurer and mentor of the club, keeps an eye on him and tenders him advice, and the president is supposed to see that his team trains properly. But even then there is no systematic training, and each man is left very much to look after himself. And, after all, there is usually only about a month between the O.U.A.C. sports and the inter-'Varsity meeting.

At Yale and Harvard, and the other Transatlantic Universities, matters are very differently managed. When the men assemble for the Easter term, the captain of the athletic club, as he is called, collects the names of all who wish to compete for places in the representative team of the year. Usually there are well over a hundred applicants. These are divided up into groups, and each group is put under the charge of an old blue, whose main duty is to see that his men

DO NOT START TRAINING ON WRONG PRINCIPLES.

The initial training is, as far as possible, confined to the gymnasium, which is laid with a dirt floor to enable men to use spiked shoes. Jumpers, sprinters, and hurdlers, are put to practising starts and dashes, and are made to train at their special events on the miniature lines available indoors. They have, I fancy, to do a certain amount of gymnastic work as well. For it is one of the notable points in American training, that much attention is paid to subsidiary artificial physical development. For instance, as I mentioned above, the hammer and

weight men do a lot of dumb-bell work. As far as I understand, much of this gymnasium work is done in classes, under the direction either of an old blue or of a professional trainer. Even during this preliminary indoor period the captain keeps his eye upon the run of things, and also receives reports and recommendations from his lieutenants. If he hears of weakness in any class of competitors he looks around for developable raw material among those men who have not reported their desire to join in the training. Also, it is his business to apply the spur to the slack members, and the break to the over zealous. He has to act the part of general managing director.

The net result of two months of this carefully worked system is that

ALL THE MEN ENGAGED ARE PROPERLY GROUNDED IN THE ELEMENTS OF THEIR EVENTS,

and are thus saved from contracting bad habits or wasting their energies.

At Yale and elsewhere, I believe, what are termed winter games are held about the end of February. These take place in large buildings of the drill-hall or armoury sort. On the results obtained, a selection of the useful men is made, and the number of probables thus reduced. Then comes further gymnasium work, in which, always under careful supervision, the men specialise more than before.

As soon as the weather permits, out-door work begins, and what we should call the real season opens. But by this time the captain has cut his probables down to forty or fifty men, all of them well on in training and perfectly in hand. Finally, the representative team is chosen after a careful process of elimination.

It can readily be perceived that the American system is in many respects far superior to our haphazard lack of system. The Americans contend justly that their results in quick and successful development are marvellous. Their men are carefully drilled and instructed, ours learn as best they may. Our method leads to much waste of time, but it works far better than an American would be likely to suppose. There is no doubt that

THEY GET MORE OUT OF THEIR MATERIAL THAN WE DO,

especially in the case of jumpers, sprinters, and strong men, but they are very liable to overtrain their men, especially long-distance runners. There is a limit to the value of scientific method and precision in training; for man is not a machine. I incline to the opinion that the ideal training method may be found in a cross between ours and theirs. But I am quite sure that many of our athletes, who do not become more than moderate performers, would improve almost beyond recognition under the American system. This applies particularly to jumpers. Very few of our men who appear in the inter-'Varsity sports know the rudiments of long and high jumping considered as arts.

There is one point in American athletics which, beyond all doubt, ought to be copied by us. Over there nearly every school has inter-school sports with one or more rival schools, and, similarly, all the Universities meet either one or more rival Universities. Here, with the exception of the Oxford and Cambridge sports, there are no team-athletics. Yet how infinitely superior are team-athletics to the usual all-against-all meetings we are accustomed to. The great crab of athletics over here is the individualism of it. To my mind, not only would there be

ENORMOUS ADVANTAGES AND ENJOYMENT IN INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETIC MEETINGS

on similar lines as the inter-'Varsity sports, between such schools as already meet one another at cricket and football, but inter-house, inter-form, and similar sports, ought to be organised at the bigger schools, just as is at present done in games. Herein is an answer to the question too often asked: "What ought we to do when football is over, and cricket not yet begun?"

C. B. Fry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. MacC. B.—If the handle-bat you wish rebladed is by a well-known maker, you had better send it to him. Otherwise any of the bat-makers whose wares are advertised in THE CAPTAIN would do the job excellently for you. Surridge, for instance, or Gradidge. Thank you for your good wishes. Your favourite county certainly did not do very well this season. **E. Barnett** has an inspiring case. Two batsmen on his side were attempting a third run; the ball was thrown in, the wicket-keeper missed it and knocked the bails off with his hands, not holding the ball; the batsman was out of his ground, and the square-leg umpire, failing to notice that the ball was not in hand when the wicket was broken, gave the batsman out. After the batsman was given out, the captain of his side appealed to the other umpire, who then gave the man in, as he had seen exactly what happened. But the umpire who had given the original decision refused to alter it. What should happen? Well, the first umpire was the one under whose jurisdiction the case was. He might, had he been so

minded, have appealed to the other umpire, asking how the wicket was broken, but he did not, therefore no one had any right to appeal to the other umpire, and, consequently, the other umpire's decision was irrelevant. The man was out. Of course, the first umpire was wrong: if he could not see how the wicket was broken, he ought to have asked his colleague's advice. Nevertheless, the man being given out by the umpire whose decision it was, must be reckoned as out. **J. F. Thomas.**—If the man had the ball in one hand and, the bails being already off, pulled up the stump, the batsman would, I think, be given not out. I must confess I am not quite certain on the point; but I fancy the ball must be held to the stump as it is removed in order to get the man given out. **D. Bradshaw.**—(1) When a high catch is hit and held, no run counts, even if the batsmen have run two and are in the middle of the third at the time the ball is actually caught. (2) As long as the batsman is in his ground it does not matter whether his bat is in his hand or not; the umpire was quite wrong to give the batsman out merely because his bat slipped out of his hand. **G. S. Dowsing.**—If the batsman backs-up and leaves his ground before the bowler delivers the ball, the bowler can stop and put the wicket down, and the batsman is run out. The practice is considered sharp, but, of course, the batsman is taking an unfair advantage by backing up too soon, and, therefore, deserves his fate. **P. G. Hurst.**—If you send your album, I will endeavour to oblige. **E. A. of Ranji.**—The gentleman in question is a first cousin of the other gentleman in question. **R. H. Van-Eeghen.**—If Phillips thinks Mold's action has any appearance of a throwing element in it, he is right to no-ball him. But the other umpires also are right; if Mold's action appears to them quite fair they ought not to take any notice of Phillips's decisions. Like other people, you do not understand that it is possible for both Phillips and the other umpires to be right. The question is not one of fact, but of opinion—opinions differ. **Jno. Hunter** has written a very interesting letter, in which he concurs with my opinion that, if only our cricketers could learn to field like the American base-ballers there would be no need to canvass alterations in the rules of cricket. He mentions that by far the best fielder in his club, who is also the best fielder in the country (America?) is a base-ball player, who, in base-ball, is not considered at all a good fielder. **R. Pearson.**—(1) The best training for football is playing the game. Before the season some longish walks and an occasional run are good for you. (2) The best advice on training for athletic sports appears in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN, but you might find the athletic volume in the "All-England Series," by H. H. Griffiths, useful. **W. S. Prosser.**—(1) I do not know who is the best swordsman of the day. (2) Ranjitsinhji is the best batsman. (3) I think Needham has been, perhaps, the best Association player of recent times. Cannot say about Rugby. (4) I do not know who is the strongest man on earth; there are so many of them. **Lancs Lad.**—The best books on athletics are the athletic volumes of the Badminton Library and H. H. Griffiths' athletics, in the "All-England Series." If you mean to excel at sprinting do not touch long distances: specialise. Above all, train on gradual, very gradual lines. **A Captainite.**—I quite agree with most of your opinions about cricket and cricketers. G. L. Jessop is a wonderful field. I smoke a little; not much. I do not think it does an athlete much harm, in moderation, after he is full grown. For boys, I think it a detrimental practice. **C. E. B.** (Boston).—Foster, of Preston Street, Brighton, has some photographs such as you want. I do not know his prices. Certainly, I will sign any picture you send to me.

C. B. F.

LITTLE BODKIN: "I say, Phil, doesn't it make one feel awfully proud to be an Englishman when one sees these beastly funny-looking foreigners?"

ACTON'S RIVAL.

By Fred. Swainson, *Author of "Acton's Feud," "Smith's House," etc.*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.

I HAD always to row young Rolle for his idiotic stoking; but when I went to my den after dinner I found a fire which would have made a naval stoker blench. The idiot had banked up the coals almost to a level with the register, put on an artistic top-dressing of coal-dust, sprinkled this with water—I guessed this from the rust in my fender—to the end that it should "cake," placed the guard before his handiwork, and trusted that the luck of the house would look after any possible conflagration. I never had a warmer welcome into my sanctum. When I turned the handle and went in, an atmosphere of Sahara-like, dry heat made me gasp, and a rich, strong scent of broiling varnish told me forcibly that my long suffering deal table's legs were perspiring sympathetically. My slippers—with dire thoughtfulness, placed by the wretched Rolle atilt the fender—had curled up like bread a toasting, and the stench of the scorching leather spoke in volumes. I hastily plucked my bubbling deal out of range, kicked my slippers into the corridor, and opened the window. Then I retreated into the corridor, coughing vigorously. Being no salamander, I made no attempt to deal with the flaming fiery furnace roaring up the chimney. Rolle's artistic pyramid in the grate was too fearsome a work for me to tackle with my tongs.

Now, I do not mind confessing that if I had seen Mr. Arthur Rolle at that heated moment, I should have laid hands upon him—say, by the ears—and confronted him, French fashion, with the distorted slippers and my blistered table-legs. But that young gentleman was five miles or more away, over the wet fields, squelching along merrily through the puddles in the lane and the watery meads—the second hare in a junior house run. It would be at least an hour before he would come in, steaming and miry, fagged, but cheerful, a great man among a dozen of his kind. I mentally resolved to damp a little of his enthusiasm before tea.

My own den would not be habitable under an hour, and so I determined to inflict myself on my friends. I started at Smith's room—blank. Harper's, Haigh's, Thorrold's, Fisher's, Anderson's. Nothing stirred but their clocks. I tried the next corridor. Higgins's, Wantage's, Walker's, Gate's—clocks only. Then I went to the notice board, and, as I expected, found the seniors had a run out and home to Allenby. So, since in the whole of Holden's house I had not a place wherein I could utilise a chair, I unhooked my overcoat and stepped out into the February drizzle. There was no particular reason why I should take the tow-path along the bleak, grey Lodden, but, within the hour, I found myself just below the spinney which tries to hide the "Anglers' Arms" from the river.

The landlord of this little hostelry had been in evil odour with the school authorities for some time, and there was a rumour that Carver had interviewed Ricketts on one or two matters in which that gentleman had played a very shady part. Weedon, of Smith's house, and that lout Isaacs, of Carver's, were mixed up in it somehow. In any case, Carver had evidently spoken or acted to the point, for the sight of an Elizabethan was to the landlord as a red rag to a bull. As I came level with his inn, I caught sight of a couple of hares heading directly for his spinney, and, stringing after them, full pelt, a dozen hounds. When I spotted the pink caps on their heads I saw that I had straggled right into my house's run. The hounds were overhauling the hares, and it was evident that the run would finish in the next minute or so, and therefore, if I wanted to be in at the death, I must hobble smartly across the field into the spinney. I did, and saw, almost instanter, the oddest thing I've ever seen since I've been an Elizabethan. When I got to the edge of the copse, I saw the hares, Higgins and Wantage, desperately looking for a place to break through the hedge, the hounds squelching after them barely a hundred yards behind.

"Here, Jack," gasped Higgins. "Here's a gap."

"Through it, then," panted Wantage.

The hares scrambled through the gap, and just as they were on the move again, I saw a man

lurch hastily and threateningly from the "Anglers' Arms" and make straight for the panting Elizabethans. "Back you go, you pink-polled rips!" he yelled at the pair. "No h'admittance this way. This is private proputty, and I want none of your tribe this side the 'edge."

"Don't be a fool, man! Can't you see we'll be caught if——"

"Fool, h'am I!" bellowed Ricketts. "We'll see about that, too, you jackanapes! Back you go, or I'll put my knuckles——" and the fellow doubled up a huge, purple fist and shook it in Higgins's face.

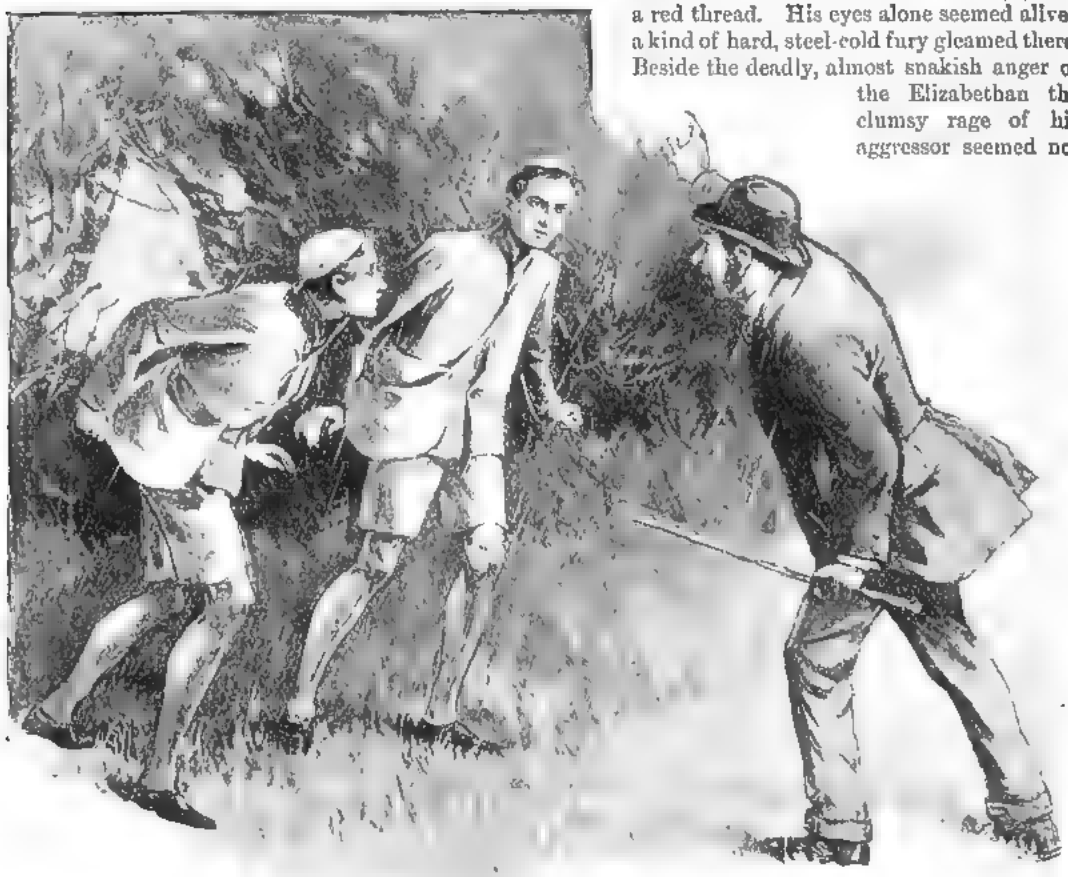
"Out of the way!" said Higgins, angrily knocking the man's arm aside and moving on.

"You will have it, then," choked the landlord, planting himself squarely in the Elizabethan's way.

"Come on, Jack," said Higgins, attempting to brush past. "The fellow's drunk."

This maddened the foul-mouthed brute; his face simply flamed with fury. Before Higgins realised what was to happen the landlord's fist shot out and crashed on his mouth.

Higgins staggered back into the hedge, neck and crop, from the force of the blow. The red faded from his face, leaving it ghastly white, whilst the perspiration still stood in thick beads on his forehead; a thin crimson line trickled down his chin from his bruised lips, like a red thread. His eyes alone seemed alive; a kind of hard, steel-cold fury gleamed there. Beside the deadly, almost snakish anger of the Elizabethan the clumsy rage of his aggressor seemed nothing. I've never seen anyone look quite as Higgins looked then.



"BACK YOU GO, YOU PINK-POLLED RIPS!"

The Elizabethan lifted himself up slowly and deliberately out of the gap. He made straight for Ricketts, mechanically drawing off his light house-coat as he went. He did not say a word, but I could see his silence went home to the muddy soul of the rascal. Higgins threw his coat coolly to Wantage, and then, with an almost exaggerated expression of neatness, rolled up his

sleeves. He was panting still from his run, and his breath came in short, quick jerks; the contrast between his deadly pallor and his heaving chest seemed uncanny. At the moment, brute as he was, I felt sorry for Ricketts.

At that crisis of the incident Wantage jumped between the two.

"Give yourself five minutes, Don. You're dead beat."

"Ten," said I, scrambling out of the spinney. "You'll have to wait ten minutes, Ricketts."

The other fellows had come pouring through the gap.

"Hullo! What's this?" said Gates.

"Uncommonly like a mill," said I.

"Take ten minutes, Don," urged little Wantage, gently pushing his chum back. "Then kill him."

"This animal struck Higgins as he came through the hedge," said I, explaining matters like the chorus in a play. "Higgins is blown, and he ought to have his wind."

"Rather!" panted Gates. "We'll see to that."

"This 'ere is my proputty, and I ain't going to have any more of you——" etc., bawled Ricketts, who began to understand that he had, perhaps, gone too far in striking Higgins."

"Hang your explanations!" said Gates, acidly "and don't call Eliza's that sort of names. That's treason—as you'll find out. Just close round the animal, in case it feels inclined to bolt. Sit down, Higgins! Give yourself a chance, man."

Higgins was gently pushed back from the landlord by half-a-dozen fellows, and persuaded to sit down. He murmured something inarticulate. The fellows "helped" Ricketts into the field, much against his will, through the gap, whilst Wantage and I stood silent together, in the February drizzle-drizzle, by Higgins. The minutes dragged on in absolute quiet on our side of the hedge, but I could hear the landlord, on the other, stringing out lurid oaths, and Gates threatening to put his head in the ditch.

Higgins's face had settled into a deadly pallor, and his eyes lost that concentrated look of savage fury. He looked straight before him into vacancy, and, odd as it may seem, I could tell he was not thinking of the coming fight. At last he got up and said, shakily:—

"Got my coat, Jack?"

"Oh, that's all right, Don! We'll just step through the gap and give that beast——"

"I'm not going to fight, Jack."

"What?" gasped Wantage, as though he had been struck in the breast.

"I'm not going to fight. I can't fight."

Wantage stared at his chum in an ecstasy of astonishment for a moment, and then turned to me:—

"Jim, speak to him. He must fight."

"The brute struck you, Higgins," said I, slowly, "and you're Eliza's now. I'd never wish for a better cause."

"I know," he said, with a curious catch of the breath, "but I can't fight."

"Don," said Wantage, angrily, "when a fellow's struck as you were, he must fight: he must! Come along!"

"Jack, I tell you I won't fight him!" said Higgins, with, I could have sworn, a look of terror in his eyes.

"Funked, by Jove!" said Wantage, looking at Higgins, his mouth trembling as he spoke that cutting word.

"No, Jack, I don't funk him; but I won't—I can't—fight."

"Feel your mouth, Don, man! It bleeds still!"

"Give me my coat, old man."

"Not I! Jim, whatever is the matter with him? Can't you move him?"

"Why won't you thrash that brute now? You were going to when Jack stopped you."

If Higgins's face was capable of becoming more ghastly white than it was already, it grew more pallid then. He said, brokenly:—

"I forgot."

"Forgot what?" asked Wantage, almost blubbering.

"Never mind, old fellow. You always were my friend, and, when you stopped me from killing the fellow, more than ever then. I can't fight!"

"You're ill, Don. For heaven's sake, go home! Here's your coat." Wantage, his face almost as white as Higgins's, hurried through the gap, "Higgins is ill. He won't fight."

"He must if he can stand!" said Thorrold, grimly.

"Go and try if you can move him; he's beyond me."

Higgins was immovable.

"What's that you've forgotten?" asked Gates, coolly. "Not that you're one of us, I hope!"

"Why, you're Eliza's!" exclaimed Haigh, in a shout. "The house will be the by-word if you don't!"

"I'm sorry," said Higgins, stiffening slightly under the half-veiled scorn of his wondering house-fellows.

"He's ill, that's plain," said Wantage. "Don's no funk. Hold my coat, Thorrold!"

"You're not going to fight him, Jack," said Higgins, striding up to Wantage and gripping him imploringly by the arm.

"Rather," said Jack, shaking off his chum's grasp. "Someone must do it. If not you, then I."

"Get home, Higgins," said Thorrold, acidly. "You're undoubtedly mad this half."

I heard Higgins moan as he turned slowly away. He broke into the spinney, and lurched homewards as though he were drunk. More puzzled and anxious than I can remember, I turned to see what Jack Wantage would make of the burly landlord. The fellow looked puzzled, as well he might, when he saw Wantage peeled.

I am not well up in the technicalities of the noble art, but it was evident from the beginning that Wantage was no match for the heavy brute. He was overweighted, and at the end of ten minutes he lay on his back, his senses battered out of him. Ricketts got into his coat, chuckling hideously and squinting frightfully, and disappeared into his "proputty." We gave Wantage a friendly arm, and trooped off dismally to the school. It is useless to retail the bitter scoffs and jeers at Higgins's expense; the fellows were simply bubbling with disgust at him, at Wantage's defeat, at the lost honour of the house. They vowed the matter should not rest there.

When I arrived at my den I found the fire of manageable proportions, though the compounded odours of burnt leather and roasted varnish hung tenaciously about the room; so I threw up the window and looked out.

The fellows were returning from the afternoon runs, and the High was alive with them pattering along to their houses. From my perch I could see right into the country, beyond the cricket fields and "footer" fields, away towards Allenby and Saltby. The Lodden looked cold and grey as it slid past the leafless willows. Wherever I looked I could see little knots of fellows stringing steadily across the fields towards home, jogging along by the hedges, vaulting the stiles, or pouring through well-known gaps. The house colours were the only spots of brightness in the grey, cheerless plain. The drizzle still continued persistently, and as dusk began to creep over the steaming fields the country looked forlorn indeed. Not Eliza's, though. The High began to grow quieter, though occasional fellows, who had straggled too far, pattered hurriedly by, but pretty soon every Elizabethan was out of the streets. Then, in house after house, study by study, the electrics were switched on, and, finally, through the warm, wet, misty night each house blazed brightly through its curtain of leafless, dripping trees. Then, when it was evident that St. Elizabeth's had settled down for the night, I closed my window.

As I was slowly drinking my tea I puzzled over the strange behaviour of Higgins. He was a new fellow; in fact, had not been in the school more than six months. He was rather old for a fellow to make a start at Eliza's, and wherever he'd been he must have given the beaks a lively time. I used to think they'd expelled him in despair. His book work was something awful. I've heard him blundering through an easy Latin passage in a fashion that would have disgraced young Podmore, and his inclusion in the Lower Fifth was a pure act of charity on Carver's part. His scholarship was not even up to junior school mark. But he worked, nay, slaved, to keep up his place in the form. Whereas the average fellow did a couple of hours' private "mugging" a day, Higgins would put in six or seven sheer hard slog, until his name became a joke to Holden's. And the wonder was it availed him so little. He was hopelessly beaten by fellows who loafed from year end to year end; and, if he were clear of the last half-dozen on the list, he appeared satisfied. I never heard a beak row Higgins, even when he was superlatively atrocious. It was an axiom that bad was his best. Beaks aren't inhuman after all. What Higgins could do for the other side of school life we had no opportunity of judging. He would not turn out for footer, pleading work, but had gone with his house once or twice when Wantage and he were bracketed as hares. He was tall, had splendid physique, very good-looking, talked like a gentleman, and looked like one. He was not popular, nor yet the reverse. Holden's regarded him as an unnatural curiosity.

His chum was Jack Wantage, one of the most popular fellows in the house, a good average in games, a better average at books, and a fellow whose good word meant a lot. Between him and Higgins there existed a mysterious bond of attraction, and, save when Higgins was bound to his sacred "mugging," one room generally held both.

An indignation meeting was held in Thorrold's room, re Higgins, and I was specially asked to come. Before I went I carefully pointed out to Rolle, who brought the message, the enormity of his fire-stoking, and sent him with a special *exeat* half a mile down the High to get me a new pair of slippers. Goodness knows how many of his private plans I shattered when I gave him this commission, but his jaw did drop! However, I was adamant. Brew, scrimmage with the Ancients, or lines for Roberts, went by the board, and my fag crawled out dismally into the wet. He came back radiant; *ergo*, I knew there was something in the wind. When I opened the parcel I found he'd brought me a pair of number tens. Then he told me, negligently, that the shops were now shut.

Fellow after fellow had his say in Thorrold's den, and they were for cutting Higgins dead, and consigning him to Coventry for evermore. Then I joined in. I argued through thick and thin he

was no coward. (Ironical laughter.) You can't escape the feeling when you do meet a funk, and I was convinced Higgins was none. I told them, in my humble opinion, they were making a mistake.

"Aren't we to take notice of his backing out then?" asked Thorrold, angrily.

"I wouldn't."

Bourke, the captain of Eliza's, had been asked to attend the Holden court-martial, for a charge of cowardice was held to come within his purview, as head of Eliza's. Bourke, in some ways, was an ideal captain, but I mistrusted his judgment here.

"I think the affair is very simple. He ought to have fought for two reasons: his own reputation and Eliza's. If he won't stand by his school, why should we stand by him? By all accounts he is an unconscionable sort of fellow, but this does seem sheer funk, and we should act on it. Give him another chance. He must fight Ricketts—or Coventry!"

The captain's ultimatum found almost unanimous acceptance, and a round robin was drafted. "The undersigned requested Donald Higgins, of Holden's House, to thrash Ricketts at the first convenient opportunity, or, failing, he was informed that he would be considered as at Coventry."

I took this to Higgins's den. He was planted before a pile of books, evidently trying to work, but I could see his mind was elsewhere. He read the ultimatum, and then moodily tore it into little pieces.

"Thanks, Firmin, for bringing it, but I'm not going to fight. Tell them so."

"I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT. TELL THEM SO."

"You know your own business best, Higgins," said I, going.

Jack Wantage obstinately refused to join in the general and immediate boycott. He went about his face striped like a Bengal tiger, trying to remove the ban placed on his chum, but in vain. He got scant sympathy.

"Your friend is a long white-feather, Jack," said Thorrold, staring at Wantage's face.

"He offered to tell me why he wouldn't fight, when I came in, but I wouldn't hear it then."

"Why ever not? You're mad!"

"Because I could see it was just killing him to have to say it. He's no more a funk than you are, Frank."

"Thanks, Jack! though I'll floor any cad who strikes me in the mouth. Don't hold with all this high falutin' and French filigree. A plain, straightforward left would have put everything to rights—Ricketts included. Done the beast a world o' good, too."

"But——"

"No go, old fellow! You're all right, though a trifle short-sighted where Higgins is concerned."

The school followed the plain lead of Bourke and the Holden seniors, and Higgins was an outcast.

II.

RODERICK BOURKE sat in his den at Smith's, half-a-dozen of his friends round him, disconsolately eyeing a long sheet of paper. "I don't see what sort of show we're going to make in the open events at all. In strictly school events, I don't care a jot what fellow or what house comes in first, but I did want Eliza's to win both the open events."

"Read out the list again, Rod."

"For the open hundred, there's Thorrold, Cray, Percival, and your friend Higgins."

"A bright lot," said Evans, dolefully. "There's not one of them good enough for anything under 11½."

"Wish you could toe the mark, Rod. You'd give us a chance. Can't you, absolutely?"

"No. Lambert won't hear of it for a month. Says I am not out of Queer Street yet. If only I looked as well as I feel!"

"Which you don't, Rod," said I. "There's more white than pink about your beautiful Hibernian face yet."

"It's not, perhaps, as bad as you think, Rod," said Knowles, optimistically. "What's the opposition?"

"Opposition!" said Bourke, gloomily. "Why, there's a fellow, Acton, from St. Amory's."

"Heard the name somewhere," said Miller.

"I should think so, Ned. Why, he's a kind of Amorian demi-god. Boxes like Pollux, plays footer like Fry, and runs like—like——"

"Bourke," suggested I.

Bourke threw his penwiper at me, and went on dismally: "Then there's Bird of the L.A.C., and an American, Flickwir, from Haverford. Fliers, all of 'em."

"For the mile?"

"Oh! the demi-god again, two Dulwich fellows, and Cray, Young, and Butt, of ours."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"There's your friend Higgins, again."

"What can White-feather do, anyhow? Can he run?"

"Run!" said Bourke, with a melancholy gasp. "You watch a fat landlord smite him on the mouth, and then watch him scoot. *Then* he runs. But is it to be expected that that sort would keep the two cups at Eliza's?"

"It is not, old man," said Evans. "Pretty black look-out for her."

"If Higgins did keep 'em here, I'm hanged if it wouldn't be a blacker one!"

From this conversation you can see that the tide of ill-feeling still ran as strongly against Higgins as before. The school sports were within the week, and on all hands it was agreed that the school times would make a very poor show indeed. It was one of the barren years into which every public school runs sooner or later; when the cricket is poor, the footer equally so, and the times and distances and heights correspondingly bad. Since Eliza's was so poor, it only remained for her one good man to be "crocked," and the cup of wretchedness would be full. This happened. Bourke, as graceful and speedy a runner as Eliza's had ever turned out, was laid low with a mild attack of pneumonia. This misfortune meant the scoring out of the captain's name for each of the open events, and Eliza's gave them up for lost. The other school entrants were merely average.

The day after Bourke's name had been sorrowfully red-inked out of existence, Donald Higgins's name made its appearance under that of the deleted captain's. White-feather's name made a mild sensation, but what he could do in the way of running no one knew except Wantage. Jack devoted himself to the training of his chum, and the pair would flit down to the quiet water-meadows as unostentatiously as ghosts, but the time results Wantage carefully kept to himself.

The afternoon of the sports came in due course—as fine an April day as could be chosen out of the month. It was as warm as May, and there was just sufficient breeze stirring to ripple the streamers marking the course, and to unroll the great school flag floating lazily above the pavilion. Eliza's always looks well when she gets half a chance, and from the field we could see the old school, most of the buildings swathed in ivy up to the eaves, their windows blinking genially down upon us when they caught the sun. The houses, from Carver's in the middle of the High to Hodgson's, hidden half a mile away among the trees, were mere empty shells; every Elizabethan,

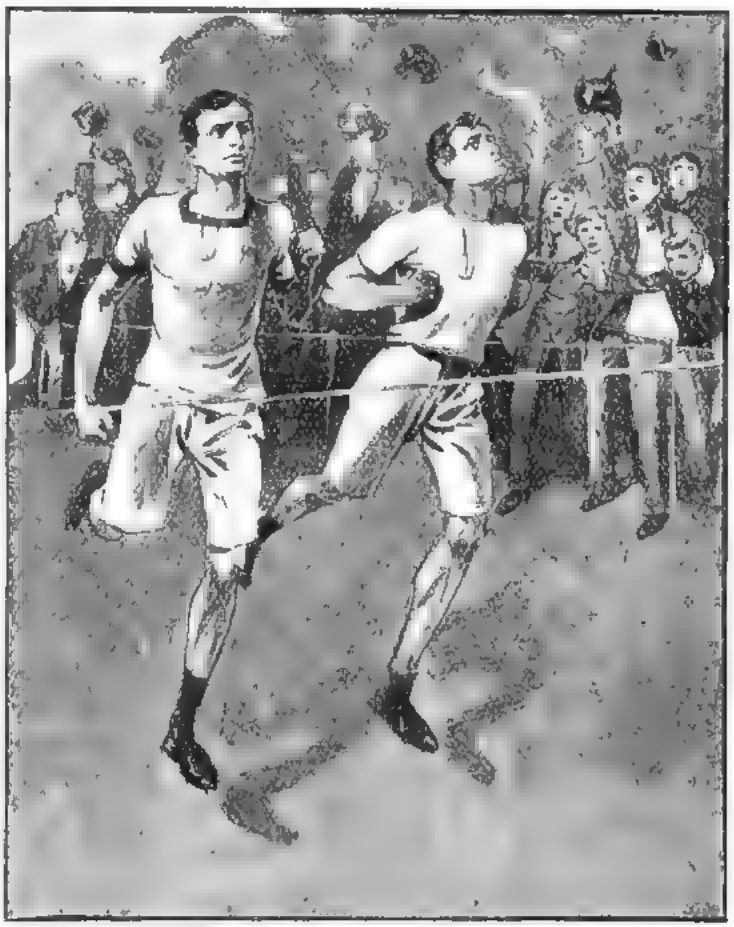
barring the cripples in hospital—and they tried to be there with the help of field-glasses—had poured down to see the finals. If the fellows felt any despondency about the two open events they disguised the fact very well. There were strings of carriages, cabs, and growlers disgorging, at the gate, fathers, mothers, sisters, likewise cousins and aunts—"people" streamed across the ground to the ropes, and small boys vigorously obtained for their own particular convoy good anchorage near the rails.

Instead of entering the ground with the first comers, I had gone to the station to meet an old friend, Fred Roberts, an Erpingham fellow, and when we lined up beside the track the bell was going for the hundred yards open. I could see the fellows stringing out of the dressing tent to the flag, but I could not see either Cray or the American. It was whispered that Cray, Eliza's forlorn hope, was reserving himself for the mile. The London man was there taking a preliminary burst to kill possible stiffness, and I caught sight of the Amorian, Acton, in his old school's blue and silver, moving quietly, with the very perfection of easy grace. "Winner" seemed written in his face. Higgins's tall athletic figure did not take the eye as did Acton's, but there was something of that lithe, sinewy, panther-like motion which made me think that the Elizabethan would make the Amorian go all the way. Our men quietly lined up, Higgins taking the wide berth and whispering to the American. Then came the expectant crouch, the starter's voice, a sharp crack, and five athletes were rushing like a whirlwind down the track. For fifty yards the London man, Acton, and Higgins were abreast; Thorrold and Percival out of the hunt already, five yards behind. Then the Amorian drew away, foot by foot, Higgins took second place, and Bird strained every muscle to hold them both. In vain. Inch by inch the Amorian and Elizabethan drew away from him. Higgins shot ahead of Acton, and, although the Amorian made a supreme effort in the last strides, Higgins broke the tape the winner by a bare foot.

Cheer after cheer burst out as the pair calmly limped away.

Bourke, who was at the tape, watch in hand, looked at Wantage with amazement. "I say, Jack, do you know what I make it?"

"Dunno, Rod," said Wantage, with tears of joy in his eyes. "But mine says 10 2-5ths. He can move, can't he?"



BROKE THE TAPE THE WINNER BY A BARE FOOT.

"Jack, I take back every word I've said against your chum. A fellow with a heart like his is no coward."

"Just think how Hig. will appreciate that," said Jack, sarcastically. "The school's got to eat a very big leek to-day—as you'll see." Wantage squeezed under the ropes and vanished into the crowd.

Roberts turned to me with eyes wide open with amazement.

"The idea of old Higgins turning up here!"

"What!" I almost yelled. "*You* know him?"

"Know him!" said Roberts. "Why he was at Erpingham an age. Best fellow and biggest thickhead there. Jove! I must see him."

"Not a bit of it," said I, button-holing the eager Fred. "I want to know more of Higgins. He's been more than a mystery at this place."

"Seen him play footer?" asked Fred, closing his eyes as upon some ravishing remembrance.

"He doesn't play."

"Phew!" whistled Roberts. "What you've missed! Seen him across country?"

"Once. Why did he leave Erpingham, Fred? That's what I want to know."

"Well, I'll tell you. He had a mill with our prize bully—six feet and fourteen stone of it—and he nearly killed it. I mean killed—really. Blenkow was unconscious for a fortnight, and nearly pegged out. This made poor Higgins about crazy with remorse, for he looked upon himself as a murderer—which was all fudge, for Blenkow deserved all he got—almost. Anyhow, he couldn't stand the sight of Blenkow when the animal did come round. Blenkow had a face the colour of dough and a voice like a girl's—a vast improvement on his early style, but they nearly terrified Don out of his senses. He swore he'd never mill again—never!"

"He's kept to that, Fred," said I, gravely.

"And that he'd chain up his temper if he could. When he is roused I pity the ass that's to blame."

"I did," said I, *sotto voce*.

"He moved heaven and earth to get out of sight of Blenkow, and, when the Head saw that the convalescent was getting on Higgins's nerves, he suggested to Higgins, senior, a fresh school. Understand! Not a shadow of disgrace on old Don. Best fellow breathing!"

"Almost," I agreed.

"Does he slog as much as ever?" asked Roberts, with a smile.

I raised my eyes skywards, in utter inability to express the amount of Higgins's "mugging."

"I must see him. Come along!"

Whilst we threaded our way through the buzzing crowd I was thinking of the light in Higgins's eyes when he rose at Ricketts. I'm glad he kept his promise.

The afternoon wore on—a jolly afternoon it was, too, for me. I felt genuinely proud that I had not joined in the boycott. Roberts was cocksure that Higgins would win the mile. "He strides like the Colossus, and his lungs are brass. He'll make a common hack of that Amorian flyer, and do it inside——"

The bell crashed out its summons, and we saw the runners file slowly out. The Amorian got an ovation; but this sounded nothing beside the mighty cheer which a thousand throats lifted up to the April sky when Higgins appeared. It was a cheer to stir a man's blood in his veins, but Higgins never turned a hair. He stooped as he walked, listening to his chum, Wantage, babbling in his ear. Then they lined up, the two Dulwich men, Cray, Young, and Butt—the blue and silver—and Higgins. They were off. Acton, who evidently knew his own capabilities to a hair, made the pace a cracker. He spun along with his quick, easy, graceful stride, and pacing along with him went the Dulwich men and Cray. The other Elizabethans did not fall in with this commencement, and hung steadily in the rear, Higgins, just ahead of the two last, coolly moving with that long, loping stretch that Eliza's came to know afterwards so well. He kept his eye shrewdly on the Amorian. Acton's idea was soon manifest. He meant to run the race at the beginning, and run out the opposition, trusting that those who liked the waiting game would make their efforts too late. Twenty yards, thirty, fifty, he and the Dulwich men put between themselves and the last man. We wondered. The first lap the Amorian and his three satellites must have been nearly 70yds. ahead, but the pace palpably told on three of them, even when the second lap was half run. Cray and the Dulwich fellows slackened and dropped behind, but Acton seemed little the worse for the terrific pace he had set. At the beginning of the third lap, Young and Butt began to close up on Cray, and Higgins quietly dropped to the last. The Amorian had stolen a wonderful lead, and still ran marvellously. The Dulwich fellows were quietly passed—they paid the penalty of playing another fellow's game, and Cray was pretty nearly pumped, though he struggled alongside the Elizabethans. When the bell went for the last lap we saw that really there had been only two fellows in the race from the beginning. Higgins roused himself at the first clang, and in a moment had drawn up alongside his fellows, and the next moment he had dropped them. Then he began to overhaul the Amorian; yard by yard he cut down that long, long lead, whilst we cheered like maniacs—the staid, sedate Roberts roaring, "Erp-ing-ham! Erp-ing-ham!" like one possessed. Then it dawned upon us that Acton knew the uttermost trick in running the mile; he still ran doggedly, and defied Higgins to overhaul him in time. We gave Higgins up for lost as Acton entered the straight, 20yds. to the good. Hurricanes of cheers broke out over the two, as Acton, almost run out though he was, brought up every iota of his strength for the run in. Then Higgins, as though he had been

touched by a spring, answered the challenge. Moving almost as though it were the hundred, he cut down the Amorian every stride. Ten yards from home he was all but level; the patter-patter of his grim pursuer galvanised the Amorian to his last grand effort, and, shoulder to shoulder, the pair rushed to the taut, white string. Higgins set his teeth, and came in by a bare yard.

All I can say about what followed is—that I have never seen anything like it since.

Now, perhaps I had no business to tell the fellows what Roberts told me, but I did, and this is what happened. After tea I went with Roberts into Higgins's den—*he was actually getting his books out for the morrow's work*—whilst the school, in their hundreds, gathered in the streets below. On our arrival Higgins went to shut the window, and if he ever forgets *that* yell of enthusiasm his memory is absolutely hopeless.

He turned to us with a scared face.

"Oh! it's all right, old man. Eliza's taken you to her bosom for evermore."

"What will Jack Wantage say to this?" was what Higgins said.

A SPEED TRIAL.

THANKS to the courtesy of Messrs. John Thornycroft & Co., Ltd., the builders, I had the pleasure of accompanying the officials, etc., on the speed trial of the new first-class torpedo boat No. 107. The Flushing boat express was in Queensborough Pier station to time, and soon a small launch was hurrying us to the long, black-painted torpedo boat, lying in mid-stream. A few minutes sufficed to bring us alongside, and we scrambled on the deck, not more than 4ft. above the water line. A muttered order came from somewhere, the engine bell clanged, and we started slowly out past the guardship *Sanspareil*, the ill-fated *Victoria's* sister ship, and away seaward. I had donned my oilskins, and the smart gentlemen that had a few moments before come aboard now appeared from the little cabin below, in their "trial clothes," and a more dirty-looking lot of men it would be hard to imagine!

The engines, of 3,000 horse-power, were working with a regular motion, and our speed had jumped to about twenty-two knots an hour when the first buoy, with its big white-lettered *Admiralty* girdling it, hove in sight; a black fur of smoke rose straight from our rakish funnels, and swept in a smother astern, carrying with it "clinkers and sight-destroying dirt."

The guns, of which she is to carry three three-pounders (that is, fire a 3lb. shot) are not yet mounted, nor are the torpedo-tubes. Walking along the deck, which is covered with a substance akin to oil-cloth, and known as corticine, we get well "forrad" and are received with a gust of spray; the fo'c'sle and deck are wet, and the man who stands, an immovable oilskin-covered figure, at the wheel, drips and glistens in the summer sunshine. By his side is another official ready to signal the engine room either "decrease" or "increase" speed.

The man at the wheel mutters, an officer nods his head affirmatively, and the small brass wheel swings round twice to "increase," and even faster the little coffin-shaped vessel rushes ahead, while the spray comes aboard and flops on the deck or hisses against our hot smoke-stacks. "We are at over twenty-five now," one shouts to another, and the first buoy flies past and we are on the measured mile, the officials the while busy with their chronometers and note books. The wind whistles, and the yellow and blue flag at our mast head, denoting "trials," stands stiff in the rushing breeze, the big white wave seemingly stays on our bow, and the whole shell quivers with the thud! thud! thud! of our powerful engines, which are mounted in the shape of an X, so that the left or port cylinders drive the right or starboard propeller, and so *vice versâ*. Down among this whirling mass of mechanism the engineers, officials, etc., crawl and examine, and tabulate in their books the ever varying temperatures, even to that of the sea outside, or the exhaust steam, the rate of revolutions per minute, and the thousand and one other details.

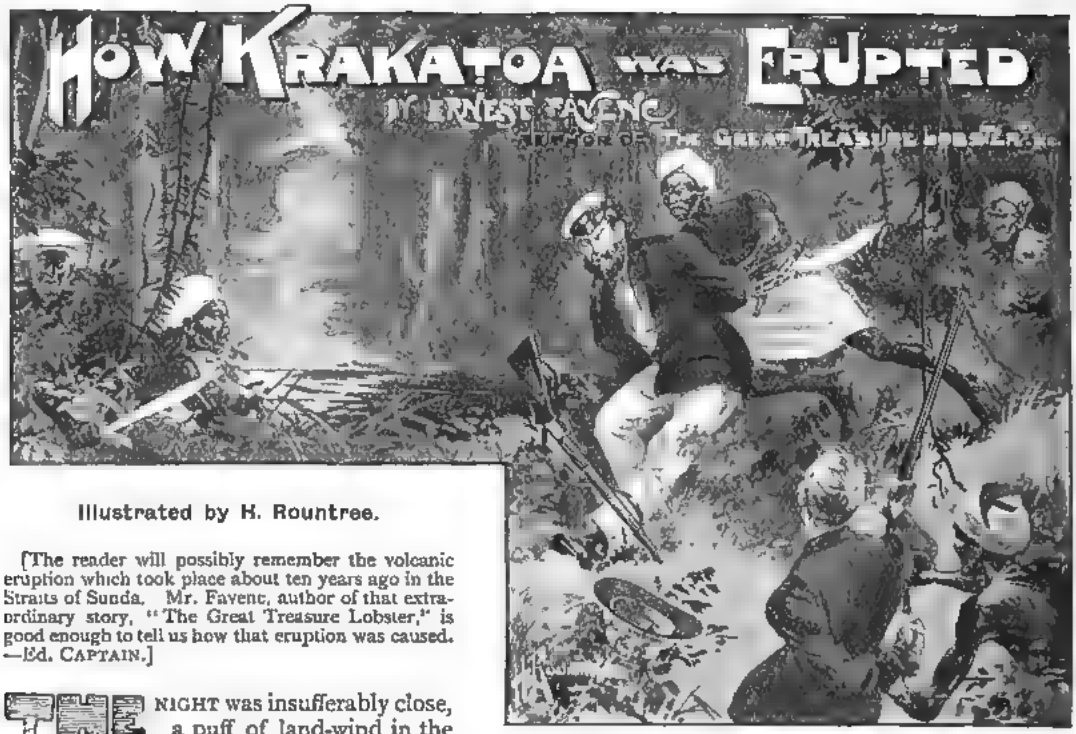
Round the course we swing, out to sea, past a Ramsgate and Margate pleasure steamer, with the crowds of cheering people on her decks, and away with an irresistible gliding rush. And at last we see the *Sanspareil* ahead. Already we have slowed down, and are running gently home.

A half-hour's wait at Chatham, and then the great sluice-gates open, and we slowly steam in and stop. A gangway is put across, and up this plank (only 30ins. wide, with no rails) we gingerly climb ashore, leaving our little vessel awaiting the other trials she has to go through before she is passed as an efficient fighting ship of His Majesty the King.

"GEO."

How Krakatoa was Erupted

By Ernest Favenc
Author of "The Great Treasure Lobster," &c.



Illustrated by H. Rountree.

[The reader will possibly remember the volcanic eruption which took place about ten years ago in the Straits of Sunda. Mr. Favenc, author of that extraordinary story, "The Great Treasure Lobster," is good enough to tell us how that eruption was caused. —Ed. CAPTAIN.]

THE night was insufferably close, a puff of land-wind in the evening having lasted just long enough to bring a million or two of eager, bloodthirsty mosquitoes on board, and then died down and left them there. There was no sleeping on deck for them, there was no sleeping below. I thought if I could find somebody as wakeful as myself he might help me to kill time and mosquitoes for an hour or two, and just then I ran across the second engineer, Mac the second; both the chief and second were Macs, so he was generally called Mac "two times" for distinction.

"This night," said he, "is just as hot, still, and quiet, as when I started Krakatoa going."

"Started *what!*" I replied.

"Krakatoa. Yes, we gave him a start too, but a man called Shaw and myself started the catastrophe of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda, with our own hands. It's an awful crime to have on one's conscience, and nights like this I feel it, and if you'll come to my cabin and help snipe the mosquitoes with tobacco smoke, I'll just tell you all about it.

"Gold!" he said, when we had made ourselves as comfortable as we could. "Man alive, I saw more that night than any man ever saw together at one time."

"Didn't you bring any away with you?"

"I brought a whole skin away, that's more than poor Shaw did. There was heaps of gold; enough to make thousands of murderers and millions of thieves."

"Where is it now?"

"Gone, man! Look in space for it, in the ashes Krakatoa sent floating round the world the time the red sunsets were. That gold, and the island it was on, either went up or down that time. Up to the sky or down to the bottom of the ocean."

"How did you manage to start the volcano—did not you know the damage you might do?"

"I knew it would be a good blow up, but I reckoned on killing a pack of piratical conspirators, not all those poor innocent villagers."

"You're the first man, I think, who ever started an eruption, but you must have known that it was risky to fool with a volcano."

"I'll tell you all about it, and you'll see the danger the world has escaped through me. I was chief on a tramp steamer going through the Straits, and, by a sheer piece of stupidity, the second mate ran us on to a coral reef pretty close in shore. She knocked a hole in her bottom, and there we had to stop till something came by to help us away. We were close to Krakatoa, and the villagers were kind enough, and we'd saved our duds, so it wasn't so bad. We had one passenger, named Shaw, a collector of natural history specimens, a fellow

who had been knocking about all over the Archipelago. He went on with his work while we were waiting there, and one day he proposed a trip to an island close handy, that no one hardly ever went to. According to the natives, it was haunted, and they wouldn't spend a night on it on any account, but they said it was chock full of all the strange beasts and birds that ever came out of Noah's Ark. And that was what lured poor Shaw. I agreed to come, for it was mighty dull, and he'd made arrangements with a couple of villagers to take us to it in their boat. Off we started, taking something to eat and his shot-gun and a rifle.

"Well, we got to the island all right, and the villagers agreed to come back for us the next day, for they didn't fancy the place at all. It was all jungle, and jungle of the densest kind that ever grew. Sometimes it was as dark and still as possible where the great trees grew and met far overhead, then, when we got amongst the smaller growth, where the sun shone, it was full of life and noise. He got some mighty rare birds, and we kept getting deeper and deeper into it until I proposed turning back, as we were to sleep on the beach, the jungle being full of all manner of reptiles and insects, every one of them biting and stinging worse than the other. The collector agreed with me; and just then we came to an open space round a dark black lagoon. We both looked round, and both caught sight of something at the same moment that made us utter a shout of surprise. Right opposite to us was an avenue, cut in the thick wood, a straight, well-kept avenue, and at the end of it, about half a mile away, a green hill.

"We both gazed at each other, for this did not look as though the place was uninhabited. There was a good two hours' sun, and Shaw proposed to go there. So we went round the lagoon, and came to the entrance of the avenue. It was an artificial roadway right enough, and there seemed to be plenty of marks of bare feet passing up and down to the edge of the water. While we were both standing looking at the hill in front of us up the long vista, we were suddenly seized firmly from behind. Never did I feel such a grip, and when I saw the man who held my companion I was astonished still more, for they were but slight made men, but their hands were like steel claws. They were brown men, dressed in sarongs, with a sash stuck full of weapons of one sort or another. They pointed forward, indicating to us to go on towards the hill, and helped us to start with a prick from the big sword they each carried. There were about half a dozen of the ruffians, under an officer, or so I took him to be. They released us when we started, and pretty well surrounded us, and as there was no help for it on we went. Shaw spoke in such of the native dialects as he knew, but got no answer—our captors might have been dumb men as far as we were concerned. We were marched straight to the hill, or rise, up which the road went, and at the top we found ourselves on the edge of a cup, circular, and formed like a crater. It was at least three or four miles in circumference, and grass-grown on the sides, the bottom being occupied by buildings of various sorts. The road wound round the edge of the slope to these buildings, and down it we were marched. The buildings were well built and substantial, but perfectly plain, more like the style of barracks than anything. And barracks they seemingly were from the number of armed men about—all silent.

"What's the meaning of this?" I said to Shaw, for he knew a lot about the islands.

"It must be a place I have often heard of as a fable," he said. "Some of the race, ousted by the old Javanese kings, have a hiding-place somewhere, and are supposed to have great treasures, which, when the time comes, they will use to retake their country, and perhaps conquer half the world. I'm afraid we'll never get away alive."

I was afraid so, too, for they were all so still and business-like.

"There can't be many of them for the job," I said, "living in a small place like this."

"They are said to be distributed all over the East; but this must be their central place."

"At this moment a man came out, richly dressed, but in all my life I never saw such a hideous face as he had. Here, have another drink; it makes me scared again to think of him."

We drank, and Mac Two Times recommenced:—

"All the cruelty in the world seemed to be centred in his eyes. He looked keenly at us, and then, in perfectly good English, asked us who we were, and what we did there.

"Shaw answered him, and told our story. When he heard I was an engineer he asked me if I understood artillery, and that sort of thing. I told him I was a marine engineer, at which he seemed disappointed. He simply said that it would be useless for us to attempt escape, as it would but lead to our death, and we were shown into one of the houses and left in a bare room.

"'This is a nice fix,' I said.

"'The worst,' he replied. 'We've no escape. We shall be just killed quietly in cold blood.'

"'How, do you think?'

"'Torture of some sort, I'm afraid. They

might give us a quick death, as we are Europeans, but if we had been Javanese they would have killed us in some awful manner at once. I never believed the yarns about this secret people and their hidden treasure, but I'm afraid we've stumbled on it to our cost.'

"The night now closed in fast, and it soon got dark in the room we were confined in. Very shortly the door was opened, and a voice called to us, in English, to come out. We complied, and found two or three men waiting, who conducted us, quietly as ever, into the largest of the buildings. Here we entered a room handsomely furnished in Oriental style, but there was a dinner table laid out after the European fashion. The man with the evil face was seated there, with two others, and he courteously invited us to be seated.

"'Our guests are few,' he said, 'but when they come we do our best to give them a warm welcome,' and at the last two words I saw him smile.

"Our host led the conversation during dinner to the political events of the last year, or rather six months, in which he displayed great interest. Seemingly he had a familiar knowledge of the leading personages of the world, and told us several choice anecdotes about the Czar of Russia. His companions, too, spoke good English; in fact, I'd have sworn one was an Irishman with his face dyed. The dessert and wine were put on, and the three grew more confidential.

"'Mr. Shaw, you seem to know the Islands well; I suppose you can guess who I am?'

"'You are the Sadi Uffer,' said Shaw; 'but I confess I never believed in your existence before.'

"'No,' laughed the Sadi, evidently well pleased, 'we keep ourselves pretty quiet. How many of my people are there scattered through the East altogether, Hariff?'

"'Moity near foive million,' said the man addressed.

"'Fighting men, too?'

"'Fiends at it!'

"'Yes, gentlemen, our time is nearly come when we'll restore the ancient dynasty of the Sultans of the Ten Islands. I intend before I put you to death to show you some of our resources, for I honestly confess I'm proud of them.' He said this as coolly as though he was talking of our having our breakfast together in the morning.

"Sadi Uffer rose, and we all followed his example. 'I will myself do the honours,' he said, with that awful blood-freezing smile.

"About half a dozen men accompanied us, as Sadi led us through a door and down a flight of steps. We paused in what was evidently a subterranean hall, brilliantly lighted with electricity. 'I will talk openly with my guests,' said Sadi, 'because, for good reasons, they will not repeat what I say, so my schemes cannot be betrayed. The restoration of the dynasty of the Sultans of the Ten Islands is merely a lure to catch those of the old blood amongst the islanders. My views are much wider. This hill is almost solid gold. If it became known to the world, the value of gold would at once fall—naturally. I don't want that, so I keep the secret, and use it while it is still of some value. I am a Russian, and intend to have a good try for universal sovereignty. Our arrangements are nearly perfect. When my flag is raised there will be a general upraising all over the world. India will rise in mutiny, to which the former one was nothing. Ireland will rise; the nihilists and anarchists all over the world, in every country, will rise at the signal. What have the powers to bring against me? Half the British Navy is in my pay; half the colossal armies of Germany, Russia, and France, await my commands; there is treason everywhere. Where will they be when they have no longer their soldiers to depend on? and where will they be when they are opposed by an army of the world, led by General Skobeloff? For, gentlemen, Sadi Uffer, the non-existent chief of the secret society of Van Vrooda, is Skobeloff. My supposed death was cleverly managed, and since then I have been employed on this great work, now almost on the verge of completion.' He ceased, and opened a door. 'You shall see what I have to back my opinions with. Follow me.'

"We entered a vast apartment, for the interior of the hill was evidently excavated. The electric light was searching, and we could see that it was an arsenal. All sorts of cannon, machine guns, rifles, and other weapons of destruction were arranged in order. 'This,' said Sadi, or Skobeloff, with the air of a commercial traveller, 'is our sample-room. These arms show what we possess in other countries. Do you see?'

"He pointed to a machine gun, and I saw a placard above it, with the names of Germany, France, etc., and corresponding numbers.

"'The rulers of these countries fondly imagine they are under their control, and so they are till Skobeloff speaks. Bismarck was here once, and was much taken by my arrangements. He was anxious to join me, but, as I pointed out, there couldn't be two of us in it. But, unless you are an expert, these arms won't teach you much; this is the metal that does it all!'

"He led us through another door, and we saw a sight that I shall never see again—gold, man, gold! in heaps and heaps everywhere; slugs, and ingots, and bars. King Solomon's mines were not a patch on it. Paths and avenues led between the heaps—a regular maze.

"Shaw and I could only gasp.

"'Enough to turn every honest man into a rogue,' said Skobeloff. 'This is what was inside this hill when the idea struck me to excavate the hill and utilise the space. But I have something still more wonderful to show you. I may tell you that Edison superintended the arrangements I am going to exhibit to you, and installed the electric light. It may sound strange, but I had to use force, and had him kidnapped, and a "double" put in his place. He was greatly interested before he got back.'

"We passed out of the treasure chamber, and into a wide cavern, which was filled with strange instruments, but Skobeloff made a contemptuous gesture towards them. 'Cranks,' he said, 'infernal machines, and flying ditto. I put all the inventors to death when their machines won't act. These are their tombstones.'

"We passed through these failures, and the cavern suddenly widened out, and we stood in a bare space, and in it stood a beautiful and complicated piece of machinery, from one side of which projected a polished lever.

SHAW AND I COULD ONLY GASP.

"'This cavern is only separated from the eternal fires of central earth by a thin crust. The idea suddenly occurred to me that this discovery could be utilised, and therefore I imported Edison. The first thing to do was to confine them, and, at an enormous sacrifice of life, we did it. But they can be released at any moment, and ruin and destruction shed broadcast. It is my intention to start universal eruptions from all the points of outlet, simultaneously with the outbreak of my rebellion. The fires are ready. They are getting cramped for space, and might take to bursting out themselves if we don't give them play.'

"'It is uncomfortably hot,' I remarked. Skobeloff laughed his fiendish laugh. 'You will find it hotter still, my dear friend. This is where we dispose of our troublesome visitors. Great men like those we have had here we can secure silence from, but we cannot trust your rank and file. However, I'm not going to have you thrown into the centre of the earth for an hour or two yet, so come back and have some whisky with Hariff; he'll tell us some of his good stories.'

"He made a motion to the guard, and they drew back on each side of the door we had entered at. Now, while we had been talking I had been thinking what was that lever there for. Was it not to release the central fires on their work of destruction?

"'When you work the eruptions you are talking about, wouldn't it destroy yourself too?'

"'It would if we didn't switch it on to where we want. There's the dial plate that works all the active volcanoes in the world; there, you see. If you turned on Krakatoa, for instance, you would burst us sky-high. The others wouldn't hurt. Come on,' he said, uneasily. 'This place is too hot.'

"'What's that door?' I asked, pointing to an open one.

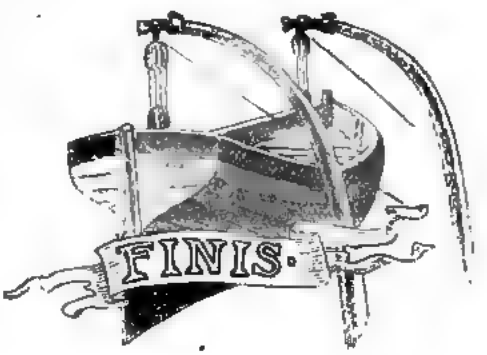
"'Oh, that's an escape after starting the eruptions; you might be able to get out the way we came.'

"I affected to follow him, but hung back, and, suddenly shouting to Shaw, sprang at the lever. Quickly I turned the dial hand full blast for Krakatoa, and hung on the lever. I was determined that all should go together.

"IT'S TOO HOT HERE!" I SHOUTED, AS I DASHED DOWN THE PASSAGE.

"I saw Skobeloff turn with Shaw, and then a gap opened in the floor between us, and the flames shot up with a roar. It was too late to save Shaw; he ought to have moved quicker. I fled for the escape, catching one glance of Skobeloff's agonised face through the reek of flame that divided us. 'It's too hot here,' I shouted as I dashed down the passage, whatever it was. I came to a door, which opened and closed behind me, evidently made to shut out the pursuing flames. On I ran, followed by loud and deafening reports, and at last emerged on the bank of the lagoon, just as the hill behind me went to 'smithereens' in one wild explosion. The world was saved; Skobeloff and his plans and gold were gone for ever. The sky was red in the east as I plunged and ploughed through the

jungle, and at sunrise reached the beach. To my astonishment I saw the native villagers in their boat, looking for me, evidently, and further out lay a steamer, blowing off. The villagers came when I shouted to them, and took me off to the steamer, which had picked up the rest of the crew while we were away. We went ahead as hard as we could lick, for the black smoke was pouring out of Krakatoa, and no one knew better than myself what was coming. It's an awful thing to have on one's soul, the deaths of all those innocent people, and interfering with the laws of Nature, but what would have happened if I had left Skobeloff to work his wicked will with all that gold? Well, have another nip, and then we'll try and get an hour or two's sleep before daylight."



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MONTREAL.

After a delightful sail up the beautiful St. Lawrence, the good steam-ship *Tunisian* moored alongside the wharves at Montreal, and I, with my steamer-baggage, underwent a cursory examination at the hands of the Customs officials. The examination completed, an agent of the railway company affixed a label to my baggage, and, handing me a check for it, assured me that I would find it awaiting me at my destination. "What a difference from our out-of-date British system!" I thought, as, hailing a cab, I drove to my hotel untroubled by thoughts of lost or stolen luggage. After registering my name at the hotel, I determined to take a stroll, and record my first impressions. The day was scorching hot, and I noticed that several (chiefly young) men were walking to and fro unhampered by such encumbrances as coat or waistcoat, wearing instead a bright-coloured "shirt-waist." This, I thought, was very sensible of them. Glancing at the footpath I noticed that, at intervals of about 100yds., large blocks of ice were placed to cool the atmosphere. On paper it looks a very good idea, but in practice it has no appreciable effect, as it would take an extraordinary amount of ice to reduce a temperature of 100degs. to the normal.

Passing a drug store I noted therein a number of ladies and gentlemen engaged in imbibing, with the aid of straws, cooling drinks of various flavours, dignified by the name of "ice-cream sodas." I tried one, and found it very refreshing. Continuing my walk, I was struck by the obsolete nature of the paving and footpaths, which were extremely rough, and often composed of rudely hewn logs of wood. Tall, straight telegraph poles were also in evidence, even in the principal streets, and it occurred to me that they would prove to be an element of great danger in case of a storm. The houses were for the most part flimsily constructed of brick or wood, but in the main business streets good stone shops and other buildings were to be seen.

Jumping on a tram-car I discovered that the smallest fare was five cents, but for that sum I could get a "transfer" to any part of the city, and travel a distance of seven miles. Reaching the suburbs I was struck with the dull appearance of the streets, the reason for this being that every house had wooden window-shades, painted green to resemble Venetian blinds, and placed *outside* the house. These shades were always kept closed during the heat of the day, and gave the old-country observer the impression that a funeral was about to pass that way. After visiting an open-air concert called Sohmer Parc, where music is dispensed to Montreal's toiling thousands at ten cents a head, and having an ice on the terrace overhanging the St. Lawrence, amidst hundreds of coloured lights, I again boarded a car, and was swiftly borne to my hotel to picture over in my dreams the events of the day.

Roy Carmichael

THE NIGER TERRITORIES.

LAST month we dealt with the expansion of the British Empire in South Africa, and the postal issues of the British South Africa Company which resulted therefrom.

Across the same continent, *i.e.*, on the West Coast of Africa, there is an equally interesting expansion of empire—an expansion that, like Rhodesia, had its beginnings in a chartered company—the Royal Niger Company.

The stamps of our little colonies in West Africa have always been much sought after by stamp collectors, for they have never been very common. They have been produced in comparatively small numbers, to meet the limited demand of small communities, for our settlements have, till recently, been confined to the coast, and have been little more than trading stations for the shipment of products from the boundless interior.

But the Royal Niger Company, under a royal charter dated July 10th, 1886, set to work to open up the unknown interior, or hinterland, as it is called by politicians. Commencing with extensions along the coast from Lagos to the Oil Rivers, they soon extended far into the interior along the course of the Niger River, and eventually opened up for us what is nothing more nor less than a great continental possession.

Mr. C. P. Lucas, in his "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," tells us that the Oil Rivers Protectorate, as it was then called, was constituted a "local jurisdiction" under the Africa Order in Council of 1889. "That is to say," he explains, "under the powers conferred by the Foreign Jurisdiction Acts, a consular jurisdiction, primarily for British subjects, was established in these districts, with a right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the Colony of Lagos."

The extension of British authority from Lagos to the Oil Rivers and the Delta of the Niger was the ultimate result of the crusade which this country maintained against the iniquitous and cruel slave trade on the west coast of Africa. "British interests," observes Mr. Lucas, "followed close on the heels of philanthropy; native chiefs were bound over by treaties; treaties implied supervision by the stronger of the contracting parties; and, in the end, philanthropy and interest combined to bring in sovereignty or Protectorate." And finally, as a result, we stamp collectors get a most interesting series of postage stamps, finger-marking for us all these important historical developments.

Thus we have (1) English stamps overprinted, "British Protectorate, Oil Rivers"; (2) Niger Coast Provisionals: (*a*) alteration of name, (*b*) with regular issue following; (3) sub-division of the territory into Northern Nigeria; and (4) Southern Nigeria.

OIL RIVERS PROTECTORATE.

1892 and 1893 "OIL RIVERS PROTECTORATE" PROVISIONALS.—Sir Claude Macdonald was sent out as the first Governor of the new territory, then known as the "Oil Rivers Protectorate." He took with him for postal needs a supply of current English stamps, which by his orders had been overprinted with the words "British Protectorate Oil Rivers," in three lines, the

words "British Protectorate" being close together in two lines at the top of the stamp, and "Oil Rivers" at the bottom in one line. The stamps overprinted, and the numbers supplied of each were as follows :—

	Perf. 14.	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. vermilion	50,000 ...	0 4	0 6
1d. purple	50,000 ...	0 5	0 6
2d. green and carmine	42,000 ...	0 10	1 0
2½d. purple on blue ...	72,500 ...	0 9	0 9
5d. lilac and blue ...	36,000 ...	1 0	1 0
1s. green	11,000 ...	3 6	3 6

Boys who have not completed their sets of this first issue will do well to buy those they want at these prices, for these stamps are not likely to remain in such low water much longer. At first they were considerably overpriced, and they have come down as considerably, till 3s. 6d. for a stamp of which only 11,000 were printed cannot be called an exorbitant one for a colony which is certainly growing in popularity.

NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

1892-4 Local Surcharges.—Before Sir Claude Macdonald left England he gave orders for a permanent set of an approved design to be prepared forthwith. But the ½d. values of the stock which he took out with him were exhausted before the new stamps could be completed. Consequently, some hand-to-mouth provisionals had to be issued from time to time to supply demands. These were, of course, also exhausted with rapidity, for dealers' agents at once bought them up. The stamp collector, or rather the stamp collector's representative, is always on the spot whenever a provisional issue is made. Mr. Savage Landor, the intrepid traveller, found it a very hazardous business to penetrate to the heart of the Forbidden Land of Thibet; but if the Grand Lama were to announce an issue of provisional stamps of limited number, his country would be immediately overrun by excursionists from the Strand.

So these provisionals were gobbled up, and, as they are all high priced, and out of reach of the average collector, and are rarely to be had, I may dismiss them very briefly.

There are many types of the surcharge, and, like Joseph's coat, they are of many colours. First came a surcharge "½d.," in figures in red on halves of the 1d., bisected diagonally, then followed a surcharge on the 2d. and 2½d. values in words, a "half-penny" in various types and in many colours—green, violet, vermilion, carmine, black, and blue. Also a few higher values—"One shilling" on 2d.; "5s." on 2d.; "10s." on 5d.; and "20s." on 1s. Later still there were "½d." on halves of the 1d. blue, and "one-half-penny" on 2½d. blue.

All these the young collector may safely leave till he blossoms out into a specialist.

NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

1893. Niger Coast Provisionals.—On May 13th, 1893, the *London Gazette* announced that the territory would in future be known as the "Niger Coast Protectorate," instead of the "Oil Rivers Protectorate." Hence the design for the stamps ordered by Sir Claude Macdonald, and which had already been prepared, had to be altered to the new name. To save time in engraving new dies, the words "Oil Rivers" on every stamp was lightly lined over or cancelled with a graver by the engraver, and the words "Niger Coast" were added in plain black letters in a straight line across the upper edge of each stamp. The lettering of the old name shows clearly underneath the cancelling lines. These stamps are recognised amongst philatelists as provisionals, for only enough stamps were printed off and sent out till new dies could be designed and engraved. As the numbers printed of these interesting stamps were small, I give them in detail on the following page.

Personally, I believe these beautiful stamps are considerably undervalued, and that they will yet rank as popular favourites, for they are decidedly interesting from every point of view,

and they are the choicest work of our best firm of designers and engravers—Messrs. Waterlow.

No Watermark. Perf. 12½ to 15.		Unused.		Used.	
		s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. vermilion	16,000	0	9	0	9
1d. blue	20,000	1	6	1	6
2d. green	10,000	4	0	4	0
2½d. lake	30,000	2	0	2	0
5d. lilac	16,000	3	6	4	0
1s. black	10,000	8	6	7	6

1894. Regular Issue.—Entirely new designs, yet somewhat similar, were prepared for the regular issue, to replace the provisionals which had done duty up to this time. The set comprised the same values as before, but the colours of all were changed, except the 1s., which was printed in black as before.

No Watermark. Perf. 12 to 15.	Unused.		Used.			Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. green ...	0	3	0	3	2½d. blue ..	1	0	0	6
1d. vermilion	0	6	0	4	5d. purple ...	0	9	0	9
2d. lake ...	3	6	1	6	1s. black. . .	1	6	1	6

1897 - 1900. Watermark Series. — The same designs, with colours unaltered, but with the addition of 6d., 2s. 6d. and 10s. values, with separate designs, were next printed on paper watermarked crown and C.A. As some of these stamps had but a very brief existence before the territory was sub-divided, they will probably become scarce. This applies mostly to the higher values, but more particularly to the 1s.

Niger Coast Protectorate.

Watermark Cr. C.A. Perf. as before.	Unused.		Used.			Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. green... ...	0	1	0	1	6d. yellow brown	0	8	0	8
1d. vermilion .	0	2	0	2	1s. black	1	4	—	
2d. carmine ..	0	4	0	4	2s. 6d. olive ...	3	3	—	
2½d. blue ...	0	5	0	5	10s. deep violet	12	6	—	
5d. violet ...	0	8	0	8					

NORTHERN NIGERIA.

1900.—In this year the immense tract of country hitherto known as the Niger territory was parcelled out into Northern Nigeria, Southern Nigeria, and Lagos. Lagos had already its established government and its stamps. It benefited by territorial extension. But Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria are new colonies. The Niger Coast Protectorate disappears with its beautifully designed and engraved issues, and Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria, each with its separate issue of stamps, takes its place. The printers are also changed from Waterlow's to De La Rue's.

Northern Nigeria.

Watermark Cr. C.A. Perf. 14.				Unused.	Used.
½d.	lilac, name and value in	green	...	0 1	—
1d.	,, ,, ,,	red	...	0 2	—
2d.	,, ,, ,,	yellow	...	0 3	—
2½d.	,, ,, ,,	blue	...	0 4	—
5d.	,, ,, ,,	brown	.	0 7	—
6d.	,, ,, ,,	violet	...	0 8	—
1s.	green ,,	,,	black	. 1 4	—
2s. 6d.	,, ,,	,,	blue	... 2 8	—
10s.	,, ,,	,,	brown	... 13 0	—

SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

1901. — For the series for this portion of the divided territories, Messrs. De La Rue have broken away entirely from their regular colonial types, and have given us a new design, which has incorporated the current Canadian stamp portrait, and bust of the Queen in State robes, in a very pleasing design.

Watermark Cr. C.A. Perf. 14.		
½d. yellow-green, centre black		
1d. carmine	,,	,,
2d. orange-brown	,,	,,
4d. sage-green	,,	,,
6d. mauve	,,	,,
1s. green	,,	green
2s. 6d. brown	,,	black
10s. mauve or yellow paper, centre black		

Southern Nigeria.

As these Southern Nigeria stamps have not yet got into the catalogues, I cannot give catalogue

prices; but they may be taken at about the same range as those of Northern Nigeria.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

New issues are not plentiful this month, but they are, nevertheless, noteworthy, for they include a brand new British colony, to wit, British New Guiana, that is to say, new to the stamp catalogue. We have also a very handsome and classical new series for the classic land of Greece.

BRITISH GUIANA.—This colony is changing the colours of its stamps. The 1c. has been changed from bright green to a grey green, the 2c. from lilac and orange to lilac and carmine, and later still to purple and black on rose red paper, *i.e.*, the same paper on which our current 6d. English stamp is printed, and I should not be surprised to find that this new 2c. of British Guiana turns out in colour and paper to be the forerunner of our new English King's head penny, and, therefore, of other Colonial 1d. and 1c. stamps, in conformity with the Postal Union adopted colour of red for the 1d. The 2c. lilac and carmine has had a short life, for it was only chronicled in June last. It should, therefore, be secured early, before it is priced as a short-lived and obsolete stamp.

BRITISH NEW GUINEA.—Our Protectorate over this territory embraces the south-eastern portion of the island and adjacent islands, and was proclaimed in 1884. Annexation followed in 1888. Hitherto it seems to have been managed in postal matters by the Australian Colonies, but it has just blossomed out into a stamp-issuing colony. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 1s. value, and we have the full set from Mr. W. H. Peckitt. The stamps are evidently the work of Messrs. De La Rue, and follow the latest fashion of local scenery, with a local type of boat in the foreground, and the Tonga turtle variety of watermark.

BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

WATERMARK TURTLES. PERF. 14.

½d. green, centre black.	4d. deep brown, centre black
1d. lake, " "	6d. myrtle green, " "
2d. violet, " "	1s. orange, " "
2½d. bright blue "	

CHILI.—This country is reported to be dissatisfied with its recently issued design by an English firm, and to have ordered a new series from the American Bank Note Company.

GREECE.—For a long time there have been rumours of a new series of new design for Greece, and at last I am able to chronicle them from a set I have received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. The same figure forms the central design of all. This central design is a figure of Hermes, with his petasus, or winged cap, his heels and his wings on or serpent-entwined and winged wand, denoting his office as herald. The particular form of the messenger of the gods portrayed on the stamps is that of the statue of Mercury, by Giovanni da Bologna. The lepton

GREECE—TYPE 1.

GREECE—TYPE 2.

GREECE—TYPE 3.

ADHESIVES.

1 lepton,	brown	Type 1	30 lepta,	violet	Type 1
2 lepta,	grey black	"	40 "	dark brown	"
3 "	orange	"	50 "	red brown	"
5 "	grass green	Type 2	1 drachma,	black	Type 3
10 "	lake	"	2 drachmae,	bronze	"
20 "	mauve	Type 1	3 "	silver	"
25 "	ultramarine	Type 2	5 "	gold	"

values are of the ordinary size, and the drachmas of the long rectangular shape. The stamps are on stoutish wove paper, and are said to be the work of Messrs. Perkins, Bacon & Co. The colouring of the series is rich, distinct, and effective. The 2dr. in bronze, 3dr. in silver, and 5dr. in gold are somewhat blurred. Watermark, "E. T." and crown. Perf. 14.

TRANSVAAL.—The number printed of the ½d. green "E.R.I." must have been small, for the stamp is already obsolete. A new provisional ½d. value has been made by surcharging a supply of South African Republic 2d. value with the initials "E.R.I." and the words "Half Penny" in two lines underneath. Further, I am told the new Transvaal stamps, with King Edward VII.'s portrait, have already been despatched to Pretoria from London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Somnahurich.—The Dutch East India without the two dots above the final "e," being a recent discovery, has not yet got into the catalogues. Have not seen it priced by any dealer. It is certainly worth keeping. The U.S., with "Denbury, Conn.," is only a pre-cancelled stamp. **A. L.**—Your St. Vincent is too much torn to be of any value. The firm you mention are, I believe, quite reliable. **Wycliffian.**—A great many 10c. Chilians were bisected and used as 5c. stamps in the way you describe. It has been a common practice in many countries. **J. M.** (Glasgow).—There are several shades of 25c. France, old type, dark to pale. Position of surcharge on Siam does not constitute a variety. Don't know New South Wales referred to. In the 2½ New South Wales the star with few rays is catalogued as Die I., and the many-rayed star as Die II. Orange River Colony low values are worth about double face. Field Post post-marked stamps are valuable only as curiosities or souvenirs of the war. In the opinion of most collectors Railway Letter Fee stamps do not rank as postage stamps. **Pidnem.**—English 1d., Plate No. 76, used, is catalogued at 1d. by Gibbons. **Kullectur.**—If you have special opportunities for getting Straits stamps, and a strong preference for them, you might go in for them; but it certainly is not a country many would select. The varieties are almost endless and perplexing, and, for that reason, it is not likely ever to be a popular country. Better try easier ground first—say, Cook Islands, Niger Coast, Gibraltar, Malta, or British South Africa. **H. E. R.** (Dublin).—The price quoted is the catalogue price which dealers ask. They must have a profit, but would probably give you half catalogue for clean, good copies of level stops Orange River Colony. **Vibgyor.**—Orange Free State stamps, overprinted "T. F.," are telegraph stamps, and are not so valuable as postage stamps, as fewer people collect them. **Collector.**—No stamps were annexed to your letter. Values of those referred to are: English 1d. black, 6d.; 2d. blue, no white lines, 1s. 6d.; white lines, 3d. Ordinary red penny is of little value. France, 1856, 40c., 8d.; and Victoria, 1865 (no 6d. issued in 1868), 6d., about 4d. if V and crown.

CAPTAIN THOMAS'S FEAT.

Lately from Ind, on skates he lacked
  Something in skill and force,
As she came skimming o'er the ice,
  He slowed to watch her course;
A well-grown damsel, dainty, slim,
  And full of youth's elation,
Her lissom beauty won from him

!

Past him she swept with airy grace,
  He too struck out with vigour,
'Mid hundreds his eye kept the trace
  Of that trim, twinkling figure;
Soon back she turned, then glance met glance,
  Eye-converse means temptation,
For his were brimming with a big

?

There may have been in her bright orbs
  A gleam that looked propitious,
For he gave chase, increased his pace,
  But Fate is oft capricious,
Somehow — he slipped, up flew his heels
  Poor Captain Thomas,
His feet were large, they looked like huge

" "

Cecil Dyce.

Tales of the Trenches

THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.
From a snapshot by C. E. France, D.S.M.

Illustrated by George Soper.

No. VI.—THE MADNESS OF THE MOLE.

I.

HE belonged to Ours, and we called him the "Mole," because he was always burrowing and grubbing in the bowels of the earth. He had been a gold-digger in Australia, which, of course, accounted for a good deal. There were several old gold-diggers in our squadron, and they formed a little clique of their own. None of us objected to this clique, for when we wanted any trenches dug in a hurry we simply turned on these men with picks and shovels, and the work was done in no time. I am quite certain they thoroughly enjoyed trench digging. It was more than most of us did.

One day the Mole came to me—we had just reached the plateau on the Lydenburg Mountains, above Machadodorp—and, with a look of mystery on his face, said :—

"I say, sonny, d'ye know that this yere country's chock full of gold? There's piles and piles of it somewhere in these yere creek bottoms."

Now, we all knew that the Mole was a visionary. Like a good many more, he was full of the most wonderful projects, but seemed utterly unable to carry them out. When he had money he always spent it on the first man who came along, so, of course, we looked upon him as a fool. I inwardly speculated as to his mental condition, and let him run on.

"Yes," he continued, "there's gold here—whips of it, or I'm a Dutchman!"

I told him that the old alluvial diggings of Kaapschehoop weren't more than twenty miles off, as the crow flies, and the great quartz reefs of Barberton lay beyond, so it was by no means unlikely. But what was the use of alluvial gold without water to wash it? I also intimated that there was lots of treasure at the bottom of the sea, but in that instance the superabundance of water was the little difficulty.

"Don't git kiddin'," testily remarked the Mole, ignoring my subtle sarcasm. "You don't s'pose there's niver no rain in them parts, do you? Now, you're in charge of this yere detachment, so couldn't you jist git the boys to throw up a few trenches in the right spots, and when the rain comes it would save a mighty deal of trouble. The war's nigh over, and you and I are entitled to our discharges. When we go back to Pretoria we could take 'em and come back here. Of course, we'd go halves."

I confess the originality and boldness of the Mole's scheme somewhat staggered me. A man who could work matters so that other men would unwittingly throw up the wash dirt for him, was not quite the fool some might take him for. Another thing for which I admired him was his easy condescension to those placed in authority

over him. I was his sergeant-major and acting officer, but, as he evidently took to me, his attitude was distinctly patronising. Of course, Ours was an irregular corps — very irregular indeed, sometimes, when in the neighbourhood of a large town after pay-day—and, therefore, there were not those hard and fast lines which one must, of necessity, find in the regular army.

But on we went, helping to clear the way for Pole Carew, and I had forgotten all about the Mole's projects and offer of partnership, until one day when I had ordered the men to throw up some trenches across a great gully, up which, it was not unlikely, Boers retreating before Buller at Barberton might try to force their way. It was then that the Mole reminded me of our former conversation. He came up to me as I was standing somewhat apart from the others, and, with an excited glitter in his eyes, remarked:—

"I say, boss, for goodness' sake send Jones and Murphy away, or they'll spot the lay, sartin shure! I'm blowed if I didn't think you'd forgotten all about my little show, but you've struck oil this time, and no mistake."

"What on earth should I send Jones and Murphy away for?" I asked, innocently, watching the two Australians mentioned with anything but disfavour. They were two of the best workers in the company, only, I noticed, they had a curious habit of stopping at times to take up a handful of earth, and look at it keenly, as a man would examine a sample of wheat.

"Don't gammon, silly!" exclaimed the Mole, with reprehensible disrespect. "You know as well as I do that that yere dirt's chock full of gold, an' them two jokers'll spot it, unless you pack 'em off. They're both dark horses, and I wouldn't wonder if they've twigged it already. There'll be precious little left for us, if them two get fossicking around."

It was quite evident that the poor Mole's brain was going. His fad had become a species of monomania, but still he was a good all-round man in other respects. I was feeling in a peculiarly philanthropic frame of mind, and so, as the men had been hard at it for four or five hours on end, I sent them all back to camp.

We never finished those trenches, for next morning we had to move three or four miles further to the east, where we remained and established a block-house. It was here that the poor Mole's madness seemed to develop. He used to come to me nearly every day and ask for leave; so, as there was little or nothing to do in camp, and as he always paid a man to look after his horse and do his pickets, I allowed him to go. He would disappear early in the morning, and come back late at night covered with mud, for it had begun to rain heavily, and all the little creeks had come down in flood. None of us begrudged him his leave. We all considered his mental condition was now hopeless, for some of the men declared that he spent his days in imitating the retiring but industrious little animal which he was called after.

"It's all right, boss. It's panning out bully," he said to me, mysteriously, one day. Not caring to encourage him in his madness, I asked no questions.

One morning the Mole went out as usual. The evening came, but with it no Mole. I mounted the guard, telling them to look out for the missing man should he approach in the darkness, and turned in. Next morning I fully expected to find him in the block-house when I got up, but no Mole came. He had never behaved like this before. Of course, not even the maddest fool would have attempted desertion. Something must have happened to him. We got ready a patrol, and started out in search of the missing man. I made straight for the line of trenches across the gully which had seemed to attract the Mole's attention some weeks before, but there was no sign of him there. What we supposed must have been the heavy rains had changed the place beyond recognition. Only, alongside one of the trenches, we found a large tin basin and a long-handled shovel that had mysteriously disappeared from the block-house some few weeks before.

"Crikey! this is queer," remarked Murphy, who was one of our party; "looks as if someone had been doin' a bit of prospectin'. Let's investigate this 'ere biziness."

But we didn't get time, for just then a Mauser on a neighbouring hillside went *tick-tock*, and an explosive bullet struck Murphy's horse. Murphy slid to the ground with a smartness for which I had never given him credit. Then more Mausers, in the hands of our unseen enemies, rang out, and we realised that there was a strong party of Boers in our immediate neighbourhood. We got back to the block-house in double-quick time, Murphy holding on to my stirrup leather. Fortunately there was no further casualty.

The Boers did not attack us in our block-house, as we had expected; as for the Mole, his fate was a mystery. He was put down in the casualty list under the ominous heading of *missing*.

II.

TWO months later, and many unexpected things had occurred. The Boers, who, under Lord Roberts's proclamation, laid down their arms and took the oath of allegiance, had, with that

wonderful elasticity of conscience for which the Boer stands unsurpassed, taken them up again, and gone on their bloody and nefarious war-path. They had retaken several points on the Delagoa Bay line, and the worst of the whole affair was that they succeeded in taking me. It came about in this way :—

I was always the victim of an intense love of adventure, and I sometimes wonder now how it is Providence has stood by me as it has done. In the present instance, I had got to hear of a dangerous member of the tiger family that had its lair in a gloomy wooded kloof some three or four miles from our camp, and I longed to try conclusions with it. Familiarity with danger in most cases breeds contempt, for, despite my knowledge of the fact that I knew the Boers were still hovering about our neighbourhood, I went three days running to that gorge, down which the narrow, but well-beaten pad of some wild animal ran, and, taking my position close to it, awaited patiently the coming of the denizen of that wild mountain land.

No whiskered feline came, but on the third day, as I sat patiently with my Martini-Henry sporting rifle between my knees, there was a rustle of branches close to the spoor that for the moment made my heart go pit-a-pat. I turned to find myself covered by a couple of Mauser rifles, and to see behind them the grinning faces of two Boers. Why they did not shoot me dead, seeing that I wore—to them—the accursed red pugaree, was a mystery to me at the moment. I sat as if paralysed, every moment expecting their Mauser bullets to crash through my heart or brain.

"Put up your hands!" they cried.

There was no help for it, and I slowly put them up, wondering why they spared me.

They took my rifle, and marched me before them back up the steep kloof, and then I discovered why they had been merciful.

I TURNED TO FIND MYSELF COVERED BY A COUPLE OF MAUSER RIFLES, AND TO SEE BEHIND THEM THE GRINNING FACES OF TWO BOERS.

There was a small party of Boers gathered together in a little dip of the ground at the summit, and in the midst of them was my horse, which I had left carefully picketed. Fool that I was to have taken such risks! The leader of the party was a tall, fine-looking man, with a flowing dark beard, and in a moment, by reason of the many photographs I had seen, I recognised

him as General De-la-Ray, the Huguenot Boer, perhaps, next to Joubert, the most enlightened and least fanatical of Paul Kruger's following. Certainly he was not always able to keep an eye upon his marauding bands, but it is reasonable to suppose that when he could he always did so. I was taken before him.

"You come from the block-house over there?" he said to me, pointing eastward with his riding-whip. His voice was quiet and courteous. There was no sign of the cold-blooded fanaticism of De Wet about him.

I admitted that I did, and met his scrutiny calmly. It seemed to me that I was in a measure safe in his hands

"How many men are there of you, and how many guns have you got?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you, General De-la-Ray," I replied; "and I am sure you would not have me prove a traitor."

"I'm not quite so sure about that," he said, shifting uneasily in his saddle; "the exigencies of war force men to do things that at other times they would not dream of doing."

"Then all I can say is that Britain will exact a heavy penalty for every action you commit contrary to the usages of war."

He had looked at me sharply on hearing me call him by name.

"You are bold, and you assume a good deal," he rejoined, coldly. "Your generals question our men who are taken prisoners; I don't see why I shouldn't question you. Now, if you answer my questions, and I put you on your honour to speak the truth, you shall be allowed to go. If you do not, then you must put up with the consequences, and come with us."

It sounded strange to hear a Boer speak about honour, but then the Huguenot Boers are very different from the Dutch. If those of good old French descent could only see it, they have no reason to side with the Dutch, who, in the old days, suppressed their language and whipped them to heel.

But I could only repeat that, putting all other differences aside, and as one man to another, he must know that I could not possibly give him the information he desired.

He took it wonderfully quietly—this fine-looking Boer general.

"Then you must come with us," was all he said.

I mounted my horse, and the Boers closed around me. They were a vagabond-looking lot—a very striking contrast to their chief. It is tolerably certain they would have dearly loved to cut my throat, but my time was not yet.

All that night, and the greater part of next day, we trekked along the lofty spurs of the Lydenburgs until we came to a point where, some three or four thousand feet below, we saw a great valley. It was that down which the Delagoa Bay line runs. Along it flowed the clear and swift-running Crocodile River. The station buildings, once more occupied, and the Boer camp, were hardly discernible at that great height. The ruins of that ancient city, once occupied by the Bantus, resembled a few faint hieroglyphics scratched in the soil. It was, indeed, a weird and majestic scene.

THE BARBED-WIRE ENCLOSURE AT NOITGEDACHT, DELAGOA BAY LINE, WHERE THE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE KEPT.
Photograph by E. S. C. Dyke, B.H.

We dismounted, and then began one of the most trying and dangerous descents it was possible to imagine. I would have thought twice before tackling it of my own free will. I hardly thought that a horse could negotiate a mountain-side that seemed only suited for a goat. As it was, we reached the bottom without any serious mishap.

I was taken to a large barbed-wire enclosure, round which were a large number of iron poles fitted with the electric light apparatus. In this enclosure was an indescribable jumble of quaint little huts, tents, and dug-outs, constructed and roofed in by every conceivable kind of material—old

boxes, biscuit tins, canvas, calico, grass, and seedy old corrugated iron. Walking and lounging about was the most ragged-looking lot of British officers and men it was ever my misfortune to behold. My name, rank, and other particulars were taken down by the secretary of one of the commandants. I was given a pannikin and a plate. The great gate, zigzagged all over with barbed wire, and guarded by armed Boers, was thrown open, and I was ushered into the human pen. Some of the prisoners gathered around to scrutinise me. Then a voice I seemed to know sang out :—

"How d'do, boss? Glad to see you. How d'do?"

I turned sharply at this somewhat doubtful welcome, and there, looking muddier than ever, and with outstretched hand, was the *Mole!*

III.

I CONFESS to feeling very glad also at seeing an old friend in that wretched, squalid hive of unfortunates. I shook hands with the Mole, and, answering briefly the many questions which my fellow prisoners plied me with, accompanied my companion up one of the central passages, or main streets, right to the far end of the square, close to the barbed wires of which he lived in a species of subterraneous domicile which did credit to his name. It was roofed in by a few sheets of corrugated iron, raised only a foot or so above the ground. I descended the three or four disconcerting steps, and entered.

"Ain't it a daisy?" exclaimed the Mole, looking around with unpardonable vanity.

I equivocated and made the most of things—the very few things there were in that sepulchre. It was guiltless of furniture, save an upturned biscuit-box, which the Mole casually referred to as the table, and a few old sacks and a large pile of grass in another corner which he called his "virtuous couch!" He magnanimously offered to give the latter up to me, but I hastened to say that I could not allow such self-sacrifice: I would buy a blanket from the Boer store and sleep on the roof, or somewhere thereabouts. In various parts of the earthen walls were little niches in which he kept his meagre stores and few simple culinary articles. The most striking feature, however, of his establishment was a good-sized oven in that side of the wall nearest the fence; the door was made of quite a respectable sheet of plate iron. I remarked that he had rather a large oven for such a small family, but he only winked knowingly, and remarked that he was supposed to take in baking; he would exploit the beauties of the oven later on.

And then he told me how he had been surprised by the Boers, just as he was leaving one of our old trenches at nightfall, and taken prisoner. Fortunately, the "stuff" had been carefully planted, and he had told them that he had been merely doing a little prospecting, otherwise they might have tried some of their gentle little persuasive ways—something to do with sjamboks and the butt ends of rifles—to find out where the gold was. He had struck it rich, and no mistake. In fact, he had come across a regular pocket of nuggets so wonderfully fertile that he doubted if he himself could carry it all away. He did not forget that I had got him out of an ugly scrape once, and that we were, in a sense, partners. Of course, half of the gold would be mine—when we got away from where we were.

I could not help smiling, although it was very obvious that the poor Mole's imprisonment had by no means improved his mental condition. I asked him if, even supposing he had sackfuls of diamonds hidden outside, how he was to get to them?

He regarded me for a moment with a suspicion of pitying contempt. The Mole was surely very mad.

"Just put your peepers to that hole in the roof," he said, "and see if all's serene, while I see how the bread's getting on." He winked ponderously, and I assured him that there was no one in sight.

He went over to the oven, opened it, pulled out what I considered to be the back part, and lo! when he struck a match and I peered in, there was a long, narrow passage, some yards in length, and sloping upwards. It bore eloquent testimony to the fact that the Mole was still worthy of his name.

"Savey?" he remarked, with a grin. "Now d'ye understand? That passage'll take us out just beyond the barbed-wire entanglement, as is some 12ft. broad."

The sight made my heart's beat quicken, but the practical side of my nature asserted itself.

"But what about the electric light and the sentries outside?" I asked. "If they saw us breaking through the earth, they'd shoot, and that would be rather a nuisance, wouldn't it?"

He admitted that the shooting part of the business would be unpleasant, but he explained that the electric light plant was very untrustworthy, and occasionally struck for half an hour or so at a stretch. The Boers themselves were a half-hearted lot in their duties, and if we seized our opportunity, there would be nothing to prevent us getting clear away.

I began to think that in some things the Mole was not quite so mad as I had imagined. But that cock-and-bull yarn about the gold that one

man could hardly carry was too silly for words. Why had he never even shown me a specimen?

* * * * *

Midnight, and the Mole passed out to me from the nearly completed passage the usual canful of earth, which I duly and surreptitiously deposited on a sand-heap hard by. We had quietly laid in, without exciting suspicion, a few days' provisions from the two Boer stores—at the usual fancy prices—and were prepared to make the final dash for liberty. I had been a fortnight in that gloomy prison-house in the deep valley, and was already eating my heart out with *ennui*. I did not play cards like the others, so, although it was not required of me, I used to beg to be allowed to help the rank and file grind the mealies that were served out to us every day. I may tell of the strange life we led in Noitgedacht some other time.

THE SIGHT NEARLY TOOK MY BREATH AWAY.

"I say, bosa," observed my comrade, as I came back with the empty basket, "I'm so near the bloomin' surfis now that I think we'd better be ready to scoot to-night, should that 'lectric light go out, as it usually does. Just take a look out and see what's goin' on."

I looked, and the prospect was far from encouraging. All around the great enclosure the electric light glowed with the brightness of noonday, albeit by no means steadily. At times, indeed, it flickered in a most alarming fashion. The only sounds one could hear in that deep, unwholesome valley were the never-ceasing murmur of the Crocodile River and the monotonous hum that came from the ramshackle engine house belonging to the electric light plant. The disconcerting feature of the weird scene was the sentries; there was one every twenty yards or so apart. Some of them kept pacing up and down; others, again, sat motionless on the ground, while others would stand talking together. I was glad to see that at our end of the enclosure, and at one of the corners, the sentries sat on the ground conversing, thus relieving us of their unwelcome attentions. If the electric light were to fail for a matter of ten minutes, we could, with a little luck, break through the few inches of mud roofing, and make good our escape in the darkness.

"Molison," I said (strangely enough his name was suggestive of the one he had earned), "I wouldn't break too far through that crust of earth, for if the electric light doesn't behave in its usual fashion and go out, some of those chaps may fall through the roof of the tunnel, and then there'll be a deuce of a row."

"Too late now, matey"—he really was altogether too familiar—"I'm all but through. We've got to run the blockade this blessed night. Git the prog, shove it into that there haversack, and sling it on yer back. You stand by the steps, so's to pass us the word should the 'lectric light peter out, and I'll stay here, so's to be ready to push through. You'll have ter foller in double-quick time, if yer wants ter git away."

I confess to having suffered from considerable apprehension and suppressed excitement as the night, or, rather, the morning, wore on. I watched the two Boers at the corner of the enclosure, just

outside the wire entanglement, and I could at times hear what they said. I knew the Taal they spoke fairly well, and their conversation was truly startling. The Boer with all his "schlimness" is one of the most credulous of human beings. This is because his ignorance approaches the sublime. They spoke of Kitchener and French as having been captured by Botha, and as for Lord Roberts's proclamations—they certainly were sure signs of weakness and fear.

After all, such a thing as clemency was not in their own natures, so how was it possible they could accredit that virtue to others! Of course, such policy was productive of infinitely more evil than good.

But would that electric light never fail? In two hours more it would be daylight, and impossible to carry out our project. All sorts of desperate schemes coursed through my brain, and I was just about to advocate breaking through the remaining few inches of clay and taking chances, seeing that the two Boers lay quietly on the ground as if asleep, when, without any warning whatever, the light went out

Now was our time. I jumped into the dug-out, and crawled into the narrow passage.

"Scrape, Mole, scrape!" I cried; "the light's out!"

I heard the Mole's jack-knife ripping through the clay. There was a dull fall of earth, and then a sound of hard breathing and struggling. In another moment he had disappeared through the hole. I wriggled forward and followed close on his heels, and then, in a crouching position, we ran towards cover for our lives. But just as I reached the first thorn-bush I heard a heavy thud, and, looking for a moment over my shoulder, realised that one of the sentries, in running back to his post, had stepped into the hole, and been thrown to the ground with such violence that he now lay stunned and insensible. I felt sorry for him, but I did not go back to help him up.

We ran dodging in and out of the ancient, ruined kraals of the black man's city, taking good care at the same time to steer clear of the many thorn bushes that grew so thickly everywhere. Once we nearly ran into a Boer picket, and we thought all was up with us, but we held our breath, and drew back as stealthily as cats. Doubtless, the picket was half asleep. We made a détour, and stumbled across a little pile of saddlery. To put a saddle on our heads and take a bridle apiece was the work of a moment, and then we went on again. In a few minutes more we struck what were doubtless the horses of the picket. We saddled up two of the best of them, and mounted in the quickest time on record.

"Now then, comrade, into the river, and make back by way of Godwan station," I said. "The Boers will naturally think we've gone up the valley."

We described a great half circle, and, on passing our late prison-yard, we could hear the Boers buzzing about like bees, but, luckily, they had not been able to start the electric light again. Fortunately for us, there was some little moonlight.

Four hours later we were still cantering, shoulder to shoulder, along the fairly good trail. We avoided Godwan River station, and late in the afternoon had reached the trenches on the plateau where the Mole had been taken prisoner.

"Now, where's your treasure, Molison?" I asked, curious to know what sort of pebbles the poor fellow in his monomania had mistaken for nuggets of gold.

He went to a secluded spot in the bed of the ravine, removed some heavy stones, and the two of us pulled out something done up in strong sacking, and very heavy. The Mole undid the string that kept it together.

"Now, boss, I'll show you a sight for sore eyes," he said. "Just take a look at them. Aren't they beauties, and half of them are yours!"

And when I looked, the sight nearly took my breath away, for they were real gold nuggets, after all!

"Now, boss," he observed, "you can take as many as you like in your wallet, in the meantime, and we'll bury the rest. When we've retaken the Delagoa Bay line, and got our discharges, we'll come back and exploit these yere trenches."

"And, in the meantime, we'll go on to the block-house," I remarked. "It's not more than four miles away. I do feel precious sore."

We reburied the nuggets, and, as we came in sight of the block-house, we saw, by the men moving about and the number of tents in the vicinity, that it had been strongly reinforced.

"Now, boss," said the Mole, "take my tip, and lay low about this yere new claim of ours. Yer can tell 'em that I am, if anything, just a little madder than ever. It'll keep 'em from arsking worritin' questions."

John Mackie.

Some Famous Prison Escapes

By John G. Rowe.

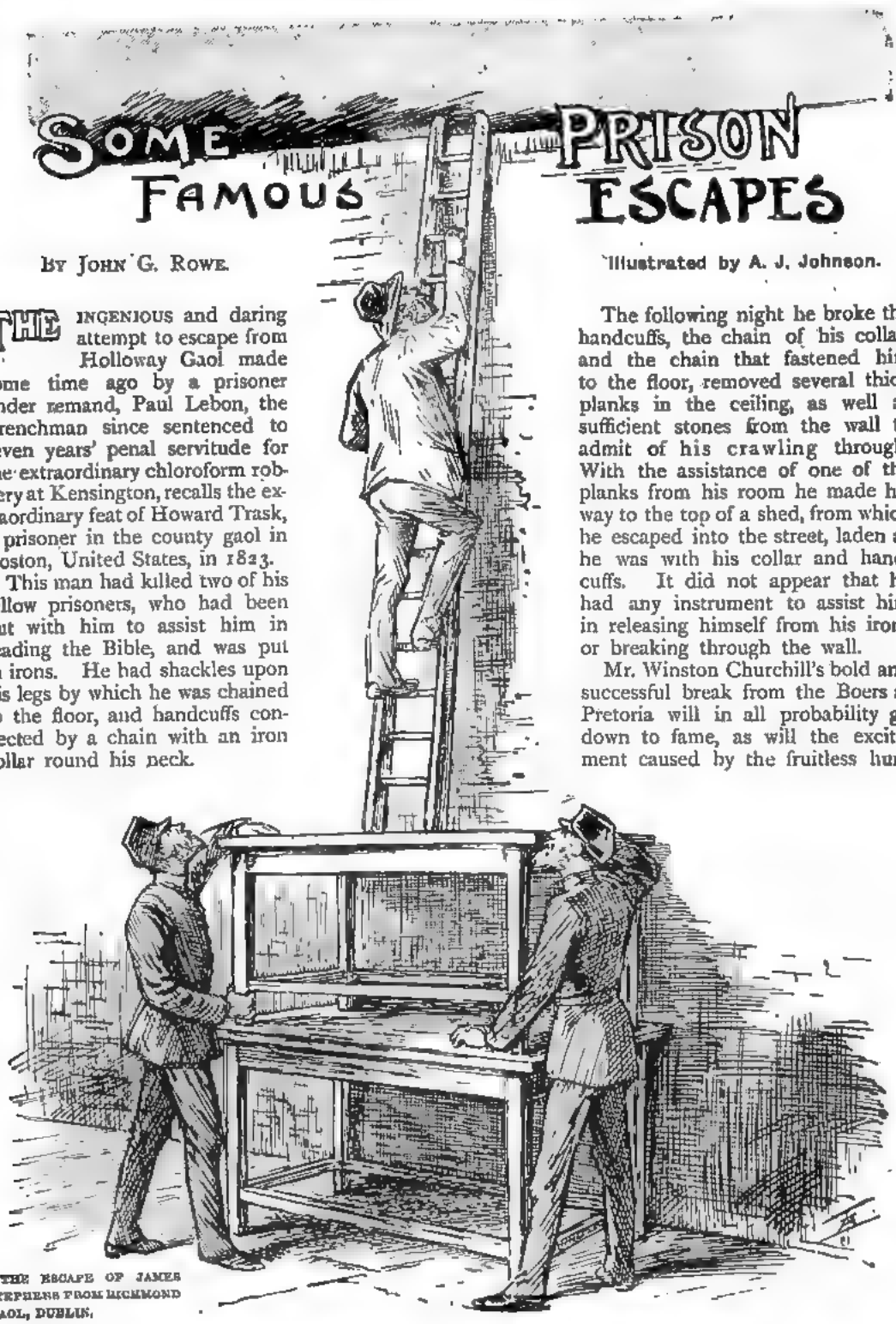
Illustrated by A. J. Johnson.

THE INGENIOUS and daring attempt to escape from Holloway Gaol made some time ago by a prisoner under remand, Paul Lebon, the Frenchman since sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for the extraordinary chloroform robbery at Kensington, recalls the extraordinary feat of Howard Trask, a prisoner in the county gaol in Boston, United States, in 1823.

This man had killed two of his fellow prisoners, who had been put with him to assist him in reading the Bible, and was put in irons. He had shackles upon his legs by which he was chained to the floor, and handcuffs connected by a chain with an iron collar round his neck.

The following night he broke the handcuffs, the chain of his collar, and the chain that fastened him to the floor, removed several thick planks in the ceiling, as well as sufficient stones from the wall to admit of his crawling through. With the assistance of one of the planks from his room he made his way to the top of a shed, from which he escaped into the street, laden as he was with his collar and handcuffs. It did not appear that he had any instrument to assist him in releasing himself from his irons or breaking through the wall.

Mr. Winston Churchill's bold and successful break from the Boers at Pretoria will in all probability go down to fame, as will the excitement caused by the fruitless hunt



THE ESCAPE OF JAMES STEPHENS FROM RICHMOND GAOL, DUBLIN.

through the Kentish woods for the escaped convicts, Soar and King.

But the greatest of all escapes from gaol in modern or ancient times was undoubtedly Henri La Tude's from that terrible French State prison, the Bastille. He had been sent there through incurring the displeasure of Madame de Pompadour, Louis XV.'s notorious favourite. With his cell-mate, one D'Alegré, he made his escape in the following way: -

They converted the steel of their tinder-box into a knife, pulled two hook-like hinges from the table, and, employing these as chisels, removed the cement from the iron bars which had been built into the chimney of their dungeon. It took them months to perform this task alone. They concealed their tools in the day-time in a hole in the roof. Out of their firewood and their shirts, unthreaded, they made a rope-ladder 20ft. long, and also, without a nail or a hammer, made a complete wooden ladder from the logs supplied them for their fire, of the same length. The hole in the ceiling, which was double, served to hide everything.

One winter night, a year and a half after they had begun their operations, they climbed the chimney, taking all their apparatus with them. By means of their ladders they climbed down into the moat, swam across, and, with their tools and the iron bars taken from the chimney, broke a hole through the exterior wall of the prison, which was 5ft. thick, under the very feet of the sentinels. They then nearly met their deaths by drowning, fatigued as they were, in crossing the outer moat, but they got away and reached Amsterdam in safety.

Jack Sheppard, that prince of prison breakers, escaped from shackles on shackles, and round-house after round-house, as well as twice from Newgate Gaol, in ways, however, that have been wrapped up in so much that is mythical, it is impossible to distinguish between fact and fiction.

The escape, or rather rescue, of James Stephens, the Fenian Head Centre, from Richmond Gaol, Dublin, in November, 1865, caused the greatest sensation at the time, the manner in which it was effected being for long a perfect mystery to the authorities, who offered a reward of £1,000 for his recapture. Stephens had been placed in the hospital ward of the prison, and, as it was thought an attempt might be made by his friends and sympathisers to rescue him, a boy named McLeod was put in the next cell, and instructed to sound his cell-gong on the first suspicious sound. John Breslin, a hospital steward, and Daniel Byrne, a warder, in league with the Fenians, at midnight liberated the Fenian chief from his cell. McLeod afterwards said he heard them enter, but was too frightened to raise the alarm. The rescuers thought that the ladder used for lighting the lamps was long enough to reach to the top of the yard wall, but when they came to try, they found it was over 8ft. short.

Here was a plight. McLeod, they knew, might at any moment give the alarm. Breslin had the keys of the lunatics' dining room. He and Byrne got the two tables from it, while Stephens hid in an unused sentry-box. The tables were placed one atop of the other against the wall, then the ladder was reared upon them, and the two warders steadied it while Stephens mounted. On the other side of the wall was a tool-shed, and Stephens slid down the roof of this into the governor's garden.

At a point in the Circular Road that runs along the outer wall of the gaol a party of the confederates were in waiting with a long rope. A pear tree in the governor's garden marked on the hither side of the wall their position. Stephens threw a stone over the wall—the agreed-on signal. His friends immediately tossed one end of the rope over, and, clinging to it, Stephens was drawn up. He then dropped down, and his rescuers, massing close up against it, broke his fall.

This is the account given by Breslin himself, as well as Stephens and all concerned in the rescue. Stephens escaped to America, whence Breslin shortly afterwards fled also. No suspicion for a moment rested on the latter until the hour of his flight.

This was not the only famous prison escape Breslin was concerned in. He also planned that of the six military Fenian prisoners from the convict settlement of Freemantle, Australia. The American Fenians fitted out a barque, the *Catalpa*, which sailed to Freemantle and cruised about the coast. The Fenian convicts were communicated with, and directed to make a break one evening for the shore. A boat was there in waiting, and they were taken off in it under the very eyes of their amazed and helpless guards.

The water police, though, were promptly roused out, and they started in pursuit in their cutter. But the darkness had long since swallowed up the fugitives. The suspicious-looking barque was remembered, however, and an armed steamer, the *Georgette*, started in search of her. She was sighted at daybreak, well out at sea. Pursuit was given, and she was quickly overhauled, when a shot was fired across her bows.

She, however, held on her way, and refused to heave-to or permit a boat's crew to board her. The *Georgette* could have blown her out of the water, but she carried the "Stars and Stripes,"

and to have fired on her meant firing on the American flag. The *Georgette's* captain did not care about taking such responsibility upon himself. Furthermore, he had no reliable information that the convicts were aboard, so the *Catalpa* was allowed to proceed unmolested.

In the American Civil War, two Yankee officers, captured by the Southerners, dug a tunnel out of Libby Prison, under a road—some 30ft.—into a timber-yard near by. By means of the tunnel they, as well as about forty of their fellow-prisoners of war, succeeded in escaping. But, unfortunately, most of the fugitives, including one of the pair who dug the tunnel, were recaptured before they could gain the frontier.

Lord Nithsdale, condemned to death for his share in the rebellion of 1715, escaped the night before the day fixed for his execution, through the courage and ingenuity of his wife. She went dressed in two gowns with her maid to the prison. He put on one of the gowns over his clothes, and accompanied the maid from the cell, feigning to be overwhelmed with grief that he might hide his face in his handkerchief. He escaped to France, where he was subsequently joined by his countess, whom the authorities, admiring her courage, set at liberty on discovering the trick.

Henry Davis, *alias* Stoddart, was sent to gaol in Memphis, Tennessee, for forging cheques. He was sentenced to ten years' hard labour. While in gaol, the governor of the State received a petition for Davis's pardon, representing him as the innocent victim of a conspiracy, and this was so influentially signed by, among others, the whole of the jury who had tried the convict, that the governor granted a pardon, and provided the released man with a new suit of clothes and a sum of money, with which Davis promptly disappeared. It was discovered two weeks later that the petition was nothing more or less than a forgery, *perpetrated by the convict himself!* On account of his good conduct and skill as a penman, he had been employed in the record departments of the institution, and this was how he occupied his spare time.

The most indefatigable, daring, and yet, perhaps, the unluckiest, of prison-breakers was Baron Frederick Trenck, a Prussian nobleman and officer of Frederick the Great's bodyguard. He fell under the displeasure of the King through an intrigue with the monarch's own sister. Unjudged, he was immured in the fortress of Glatz, though only nineteen years of age. He sawed through no less than eight iron bars on his window, then climbed down a rope, made of leather straps and his bedclothes, 90ft. into the moat. He, however, stuck fast in the mud of this, and had to call the guard.

A SENTINEL FACED HIM WITH FIXED BAYONET.

His next exploit was to snatch from his side the sword of an officer who came to see him, and with it to cut his way, literally, through some ten soldiers out of his dungeon, and along the corridor. He hurled the sentinel headlong from the top to the bottom of the stairway, then leaped, sword in hand, from the rampart to the one below, a distance of nearly 20ft. He leaped the second wall with equal safety. A sentinel faced him with fixed bayonet. He parried the thrust, slashed the man across the face, and dashed at the palisades. Over these he was scrambling when his foot caught in the woodwork,

and then, unable to extricate it, he was overpowered, though he fought like a tiger. Afterwards he was guarded still more closely.

Next he corrupted an officer of the garrison named Schell, and got this man to aid him to escape. They were discovered in the act of flight, and, in jumping from the battlements, Schell sprained his ankle. Trenck carried him on his back, and they escaped across the Neiss in a boat into Bohemia. Trenck, however, was betrayed by the Dantzig authorities, and Frederick the Great had him confined this time at Magdeburg. Here he was loaded with irons, chained like a wild beast to the wall, and half starved. With his great strength he burst the chains, broke his handcuffs, and, with a knife he had managed to secure, cut through three of four doors that shut in his dungeon. His knife then broke, so he pulled up the bricks of his cell floor, and, when his gaolers appeared in the morning, saluted them with volleys of these. He kept a dozen grenadiers at bay, and only capitulated on condition that he was treated no worse than before.

After this, having obtained two small files through a kind-hearted sentinel, he began to mine through the foundations of the fortress, his dungeon being built in the ditch. While so occupied, he was loaded, in addition to his other fetters, with a monstrous iron collar, connected by chains with his ankles. Yet burdened as he thus was, he mined through something like 30ft. of earth, the sentinel who was his friend disposing of what he dug out from time to time in bags. Another sentinel, however, heard the strange underground noises, his operations were discovered, and all his labours proved to have been in vain.

The intrepid man was contriving yet another plan of escape when he was released on condition that he never more set foot within Prussian territory. After his liberation, he published several works in prose and verse, for his genius was of an exceedingly versatile order. His ill-luck, however, pursued him. Proceeding to France in the "Reign of Terror," he was accused of being a Prussian spy, and guillotined on July 25th, 1794.

A man named "Punch" Howard made a remarkably clever escape from Millbank in 1847. With his knife he sawed through the pivot-bar of his window, which was 3ft. long but only 6ins. wide; then, stripping to his shirt, he squeezed himself through this narrow aperture. He had put the iron-barred window-frame half in, half out of the slit. He stood on the outer end, the inner catching securely against the top of the embrasure, the depth of which prevented it slipping outwards. His cell was on the topmost tier, and he was thus able to drag himself up on to the roof of the prison. He had previously constructed a rope out of his bed-clothes, and tied one end of it round his waist. By means of the rope, he descended safely into the governor's garden, climbed the wall by means of a plank, and got clear away.

In 1755, John Casanova, wit, libertine, and scholar, was arrested by the State Inquisitors of Venice. He was shut up in the ill-famed *camerotti*, or cells, in the State prison. He contrived to make a lamp, by whose light at night he bored a hole in the floor of his chamber, through four thicknesses of planking and a concrete pavement, almost right through to the secretary's room below, when he was transferred to another apartment, and so had all his trouble for nothing. He next managed to communicate with the occupant of the cell above his—a monk, Balbi by name. The two planned to break through the ceiling of his cell and then escape together by way of the roof.

The hole was broken between the two cells, and Casanova climbed up into Balbi's. They then made a rope out of their sheets, and easily broke through the roof, and got on to the leads. They lowered themselves by means of the rope to a dormer window, which they burst in. Entering, they got into the Chancery of the Doge. They cut a hole in the panel of the door, crawled through, stole down two flights of stairs, and came to the passage leading to the Royal Stairs, as they were called. There they were pulled up by four broad doors or gates, "to force which would have demanded a siege-engine." They looked out of a window, and a lounger saw them and notified the porter of the palace, who came with his keys and undid the gates, thinking someone had been locked up inside by mistake. They stood close to the door, and the moment the old man opened it they bounded past him like two flashes, and vanished instantly into the darkness. Hurriedly crossing the Piazzetta, they reached the canal and jumped into the first gondola they found. Daybreak saw them well away from Venice.

A RECORD CAMEL.

I WAS especially interested in a back number of this magazine, because it mentioned "the famous camel, 'Misera,' which had quite recently travelled six hundred miles without a drink." I have pleasure in sending you a photograph of this camel, "Misera," which was my father's riding camel during the Elder Exploring Expedition, of which my father was the leader. The true record was 620 miles in thirty-five days, on only 7½ gallons of water for the whole period. This was while crossing the Great Victoria Desert in Western Australia, 450 miles of the distance being over steep parallel ridges of sand, principally covered with spinifex (a needle-like grass, the sharp points of which cause great suffering to the animals, who have to force their way through it). The edible bushes for the camels were of the driest nature, and very scanty. The caravan consisted of forty-two camels, some carrying 800lbs. weight. Only one camel died on this remarkable journey, which has never been equalled in the world.

"Misera"
The Camel that carried me 620 miles in 35 days across the Great Victoria Desert - West Australia - having only 7½ gallons of water during that time; which is the world's record.
David Lindsay.

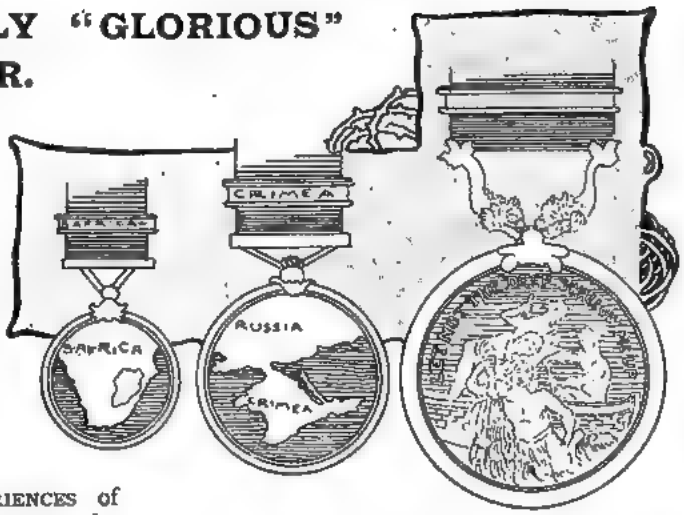
My father, who had much to do with camels for ten years, has told me some facts about them which I think might interest some of your readers. There are many thousands of camels now in Australia employed in carrying goods to the far distant townships and stations in Western Queensland, New South Wales, and South Australia. There are said to be about four thousand camels in Western Australia engaged in carrying supplies to the goldfields in the interior of that state. The average load of a camel is 500lbs., which he will carry for hundreds of miles, at an average daily journey of about fifteen miles. One of my father's camels carried 11cwt. for 120 miles. A trained riding camel will easily carry a man a hundred miles in one day. The camels bred in Australia are considered superior to those imported from India. They are intelligent animals, and become very much attached to their masters if kindly treated. Although they have a great objection to crossing streams, they *can swim*. In the early days of the Coolgardie gold rush the roads were absolutely closed, through lack of water, to any other animals except camels, and, had it not been for them, food and water famines would have more than once overtaken the gold-seekers.

Water was often carried thirty-five to forty miles in specially constructed casks, and sold at from 1s. to 2s. 6d. per gallon to the dust-begrimed, thirsty diggers.

ARTHUR J. S. LINDSAY.

"THE ONLY REALLY "GLORIOUS" WAR.

Written and Illustrated by
Harold Macfarlane.



The largest medal in this diagram illustrates the 42,000 lives saved by the National Lifeboat Institution in the course of the Society's career, against the number of Britons who died in the Crimea (22,182) and in South Africa up to the present time, the proportion of which is shown by the two smaller medals.

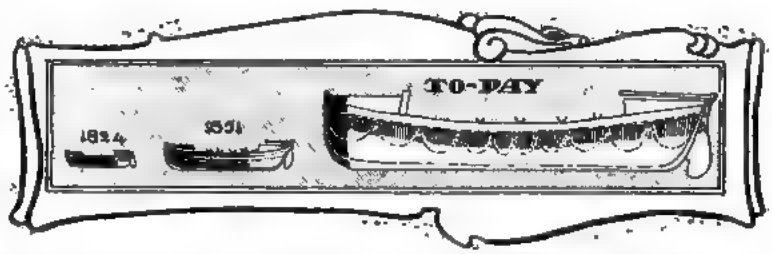
EXPERIENCES of many months past have rendered the misapplication of the flamboyant adjective, that has so frequently been used in conjunction with the direful substantive "war," to be employed at most infrequent intervals of late. War, in the accepted sense, is not "glorious," although it be the source of many deeds that are. It is, indeed, the most terrible misfortune short of a universal cataclysm that can overtake this planet; and yet there is a war, a war with the elements, a glorious war, that we must all use our best endeavour to carry on with vigour, until the sorrow spoken of by the prophet is no longer on the sea, and it can be quiet.

The coast-line of the United Kingdom, although it extends through 4,900 miles, boasts on an average a station under the jurisdiction of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution every sixteen miles. There are, moreover, numerous branches of the same society, that has for its president the King, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is, therefore, not with the object of drawing the attention of the reader to the institution with which he will be perfectly familiar, but to present the work done by the same, by means of diagrams and illustrations, in a manner that will cast a new light upon the subject, that this article is written.

The campaign carried on by the institution against the elements is the very antithesis of ordinary warfare, for whereas a state of belligerency, in the military sense, is attended by the loss of many thousands of lives, the object of the society is solely and wholly the saving of life, in which quest much success has attended it. Throughout the lengthy reign of the nation's greatest and most mourned-for Queen, who was patron of the institution from the time she came to the throne to her lamented death, the campaigns calling for the spilling of British blood in the greatest quantities have been those in South Africa and the Crimea, but the lives laid down by the nation's bravest sons for Queen and country in these campaigns are more than equalled, in point of numbers, by the lives saved through the instrumentality of the society's lifeboats and crews since the date of its institution. In our first diagram this fact is graphically illustrated, the area of the largest medal—awarded by the society for acts of signal bravery—being drawn in proportion to the 42,000 lives saved in the course of the society's career, and the areas of the smaller medals in proportion to the number of Britons killed or dying from wounds and sickness in the Crimea (22,182) and South Africa up to the present time. Surely no worthier justification for the existence of the institution would be desired by anyone than this proof of the glorious and successful warfare carried on by it, a warfare that has resulted in the saving of more lives than have been lost in the two bloodiest campaigns in which British arms have been engaged for almost a century.

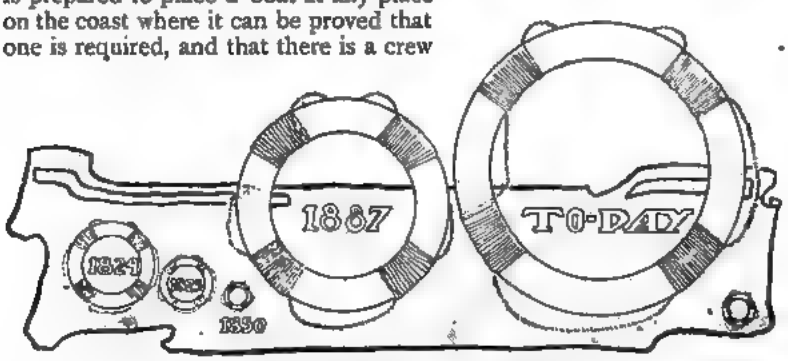
The lifeboat has existed in some shape or other since 1785, when Mr. Lionel Lukin was granted a patent for an "unimmersible boat," but it was not till 1823, when Sir William

Hillary, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Wilson, then member of Parliament for the City of London, called a preliminary meeting, resulting in the formation of the National Institution "for the preservation of life in cases of shipwreck on the coasts of the United Kingdom," that any organisation of boats and funds was undertaken. In our second diagram the small boat to the left is drawn, so far as its length is concerned, in proportion to the number of lifeboats existing on our coasts in 1824 (practically, one in every ninety-eight miles of coast-line), the centre boat in proportion to the ninety-one boats that were employed in saving life in 1851, whilst the craft to the right represents the lifeboat of to-day. In the early days of the existence of the Institution, the number of lifeboats owned by it was but few. In 1824, for instance, out of fifty-one craft, only twelve were the property of the organisation, in 1851 the number reached thirty out of ninety-one lifeboats, whilst to-day the fleet numbers 286. In our diagram the black portions of the boats represent the lifeboats belonging to kindred institutions, the white those that owe allegiance to the Institution. It is sometimes asked: How comes it that there are fewer boats now than in 1894? And in the absence of any official explanation it is not infrequently imagined that lack of funds is the cause of the decrease in the total. As a matter of fact, the diminution arises solely from the fact that a number of now obsolete boats have been taken off the stations of late years, which in some cases have been replaced by steam lifeboats, capable of covering the area heretofore requiring two or more craft lacking the latest improvements. The society, it must be mentioned, is prepared to place a boat at any place on the coast where it can be proved that one is required, and that there is a crew to man it. Moreover, not only does the society permit the coxswain and crew to select the special type of boat best suited to the exigencies of their particular coast, but will pay their expenses to London in order that they shall have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various types. "The men risk their lives—it is therefore only right that they should choose the boat best suited to their requirements," was the reply to our comments upon this generous treatment of the Institution, which is ever ready to vote grants, sometimes running into four figures, to the widows of those who lose their lives in its service, and bestow pensions and gratuities upon those coxswains and men who retire on account of old age or disablement. Generosity and absence of red-tapeism, two great characteristics of the Lifeboat Institution, particularly strike the inquirer into the methods of the society when he starts on his quest, and the further he looks into the subject the more deeply imbued does he become with the idea that red-tape is a species of haberdashery that does not appeal to the governing body dealing with the national lifeboat.



THE SMALLEST BOAT IN THIS DIAGRAM IS DRAWN IN PROPORTION TO THE NUMBER OF LIFEBOATS EXISTING ON OUR COASTS IN 1824; THE CENTRE BOAT IN PROPORTION TO THE NINETY-ONE BOATS THAT WERE EMPLOYED IN 1851; WHILST THE CRAFT TO THE RIGHT REPRESENTS THE LIFEBOATS OF TO-DAY.

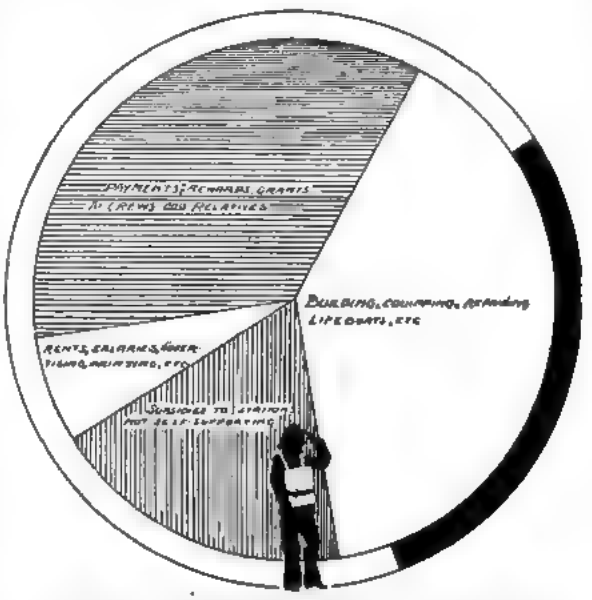
In our third diagram the life-belts portrayed are drawn in proportion to the receipts from all sources for various years from 1824, the date of the foundation of the Institution, to the present day. Starting with an income of £9,826 in its opening year, receipts fell off in a most grievous manner, as can be gauged from the diminution in size of the belts representing the sums received in 1825 and 1849-50, in which latter year the total receipts amounted to £354 17s. 6d., which was brought up by a balance in hand to the modest total of £830. In



THESE LIFEBELTS ARE DRAWN IN PROPORTION TO THE RECEIPTS FROM ALL SOURCES FOR VARIOUS YEARS FROM 1824 TO THE PRESENT DAY

1850 the Institution was reorganised, the late Prince Consort, the late King of the Belgians, and the fourth Duke of Northumberland all lending very valuable assistance, with results that can, to a certain extent, be gauged by comparing the life-belts in our diagram representing the incomes of 1824 and of the present time, when the organisation has arrived at a pitch of perfection hitherto not attained.

Our fourth diagram is a species of pictorial balance sheet. The large circle represents the receipts from all sources, which we see, from the annual report of 1900, amounted to almost £106,000; that portion of the rim appearing as a band of black is drawn in proportion to the sum (£33,107 4s.) received in legacies, whilst the remainder, of course, represents the receipts from all other sources, including the collections realised by the Lifeboat Saturday Fund. If the total income was converted into gold, there would be sufficient of that metal to furnish a golden coin the thickness of a sovereign, that would be 20ft. 5ins. in diameter. The large circle in our diagram represents the appearance of such a coin, a lifeboat-man, 6ft. high, being placed at the base for the purpose of comparison. The weight of the coin would be a little over a ton if standard gold were used.

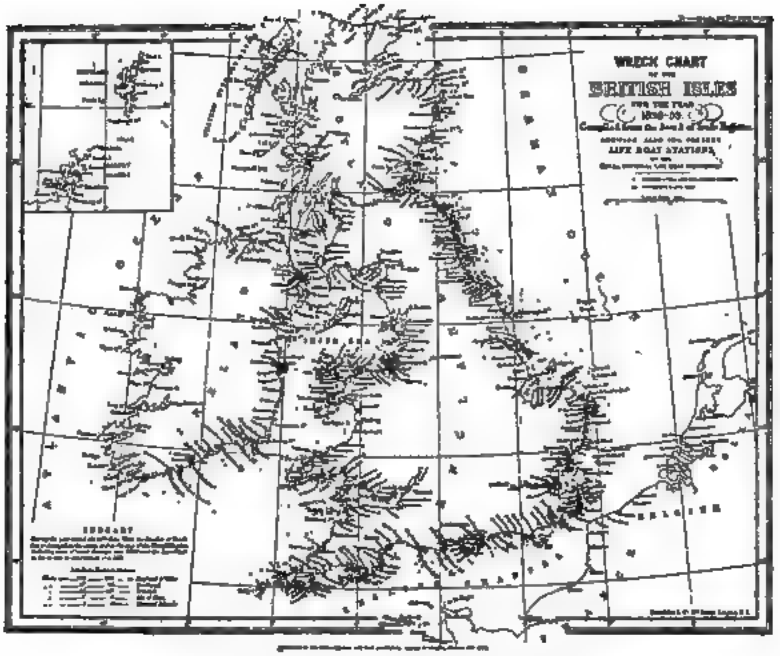


THE LARGE CIRCLE REPRESENTS RECEIPTS FROM ALL SOURCES —£106,000; THE PORTION MARKED IN BLACK THE SUM RECEIVED IN LEGACIES—£33,107 4s.; WHILST THE INSIDE PORTION INDICATES HOW THIS MONEY IS SPENT.

With regard to the expenditure of the Institution, amounting in the year under notice to £85,982, the sum expended would form a gold coin the thickness of a sovereign which would be almost 18½ft. in diameter, and is represented in our diagram by the inner circle, which is divided into four unequal segments, each drawn in proportion to the four classes of expenditure into which the debit side of the balance sheet naturally resolves itself. As a glance at our diagram shows, by far the largest item of expense is on account of new lifeboats, their equipments and houses; indeed, the sum expended in this manner would purchase sufficient silver to out-weigh four moderately-sized lifeboats, each weighing a trifle over 2½ tons. The second largest item (£29,790) is on account of payments, etc., to coxswains, bowmen, and signalmen, and to the other eighteen thousand sailormen who man the boats when duty calls. It may here be mentioned that the coxswain receives a salary of £8 per annum, his assistant £2, the bowman £1 10s., and the signal-man £1. In addition to these sums the coxswain and each of the crew alike receive 10s. each every time they go out on "business" between April 1st to September 30th between the hours of 6 a.m. and 7 p.m.; and £1 when called out between 7 p.m. and 6 a.m. From October 1st to March 31st the payments are increased to 15s. from sunrise to sunset, and £1 10s. from sunset to sunrise. The same item includes rewards for special services, which rewards have, since the foundation of the Institution, amounted to a sum of £200,686, which, if taken in gold, would itself outweigh twenty average-sized lifeboatmen.

The third item, £16,040, represents subsidies to stations not self-supporting, branch payments, aneroids for fishermen and coasters, and kindred expenses, including lifeboat stores. The administration expenses, including salaries, amount to but a trifle over 3 per cent. of the incomings; printing, advertising, rents and taxes, and stationery, it will be noticed, comprise but a small proportion of the inner circle, and form a striking testimonial to the capacity of the executive body.

By the courtesy of the Institution we are permitted to reproduce the latest of their specially prepared wreck charts, and a glance at this—the fact being borne in mind that each black dot represents a total loss or a serious casualty—will prove a better commentary than any amount of verbiage with regard to the amount of work with which British lifeboats have to cope, whilst the necessity of doing everything in our power to provide the wherewithal whereby the state of efficiency attained by the lifeboat



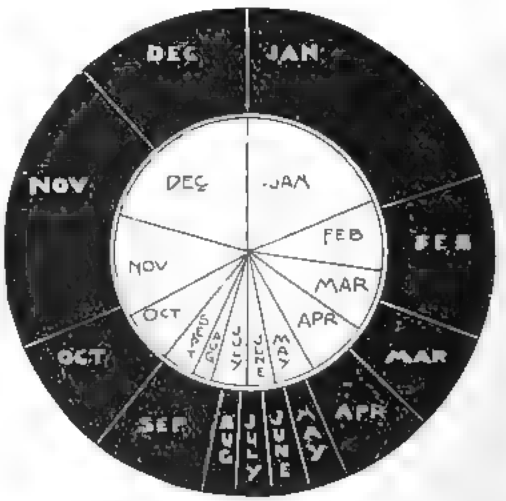
WRECK CHART OF THE BRITISH ISLES, 1798-1899.

By permission of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

service, if it cannot be increased, should, at all events, be maintained, is more strongly emphasised than before. In the last thirty-eight years no less than 137,094 vessels have met with casualties off our coasts, with the result that almost twenty-six thousand lives have been lost, a number that would have been more than doubled but for the National Lifeboat.

The aggregate number of times the boats are launched on service, and the number of lives they save, vary, of course, from year to year. In the fifth diagram, however, we give an idea of how the lifeboat year is made up, and the proportion of the year's total of lives saved attributable to each month. The inner circle of the figure is divided up, it will be observed, into twelve segments, each segment varying in size with the number of launches made in the month to which it is devoted. The area of the whole circle obviously represents the total number of launches made in the year, which in 1899 amounted to 342. In 1900 the number rose to 362, but details are not to hand. It will be observed that, to all intents and purposes, the first half of the year coincides with the latter half, May and June, for instance, coinciding with July and August; and although December and November see more launches than January and February, the deficit is made up by the enforced activity occasioned by the gales of March and April. That the number of lives saved in each month is not strictly proportionate to the number of launches is proved by the sections of the outer circle, which vary in size in proportion to the number of lives saved in each month of 1899, November and September, for instance, showing a much greater proportion than one would imagine would be the case judging from the sections representing the number of launches alone. The years in which the greatest number of lives have been saved are: 1869 (1,231), 1881 (1,121), 1867 (1,086), 1892 (1,056), and 1877 (1,048). In 1899, 609 lives were saved, and in 1900 no less than 865.

We would finally point out that whereas in actual warfare it was proved, in the case of the Franco-German war, that France paid over £3,000 in war expenses alone for each German killed, in the glorious war that the Institution wages against the elements the aggregate expenditure, when divided by the number of lives *saved* in an average year, gives as a quotient a sum amounting to less than one hundred pounds!



IN THIS DIAGRAM WE GIVE AN IDEA OF HOW THE LIFEBOAT YEAR IS MADE UP, SHOWING HOW MUCH HEAVIER THE WORK IS IN THE WINTER MONTHS COMPARED TO THOSE OF THE SUMMER.

How Hans Saved The Village,

A Swiss Tale of 1798

By George Thomas.

Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.

I.

ONE afternoon towards the end of August, in the year 1798, a youth of sixteen might have been seen lying in the shade of the mountain-ash trees on a steep Alpine pasture, away in a valley of the Swiss canton of Uri. Near by, on the mountain side, browsed a troop of goats belonging to the village of Bauenberg, that hung on the edge of a high precipice far above; and he was in charge of them.

The sun shone down, flooding the clear mountain air with warmth, making the snow-field in the distance shine with a blaze of golden light. It was as lonely a spot as one could find, and sometimes it seemed very dull to Hans, until the time came for him to drive his charges up into the village again at the end of the afternoon.

One day, when the good pastor was talking to him, Hans ventured to say so.

"And what wouldst thou be, lad, if thou couldst choose?" he asked kindly. "Wouldst be a carpenter, like thy father?"

"Nay, Herr Pastor," said the lad. "I would not be always in one place, but I would be like Kaspar, the Freibergschütze,* to chase the chamois from peak to peak."

"Ah, lad, it is ever thus!" replied the pastor, putting his hand on the broad young shoulder. "Who knows but that thy chance may come some day? To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark. When thine comes, see thou be ready."

And the words had lingered in the boy's mind.

But this afternoon Hans had much else to think of. Only two days before Johann the cheesemaker, when he went down to Brunnen on his usual visit, had found great stir at the inn and had startled all the village with his news on returning.

Stirring times had come. For the French had over-run the country, and had descended but three days before on the town of Schwytz, captured it after a brief resistance, and levied heavy tribute upon the inhabitants.

All the villagers gathered round and talked of the startling tidings.

"It is an evil day for our land that the invader is in our midst," said Kaspar, gravely, "but *we* are safe. For no men of the plains, as these Frenchmen are, could seize this our village, if they should climb the heights."

And he looked down at the steep slope and the yawning precipice in front, spanned at its only narrow part by one solitary bridge that all must pass who came up from the valley. So the village went its way with its daily work and gossiped much in the evening of the doings in the plain beneath.

Hans was thinking on these things this sultry afternoon. The click-click of the grasshoppers rose from the grass around; the little mountain rill beside him sang its silvery tune; now and again a bee hummed drowsily by, and the tinkle of the goat bells sounded more and more faintly as the sure-footed animals wandered higher up the mountain side. But Hans heeded not. The drowsiness of the afternoon crept over him, and he fell asleep in the shade, to dream of armies of Frenchmen marching up and down the mountains—tramp—tramp—tramp!

The dream was so vivid that when he awoke he seemed still to hear the tramping of feet. The sun was dipping below the shoulder of the mountain opposite, and Hans was about to start to his feet, astonished to find that he had slept for hours, when he realised that the *tramp—tramp* of his dream was a living reality. He peered cautiously from the shade of his resting place, and there, on the rough path before him, not thirty yards away, armed men were toiling upwards in single file.

One—two—three—ten—twenty—thirty; he almost held his breath. There seemed to be no end to them.

The Frenchmen had invaded the valley, and were going up to Bauenberg!

He did not know how many had passed while he slept, but, as he watched unobserved, nearly fifty went by before he was left alone again.

* The "Freibergschütze," or "hunter of the free districts," was an official appointed in old times in certain parts of Switzerland.

His first impulse was to run back to the village, but, slowly as the soldiers were going, he could not reach it before them without passing them on the path. He must warn the village. That was the one thought in his mind. But how?

Then suddenly there came to him the remembrance of the pastor's words:—

"To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark. When thine comes, see thou be ready."

But what could he do? He thought and thought until his brain seemed to be on fire. Then an inspiration came to him like a flash. If he took the path that turned to the left from the main track at the corner by the great boulder he could reach the side of a gap he knew of some distance beyond the village and call over to Otto, one of his companions, who usually took his goats to pasture on the slope opposite.

He reached the boulder without seeing any of the soldiers ahead, and then sped up the side path with the agility of a mountain goat. It was not for nothing that he had been born and bred in those mountains. Upward he sped, higher and higher, until at length he reached the shoulder, from which he looked across to the pasture where Otto should be. But there was no one there, nor a single goat to be seen. Otto must have gone to some other pasture with his flock. The gap was wide, and Hans could not cross it, so he "jödelled" again and again, and the shepherd's call went echoing among the mountains, but there was no answer.

He had come in vain!

II.

AND all this time the French soldiers must be coming up slowly but surely to the village. What could he do? Must he give up and leave his people to their fate? No! the Swiss boy, born in the free air of the Alps, was made of sterner stuff than that.

Near at hand in the forest stood a woodcutter's hut. He ran to it and searched around inside until at length he found what he sought—a long coil of rope, thin but strong. Then he came back to the edge and looked up at the boughs of a great tree that grew on the brink of the precipice. It had been battered and twisted in the winter storms, and the lower boughs hung down, broken and limp. But one of the topmost branches stood out high above. Hans measured the distance with his eye, and looked across the chasm. Then, tying one end of the rope around his waist, he set to work to climb the tree. It was hard work, but at length he reached the bough, and, sliding out on it, fastened the end of the rope securely round it, and came down again.

The mountain sloped upward away from the precipice, and our hero sought a boulder on the slope; then, keeping the rope extended as it ran through his hands, walked with it to the edge. Yes! He found that if he took the rope and launched himself from the boulder, he would be able to keep clear of the ground, and swing out over the precipice. That was his plan!

He mounted the boulder, took the rope firmly in hand, leaped forward, and swung through the air—a human pendulum. Out—out—he swung over the yawning gulf.

Horror of horrors! He stopped short over the chasm and swung back, having barely reached the other side when the return of the pendulum brought him back again.

It was an awful moment, enough to try the strongest nerves, and Hans staggered as he landed again near the point whence he started on his awful swing.

He had failed!

If he lengthened the rope to take a longer swing, he would not clear the ground between his starting point and the precipice. There was but one chance. He must swing out nearly to the other side, *and then let go*, leaving the impetus to carry him the rest of the way.

The prospect gave him a shiver. He thought of himself falling down—down—down in the awful depths, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Could he do it? He knelt down for a moment in a hasty prayer for strength. When he rose up he felt calmer.

"Now am I in God's hands," he said, as he nerved himself for the last terrible ordeal.

He gripped the rope in his strong fingers, gathered up his limbs, and swung out once more. The ground flew by. Now he was above the gulf, and the ground on the other side rushed to meet him.

Now—now, before he should reach the end of his impetus and be dragged back, he let go.

For a moment of time, as he was thus in mid air, an awful feeling of helpless falling was on him, and then he struck the earth, and clutched at it madly—blindly, as in a dream. Then he lay still, clinging lovingly to mother earth, with some vague instinct of finding refuge.

He was safe!

But before he had time to ponder on his narrow escape the memory of the French soldiers came back to him. The rope was swinging idly from the tree behind as he staggered to his feet and took the path to the village.

When he surmounted the last spur, from which he could see Bauenberg just below him, he looked with an agony of anxiety, fearing lest he should see the enemy in possession. But no. All was quiet, and there was Otto himself just coming over the bridge to the village. Thank God, he was in time!

Within a minute after he hurried into the village with his news, all was excitement. Fortunately it was evening, and the men were all at home. There was a hasty conference, and messengers were sent off to points of vantage to signal the approach of the enemy. In a short time a man came in breathless, with the news that the soldiers had been seen crossing an open pasture on the way, and were even now in the forest.

Kaspar, the Freibergschütze, and Karl, the Schuhmacher, assisted by half a dozen others, took hatchets, and began the demolition of the bridge, and in a minute or two its last beams went thundering down into the chasm below.

Kaspar took command of the men, and all those who had guns were posted behind the logs of the châlets that faced the precipice. Orders were given that all lights should be put out, and the watchers waited events.

Twilight came on, and the forest opposite, the border of which extended to within thirty feet of the gap, loomed dark in the shadowy light; but all was silent as the grave. Some of the villagers almost began to wonder whether it had not been a false alarm, as the time wore quietly on. Hans was standing beside his father, peering anxiously through the chinks between the logs of a barn, when he thought he saw a movement in the shadow opposite.

"Look, father!" he whispered suddenly "Someone moves yonder!"

"What was that?" asked several of the villagers at the same moment.

Was it a shadow, or were the enemy stirring on the edge of the dark forest? The keen eyes of the mountaineers watched as dark figures moved quietly forward on the mountain side, and they could see that the soldiers had reached the spot where the bridge had been. There was a pause as they found it broken away, and then they retired to the shadow of the trees and all was still again.

HE WAS SAFE!

III.

ALL night long unbroken silence reigned on the mountains, and the Swiss, leaving a few of their number on the watch, retired to sleep, ready to be called up at a moment's notice.

With the glowing light of early morn came the first alarm. The soldiers were stirring, and soon a trumpeter approached bearing a flag and blew a rousing blast in the open opposite the village. Then, by an interpreter, he summoned the village to surrender.

At this Kaspar, the hunter, stepped forward and answered in a loud voice:—

"We are men of peace, and ask nought but the right to pursue our calling. There is no treasure in our village, for we are but poor folk. Go ye your ways, and leave us to our poverty."

Again came the summons to surrender, this time in more threatening terms, and Kaspar answered boldly:—

"We are free Swiss, and surrender to no man!"

Then he retired, and the villagers awaited the attack. Soon the report of muskets was heard,

and shots pattered on the wooden châlets in front. The defenders sheltered themselves more securely; but two of their number, who had been more careless than the rest, fell wounded by chance shots that found their way between the logs. The Swiss, by Kaspar's direction, did not return the fire, but awaited events, hoping to tire out the enemy. To shoot them down, even if they could see them, would only exasperate the soldiers to continue the attack.

After a time, as the shots appeared to take no effect, the French ceased firing. There was great joy in the village.

"They have given up the attack," said two or three jubilantly to Kaspar.

"Not so," replied the hunter. "It is but a pause to tempt us out into the open. Let no man show himself."

Some hours passed away in silence, and then there was a sudden stir opposite. A line of soldiers appeared, in double order, carrying between them some long object. A cry arose from the Swiss.

"A bridge!"

Yes. A number of young trees felled by the villagers had been lying in the forest, and these had been taken by the soldiers and tied together to form a rough bridge. It was long enough to span the chasm, and wide enough to allow desperate men to scramble over, one at a time.

"We must fire now," said Kaspar. "Let each man take careful aim, for if they get the bridge across, we are lost!"

The soldiers had opened a hot fire from the shelter of the forest to cover the forward movement of their own men. But the villagers were not to be outdone, and of the twenty soldiers who appeared three fell wounded. Their bodies were quickly borne off, while others took their places. They were soon at the edge of the precipice, and as they pushed their load out over to reach the opposite side, the men had to cluster together more closely at the other end to counter-balance the weight of the bridge.

Just at this moment the Swiss sent a volley of shots amongst them. The invaders fell in confusion, releasing their hold on the improvised bridge, which went thundering down over the precipice, leaving some of its bearers prone on the mountain side, while their companions ran to cover for their very lives.

Five of the soldiers lay still on the ground as the result of the struggle, and the defenders began to hope that their assailants would now retire. But they were soon undeceived by the appearance of a new danger.

Suddenly a small stream of trailing fire flashed across and fell harmless to the ground in the midst of the village, then another, and another. Some one was shooting arrows with blazing tow at the end of the shafts, in the hope of driving out the villagers by fire. One caught in the roof of a châlet, but was quickly beaten out by the Swiss with long staves. Two or three fell between the logs of the barns and made a blaze with the brushwood that filled the interstices, but, after an energetic attack from the beaters, aided by buckets of water, these were extinguished. All efforts to set fire to the village failing, the besiegers soon abandoned the attempt, and there was a lull.

Noon passed, and the early afternoon had come, when a new and desperate attempt was made. A square object as large as several men issued from the shade of the trees, and moved forward.

"A shield!" cried Karl. "It is a shield for the soldiers!"

And so it was. A number of boughs of trees had been fastened together to form a large screen, and the spaces in the framework stuffed with the cloaks of the soldiers—an effective shield against musket shots. Two of these shields, fixed together in the shape of a V, with the apex forward, covered the front of the line of men who now advanced, carrying another hastily constructed light bridge.

The Swiss fired, but the shots took no effect, and still the terrible shield advanced. The soldiers reached the edge of the gap, dragging the timbers with them. Then they gradually pushed the end forward until the gulf was bridged, and the men scrambled across as well as they could in face of the Swiss fire.

One after another they reached the opposite side, and sought shelter under the rocks from the fire that swept down from the top of the slope. One man was caught by a chance shot midway across, and with a resounding shriek relaxed his hold and fell into the depths below, while the onlookers shuddered.

Others were still coming, but the men who had got safely across now issued from their cover and made a sudden rush, their leader having the double object of trying to storm the village and diverting the fire of the mountaineers from the bridge, so as to allow the soldiers to scramble across unmolested and in larger numbers.

The peril of the mountaineers was desperate. They fired as quickly as possible, but in their haste their aim was wild. Two of the attacking party fell. The rest reached the châlets, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight took place. But they were outnumbered and at a disadvantage through being at a lower level. Suddenly Kaspar sprang forward with a shout and swung his musket round, felling the French leader to

the ground. This was the signal for a still more energetic onslaught from the Swiss, and to such good purpose that the French lost heavily, and the few survivors hastily scrambled down again behind the rocks to await further reinforcements.

IV.

THE situation of the Swiss was perilous. It was only a matter of time before enough of the enemy would be able to make their way across to storm the village effectually. Kaspar looked around hopelessly. What was to be done? His companions crowded around him. They all saw the danger, and looked in vain for the means to meet it.

"What now, Kaspar?" asked half a dozen voices.

"We must stop them coming over, or we are lost," said another.

"In a few minutes it will be too late," said the hunter despairingly, "and I know not what we can do."

Suddenly Hans pushed into the throng.

"The stones!" he said. "The stones behind Karl's barn!"

The leader looked at him for a moment as if he did not clearly understand what the words meant; then his face lighted up.

"God be thanked for a boy's wit!" he said. Then he turned to Karl.

"Karl, take ten men and keep up a fire on the enemy to hinder their coming and divert their attention. The rest of you, follow me."

The villagers hurried back with him a short distance to a place behind one of the barns, where a heap of large pieces of rock had been collected for use as supports on which to build the rough log barns of the mountains. Some were square, for use as main supports, other larger ones were round.

It was then, as now, the custom in Switzerland to put these great round stones at the top of the pillars made of square rocks at each corner, so as to project over them on all sides, with the object of preventing mice and other small animals from getting up to the storehouse.

The villagers worked with a will, for they were working for life itself, as they rolled a number of the largest pieces forward to several points of vantage at the edge of the village, whence, in a few seconds, they could be launched down the slope. This was unobserved by the enemy,

"WE MUST STOP THEM COMING OVER, OR WE ARE LOST."

and soon a number of great pieces, some of which took several men to move, were ready for use.

The men were still at the work when a cry was raised by those who had remained on the watch. The Frenchmen below, thinking that the defenders were losing heart, without more ado rushed to the final assault. The Swiss hurried to their posts.

"Now, steady!" cried Kaspar's voice. "To the edge, then wait for the word!"

A few seconds passed, and then, as the company of soldiers came rushing up, the men above, with desperate energy, brought the large pieces of rock to the very edge.

"*Now!*" shouted the hunter, with a voice that was heard above the din.

At the word three great blocks were pushed over the slope at different points, and went crashing down upon the attackers before they could leap out of the path of destruction.

Four men were swept away and went bounding down to fall over the precipice. Still the remaining soldiers continued to breast the slope, but after a few seconds another deadly charge was let loose, and spread destruction again. Shrieks rang out as men were swept down. The few Frenchmen who survived now sought only to escape, and turned back down the slope.

Still at intervals the deadly avalanche of rocks swept down the mountain side. One block leaped full tilt on to the trunk bridge and hurled from it one of the enemy who was in the act of crossing, but it was not heavy enough to break down the bridge itself.

Several of the Swiss had now rolled two of the largest boulders to a point of vantage a little higher up, whence the descent to the bridge itself was almost direct. Then with a mighty effort they launched one down the slope. It passed but a yard wide of its mark.

"Another try, neighbours!" cried Kaspar. "Move the next but two paces on, and we shall have it."

The hardy mountaineers strained at the great block, and moved it slowly on. Then the word was given, "Over," and it sped on its way. Down it went, increasing its speed as it thundered onward, then, bounding outward from the mountain side, crashed with irresistible force into the fatal bridge, and swept it in ruins down into the depths with two ill-fated soldiers, the last survivors of the storming party, clinging to it.

"*Saved!*" shouted Kaspar, leaping forward in triumph, and his comrades cheered. The cheer was still ringing in the air when the sound of a musket shot went echoing among the mountains, and the brave hunter fell dead, killed in the hour of his triumph.

Thus ended the attack on Bauenberg.

The soldiers had lost a goodly number of their comrades in the attempt, but the pluck and resourcefulness of the mountaineers had been too much for them.

Whether the French leader thought that the capture of the village was not worth the cost of any more lives, or whether urgent orders came from the commander that the detachment was to join the main body of the army below, cannot be told; but certain it is that, while the plucky mountaineers awaited the renewal of the attack next day, great was their relief to find that their assailants were departing.

There was joy in the village, mingled with grief for the loss of the brave Kaspar.

A few days later, when the council of the village commune met, Hans was sent for by the assembly, and on his arrival the pastor spoke:—

"Our neighbour Kaspar is no more," he said. "We mourn his loss as a brother, and ever will his name be honoured in our village. But we must find someone worthy to succeed him. Hans, thou didst by thy brave daring bring warning to the village, and when we were hard pressed, thy wit showed us the way of escape. Twice hast thou saved Bauenberg. And now, we know none more worthy to be the successor of our neighbour Kaspar. When thou hast proved thy skill, as I know thou canst, thou shalt be freibergschütze of this commune."

There was a pause, and then the good pastor continued:—

"Dost remember, lad, how I said to thee, 'To every man comes once opportunity to make his mark'? I thank God that when thine came thou wast found ready."

* * * * *

Thus Hans realised his ambition.

A century has passed away, but the curious traveller of to-day may see, high up in the churchyard on the mountain side, a large memorial stone, worn with age, bearing an inscription to the memory of—

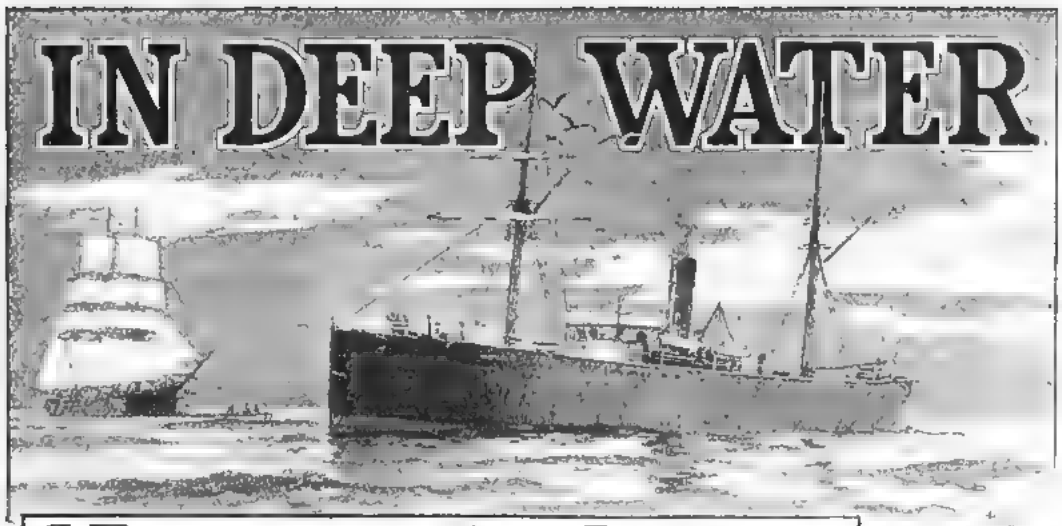
HANS SPRECHT,

FREIBERGSCHÜTZE.

Who died ——, 1852, at the age of 70.

Loved and Honoured by all his Neighbours.

"*Twice he saved Bauenberg.*"



A Tale of the Mid-Atlantic.

By Stacey Blake and W. E. Hodgson.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttle the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of £3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. The story re-opens on the day the *Creole* is due to sail.

CHAPTER V.

SHIPMATES.

"HAR you a hossifer aboard this blessed ship, sir? 'coe if you har, I wish you'd just gimme the tip where I'm to go. 'Ere I've been rooting abart, sir, since three o'clock this morning, in all this 'ere black mess and rain. I went in that plice along there, sir, which I do believe is called the galley, sir, but there is three most savage men there, sir, who tempted me with strong drink, which I never take on no account, and then when I scorned 'em, two on 'em sat on me while a red-'aired barbarian poured the pernishus stuff down my throat, and then when I escaped, I got out inter the rain and stopped there."

Grant Heath, standing at the top of the companion, gazed with surprise at the strange figure before him, a man tall and thin, with white cadaverous face, which was overshadowed by a painfully new nautical-looking cap several sizes too large. He spoke rapidly, all the time in a whisper, as if he were afraid of being overheard, and scarcely pausing for breath.

"Oh! so you are the new steward, are you?"

"Yes, sir, Thomas Piper, sir, and well recommended too. I've got me character in me pocket hif you like to have a look at it, written by Mr. Bimson as keeps the dining-rooms in the Borough, where I was 'ead-waiter for six months, sir."

"You've not been to sea before, then?" ejaculated Heath, in surprise.

"No, sir, leastways, not further than Margate, but I suffers with me liver, sir, and I've been recommended a long voyage."

"Well, my lad," said Grant, regarding the strange figure doubtfully, "you had better get below and report yourself to the mate when he wakes up, and meanwhile, just hunt round and make yourself familiar with things."

He disappeared below, followed by Grant's wondering gaze.

"Well, if this is a sample of our crew," he murmured to himself as he stepped out on the dreary, squalid deck, "they are going to be a bright lot."

He went forward, threading his way amongst the raffle and litter that lay about. The coal-grime was thick on everything—bridge, deck-houses, rails, boats—and the night-drizzle had washed it down into the scuppers like black mud. Even the pools

of water which collected in the bellying tarpaulins that were pulled over the open hatches were covered with thick filthy scum. The rain had ceased now, but the grey dawn brought no cheer with it, only sodden misery.

Grant peered into the forecastle. Nothing but darkness met his eyes. A mingled odour of mouldiness, stale tobacco, and foul food greeted his nostrils.

He went down a step or two, and then the low murmur of a snore fell on his ears. He presently distinguished two distinct notes simultaneously. He went below, struck a light, and discovered two seamen breathing out snores and spirituous vapours. He shook them, but they only snored the louder.

"Come, my lads, wake up and get on deck."

"Have any of the hands come aboard yet, Mr. Heath?"

It was the mate's voice. He was stamping his feet on the iron deck to promote circulation as he bawled down the ladder.

"There are two of them as senseless as logs," said Grant, putting his head above the forecastle ladder.

"And here come twa more not a muckle sicht better," remarked the engineer, indicating with a grimy rag-wrapped thumb two persons who were walking down the gangway with great deliberation.

"So you've come aboard, my lads, have you?" said the mate, greeting them. "Cashed your advance notes?"

"Yes, sir," replied one, pulling himself together. "'Ad to get some soap and matches, and thought we'd come aboard early and get a bit of sleep."

"Sleep, my lads, eh? Good. You've come aboard to work. Now, instead of sleeping, we'll try how washing down the decks will freshen you up. Meanwhile, I'll go down, Mr. Heath, and liven up those scoundrels below."

Presently from the forecastle came the sound of a rope-end going merrily, and in an astonishingly short space of time two dazed seamen staggered up, and set to, under the mate's lashing tongue, swilling down the deck.

Presently, the first officer went aft, leaving Grant to it.

"I believe there's another of yer shellbacks skulking on the wharf, yonder," said Mr. McPherson, watching the cleaning operations through the haze of a half-burnt cigar with grave deliberation. "It's awfu', mon, the demoralisin' effect the sea has on the best of men. No wonder these puir bodies get silly. I mind, now, when I was a wee bit laddie at Doondrochty, the meenister once gave me a prize for recitin' a poem called 'I love cauld water.' Ah, Meester Heath, it's only ma early trainin' that helps me to keep guid and sober."

By about ten o'clock the decks were roughly swilled down, but no semblance of order was obtained, for the hatches still lay off, awaiting 400 tons of rails which were to be stowed in the after holds.

During the morning the crew began to turn up in oddments, and if Grant had been little prepossessed with the first samples, still less was he with the bulk. They were dock-sweepers, most of them, and of cosmopolitan extraction.

Later, a greasy, waddling Dutchman climbed aboard and announced himself as Jan Spaander, cook. His hair was yellow and his face was round, and fat, and white. There was a scar across his forehead, where he had once been hit by a flying saucepan during a gale two days out from Santander, and it was apparent from the nature of the growth round his chin and lips that he shaved clean sometimes.

He was roundly rated on appearing, the mate, whose temper had been gradually growing worse, criticising his lateness, his personal appearance, and even his ancestry on both sides for several generations, in so complete a manner that the Dutchman promptly disappeared among the pots and pans in the galley.

Throughout the day the half-drunken, ill-trained crew were hounded round under the lash of the mate's execrations and the milder persuasion of his second, yet even when late afternoon came on and tide-time approached, the decks of the *Creole* were like a scrap-dealer's yard.

"The old man hasn't arrived," said the mate, looking at his watch with some anxiety. "The dock-gates will be open in half-an-hour. Foolish, I call it, running it so close as this. And one or two of the crew's missing too. We're a couple of firemen and three deck-hands short. That'll mean making up with pier-head jumpers. Hullo! here's the pilot, and, great Scott! here are the bonded stores alongside. I'd forgotten they weren't aboard."

The pilot was a dried-up little man, who looked as if the salt breezes had evaporated all the filling from him, but he was dressed with scrupulous care in patent-leather boots, well-creased trousers, and a coat that fitted him like a snake's skin. He was, further, glorious in a high starched collar and brown kid gloves. Dandy even in his walk, he came down the gangway with a sprightly step, and with, in fact, so much springiness, that he caused the man who followed on his heels to overbalance himself so that he became in immediate danger of falling down between the ship's side and the dock wall. To save himself, he dropped the case he was carrying.

"A nice lot of Pioneer for the fishes," laughed the customs officer who was witnessing the embarkation of the stores.

"Thunder! now we're going to be without a smoke to the Azores!" exclaimed the mate.

"Isn't the captain aboard?" asked the pilot, pettishly. "We shall have every bloomin' ship out before us if we don't look alive."

There was a sound of steam sirens and fog horns here and there from impatient vessels anxious to get into the channel.

"My stars! what a tank of a barge!" he added, dusting the coal grime from his gloved hand as he took it from the bridge-rail.

"You don't expect a liner, eh?" retorted the mate, "with a box of cotton wool to sit in, and a glass lid to keep off the smuts. Hullo! here's the old man."

Captain Sam Hudson came hurrying down the gangway. He moved with unseemly haste, casting swift, half-furtive glances this way and that about the deck of the *Creole*. As he stepped aboard, a young man took his portmanteau from him, and informed him that the papers were ready to sign below.

"Are you the new steward?" he said, absently.

"No, sir, second mate."

Hudson started slightly, his nostrils quivered, and a strange little fear came into his eyes. Then he took a deep breath, and cried out, hoarsely:—

"You are Mr. Heath, are you? Then, confound you, get out of this, sir, and don't hang about the gangway like a crimp that ain't been paid!"

He pushed Grant aside, and stumbled up to the bridge with a red mist before his eyes. Even the very worst of men usually have enough conscience to make cowards of them.

"There are five men short, sir," broke in the mate, "three firemen and two deck-hands."

"Round up some pier-head jumpers, then, Mr. Talbot," returned Hudson. "Quick; we must get clear in five minutes."

Within that astonishingly short time, from among the loafers on the wharf, five men, who were willing to take the risks and advantages of a voyage on board the good ship *Creole*, were obtained, and they were hurried below to sign articles as the cables were being slackened away.

Grant, sore at the skipper's reception of himself, was on the quarterdeck, looking after the stern moorings. Once, looking towards the bridge,

HE STRUCK A LIGHT AND DISCOVERED TWO SEAMEN.

where Hudson was stationed by the side of the pilot, he caught the former's glance curiously regarding him, but it was instantly removed when the mate's voice from the forecastle-head cried out in reply to the pilot's query: "All clear ahead, sir?"

"Slack wire aft."

"Slack wire aft it is, sir," echoed Grant.

The telegraph rang out, and the screw churned up the muddy water with half a dozen turns, while the vessel glided imperceptibly from the quay.

"Slack away 'stern—steady—leggo aft!"

There came a hurrying of feet on the quarter-deck, and an instant later a dull splash as the heavy hempen cable was loosed from the quay and drawn in by Grant and his unsteady men. The rope was stowed villainously.

"Can't you do better than that, my lads?" cried Grant, watching them. "That rope will be in knots if you're not careful."

"Mr. Heath, what in the name of mischief are you fooling at with that cable?" yelled Hudson savagely from the bridge. "This ain't a pleasure yacht."

"Friend o' the howner's," he murmured to the pilot, who nodded his head approvingly; "a kid-gloved swab as I've got ter show wot's wot to."

"Ha!" said the pilot expressively. He looked at his own gloves, and his well-cut clothes, and he rolled his chin round his collar prosperously while he glanced below.

"When second mates begin to put on airs," he said, "the only thing ter do is ter squash 'em. O' course, it ain't as if they was skippers."

"Or pilots," suggested Hudson.

"Well, well, o' course, we 'as a certain dignity to keep up. Just try one of these cigars, cap'n. They're the sort yer can't buy."

CHAPTER VI.

OVER THE TAFFRAIL.

"STOOARD!"

Captain Hudson was reclining in his bunk inside his cabin. He was smoking a cigar, and beside him, on a locker, propped up in an empty biscuit tin, was a half-emptied bottle of ship's brandy.

It was five days since the *Creole* had left Cardiff, and, from clearing the Channel Islands, he had not gone on deck. He had stopped in his cabin in a continuous atmosphere of cognac and tobacco, this being Sam Hudson's idea of deep-sea navigation, from a master's point of view.

"Stooard, hey-up! Oh! you're there!" he cried as that functionary put his head round the door. "You green-gilled lubber, I'll teach you to sham ill!"

Captain Hudson chewed his cigar end at an aggressive angle.

"Look here, Pipp," he said, "what's going on forward? What are the men grumbling about?"

"The vittals, sir. They say the food's all rotten," continued the steward, "and then there ain't no bacca."

"Right—O. What time is it?"

"Six o'clock, sir."

"Great Jupiter! Why don't you say four bells? Well, just go on deck and hang around among the men with your ears open. Just see who is the chief grumbler, and I'll make an example of him. Now scoot."

So Thomas Piper, late dispenser of "eggs on" and "roast and Yorkshire," crawled out in abject obedience. When he went out on deck, he looked forward and saw a group of men gathered together under the lee of the galley. A strong westerly gale was lifting the head-seas over the forecastle head, so that the water swept aft in a green wash among the ankles of the men gathered there, but they were heedless, as if already they had reached so supreme a point of misery that a little more discomfort didn't matter. They were talking rapidly, with excited voices. Among them was Brady, the bo'sun, who gesticulated violently, and pointed to something the cook held in his hand. He seized, as he spoke, the something, which proved to be a piece of salt pork stabbed on the end of a marlinspike, and held it up for inspection.

"Jah, it vos all der same," echoed the cook.

"Diablo!" snapped a Gibraltar Spaniard named Gonzalez, "it is pigs' food."

"Goah!" growled one of the firemen, "here's the stu'rd. Wot price goin' and talkin' to the old man now?"

"Jah, dot vos so," cried Spaander, "der vos cholera in der meat. It make me ill to hold my face over it."

"Here, stu'rd," cried the bo'sun, thrusting the pork under the newcomer's eyes. "This is wot we 'ave to eat."

Piper stepped back hurriedly.

"It don't seem so fresh as it might," he assented.

"Well, if you ain't very careful and very good, *you'll* have to eat it," said the bos'un severely. "Now, just go down to the old man and say as we want to see him."

When Hudson came up the companion, he saw a group of sullen-faced malcontents gathered together abaft the engine-room.

"Mutiny, eh?" he muttered, under his breath. "I'll give 'em a lesson."

With face aflame, he came on deck, and walked aggressively towards them. Two or three of the firemen seemed to hesitate and step back, but for the most part the men held their ground; and the bo'sun, striding forward a pace, instituted himself spokesman.

"Now, my lads, wot is it?" cried the skipper, fiercely regarding the group.

"Well, sir," said the bo'sun, shuffling his feet a little awkwardly, "we don't want to be disrespectful, but there ain't no bacca on this ship for one thing, though it ain't that as we are grumbling about so much as that we can't eat the food."

"The blazes! You dock rats! Can't eat it, eh? When you know very well that on shore you'd be glad to beg such grub."

"But the pork is uneatable, sir," replied the bo'sun, flushing.

Hudson took the pork from the Swede's hand and examined it thoroughly. "Any more complaints?" he asked, his mouth setting hard.

Gonzalez stepped forward with a mouldy biscuit in his hand.

"Dis, captain," he said, showing his yellow teeth in a snarl, "is no good bread for any man."

"You rock-scorpion!" snapped Hudson. "You come from Gib., don't you, where a crust and a soft grape is a feast among such as you? Such tack as this biscuit is a pile too good for you. Now, take it and eat it, you confounded dago!"

He snatched the biscuit out of the Spaniard's hand, as he spoke, and flung it full in his face. Almost with the same movement of his body, he raised the piece of meat on the marlinspike, and struck Hansen across the mouth with it.

"Now, you scum," he roared, "go back to your quarters!" and with that he swung round and went below.

This seemed the opening incident in the long chapters of mischance that were presently to befall the *Creole*.

The men went forward, almost openly mutinous, nor, when the watch was changed at eight bells, would they turn out.

The mate was below; and Grant, who was in charge of the bridge, was loth to send aft and rouse him out; so, deeming it better to smooth matters over himself, if it were possible, he went forward, intent on reasoning with the men. For it was one thing to be dissatisfied with the food, and another to break into open insubordination.

"It's no good, sir. We can't work without grub," cried Johnson, one of the firemen.

"That's it, sir," said the bo'sun, "we ain't got no complaints to make agen you or the mate, but the old man treats us like dogs. I know a bit o' sea-law, and we ain't goin' to stand it, sir. Look at this offal as is sent in to us as meat."

Grant looked into a tin dish containing a piece of salted beef which was handed to him. It was mostly green in colour and emitted a most disagreeable odour. "You have my sympathy, men," replied Grant, setting it down with an exclamation of disgust.

"Oh, indeed, you mutinous scoundrel!" cried a voice hoarse with fury on the stairs above, and the next moment Captain Hudson was standing before them, his face distorted and his body trembling with rage. He must have followed on Grant's heels. He seemed to take no notice of the men, directing all his passion upon the second mate. He turned to Grant, hissing out his words like the whistling of a lash.

"You swab! You kid-gloved friend of the owners! You confounded sleek-faced villain! Is this how you do your duty? coming here and making mutiny among my crew! By thunder! you dog, out you go, or I'll have you logged and put in irons for leaving the bridge!"

His hand went diving into his jacket-pocket, and the next instant he was gripping a revolver in his fingers. There were all the ingredients of a first-class tragedy here. Perhaps the story of the *Creole* would never have needed to have been written, but that Grant Heath, knowing how futile any open quarrel with the skipper would be, and how all the disadvantage would, sure as fate, fall upon himself, stifled the rebellion that was raging within him, and returned to the bridge.

Perhaps, had he been otherwise circumstanced, he would have been less inclined to submit silently to this unwarrantable bullying, but his future career depended much on this voyage, his first one as an officer aboard a steamship, and he felt that at all costs, save the sacrificing of his manhood and self-respect, he must keep the peace.

No thought had come upon him yet that Hudson had any special grudge against himself, but a word from the mate as they were changing watch that night suggested something.

He had told Talbot what had occurred, when the other came up to take over the watch. The mate slowly filled his pipe with his squat fingers, and looked contemplatively at the bare and smoke-begrimed masts, after the manner of one who had spent his life on ships that sail.

"You are a friend of old Mr. Channing's, ain't you?" he said.

"I know Mr. Channing," answered Grant.

A momentary picture of an old-fashioned room, with a white-haired man sitting there and a sweet-faced girl beside him, flashed across his memory; then the mate's husky voice broke in.

"The skipper don't like friends of the owners about," he said, putting his hand on Grant's shoulder. "Now turn in and forget all about it."

And Grant, the kindly touch of the mate's hand still lingering on his shoulder, went below feeling happier. He felt that he was not quite friendless aboard.

Every day Grant expected developments in the forecastle, for he had been on ill-provisioned ships before, and had witnessed scenes from such causes

that don't often get into print, but to his surprise things seemed to quieten down, though discipline was lax enough. He learned later through the steward that a small keg of rum had been sent forward by Captain Hudson, which accounted for the crew's sudden contentment.

At one bell (a quarter to four p.m.) on the tenth day out, the Azores were sighted, and two hours later the *Creole* dropped anchor off Fayal, in the harbour of Villa da Horta.

In this clime there is little or no dusk. As the bumboats came out from the shore laden with goods, mostly of an eatable, drinkable, and smokable nature, the sun was shining like amber on the shelving hills, where the white houses gleamed like dominoes amid the greenery of fig and orange, but by the time the clamouring hawkers were under the ship's side darkness had fallen, and only the twinkling lights ashore, and the countless stars above, were visible.

Much took place at Fayal that, if not directly responsible, at least contributed largely to the strange happenings that were so soon to overtake the *Creole*.

Apart from the gift of rum in the forecastle, Hudson had supplemented his generosity by allowing each man five mil-reis credit while in port, for it had penetrated to his clouded brain that, considering the work he had to do, a hostile crew would not make things any the easier for him.

In consequence of this, it was a red-letter day—or night—with the bumboats of Villa da Horta, and when the *Creole* weighed anchor the evening following, each man was primed to the stock with cigars and native wine.

The engine room was little better, for the chief and the second had successfully worked the oracle of taking in bunkers to the profit of all concerned, the owners excepted, and as a reward for winking at the variable quality of the coal, and keeping a careless sort of tally of the amount, had been rewarded by the coal merchants with a considerable quantity of *vino tinto*.

The disorder grew more acute aboard the *Creole*. That evening the sun slipped redly down in a stormy sky, and, lashed by a south-westerly gale, the sea ran heavily as darkness came on.

"Don't you think them awning-poles ought to be taken in, Mr. Heath?" said the bo'sun, who was at the wheel.

He was probably the only thoroughly sober man among the crew. Grant stood beside him. He looked at the seas pounding over the forecastle-head; the gale was increasing in force every minute.

"Yes, but there's not a man to do it, and I don't want you to leave the wheel," he said. "I tried to rouse them out a while ago."

He went below and walked aft. The poles were shivering and straining in the blast; when the wind increased, for a certainty they would be carried overboard. On the port quarter a stretch of canvas flapped with loud reports, like a gun going off. He considered a moment, then mounted the taffrail to unfasten it. As he stood there, labouring against the pressure of the wind, he saw a figure stagger across the light from the companion. It was the captain. He came towards Grant with unsteady footsteps, glaring at him with reddened eyes.

"What are yer doin' there?" he said, in a thick voice.

"I am unshipping these awning-poles, sir," replied Grant, impatiently, "which is the crew's work, and not mine."

"Then, confound it, why don't you rouse 'em up, you lazy, brass-bound swab?"

"Because," shouted Grant, stung to fury by the other's insult, "they are in the same condition as yourself, Captain Hudson—*drunk*."

The next moment the master of the *Creole* lurched heavily forward and struck out madly at the figure on the taffrail. Grant Heath clutched the air a moment, and then, with a cry that the wind carried away, he fell into the hissing wake of the labouring steamer. Hudson looked over the taffrail with protruding eyes that had fear and horror written in them. Of a sudden he was rendered sober. He gazed below, but he saw nothing but black, hissing water, and he heard no sound but the shriek of the storm and the flapping of the shreds of awning canvas above his head. As if acting from an impulse that did not belong to him, he slashed adrift a life-buoy and flung it far astern. Then, with a great horror on his face, he staggered below.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN HOWELL INTERVENES.

THERE appeared in the log-book of the *Creole*, under date September 3rd, a melancholy entry recording the loss of the second mate when but five hours out of Fayal. It appeared that no one saw him fall overboard, but that this was his fate was rendered abundantly clear by the evidence of the bo'sun, who was steering at the time, and who testified that Grant Heath left the bridge to go aft with the intention of unshipping the awning-poles, which, being partly canvased, were

in danger of being carried away, as a strong wind was blowing at the time. In attempting this work, it was evident, therefore, that he had been blown overboard, and thus, in the morning, the mate with unsteady hand—for this otherwise reliable mariner had not escaped the contagious thirst that was running loose on the *Creole*—duly entered the record of Grant Heath's death in the log-book.

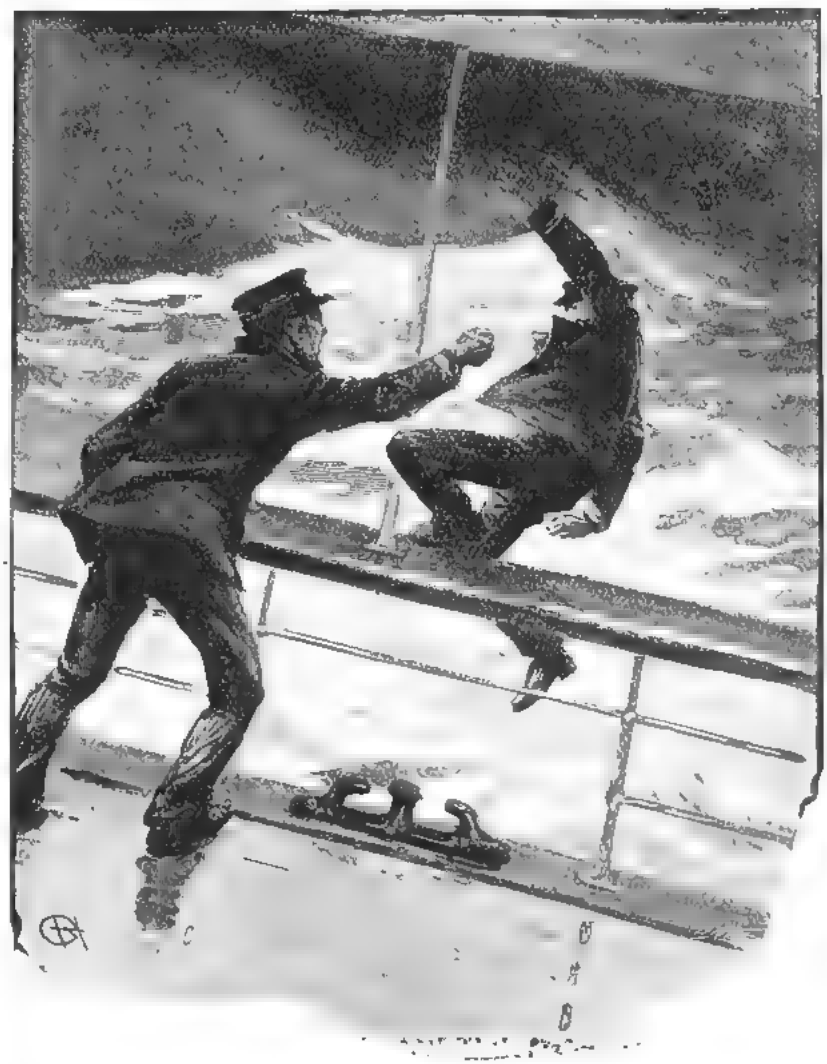
It seemed that the terrible event had the effect of steadying this officer for a time, for not only did he serve his own watches vigilantly during the next three days, but he kept a careful eye on the bo'sun, who necessarily undertook the duties of the lost second mate, and no less regularly did he go into the forecastle and hound out some portion of the crew to their duty.

One day, being in a frolicsome mood, a few of the hands rushed the cook's galley and helped themselves to the captain's pet dishes.

Notwithstanding Captain Hudson's persistent libations, he still continued to be hungry, so that when he learned there was going to be no dinner for him that day, and the reason for it, his rage knew no bounds; and when Pipp's half coherent tale—for the steward was in a state of mental and physical collapse—soaked into his fuddled brain, he realised that the state of things aboard the *Creole* was such as called for immediate and violent treatment. For, though in the ordinary course of events Captain Hudson was scarcely ever anything but half-sober when on the high seas, his seaman's instinct taught him the importance of his officers and men keeping rigid discipline; so when these signs of gross disorder were conveyed to him, his first act was to make his way to the mate's berth.

That officer he discovered sitting up in his bunk, yawning.

He looked up straight at his chief with lack-lustre eye.



STRUCK OUT MADLY AT THE FIGURE ON THE TAFFRAIL.

"You scoundrel," cried Hudson, in fierce anger, "is this how you look after the navigation of this ship?"

And he violently seized the other by the collar in his powerful grasp and dragged him right out of the berth on to the cabin floor.

This bumping about revived the mate's activity,

for the next instant he was on his feet raining blows fast upon the skipper.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" cried Hudson, hoarse with rage, "come on deck, then, and receive the biggest thrashing you've ever had in your life."

The two tumbled up the companion stairs, upsetting the steward, who was bringing down some hot coffee, and then, almost before they were on deck, they flew at each other.

It was several seconds before the man at the wheel realised what was happening on the quarter-deck. His attention was first attracted by the excited cries of the first engineer, who, as the two officers fought, danced round them in a kind of frenzy, swinging his banjo excitedly, first cheering one and then the other of the combatants. When the steersman observed the identity of the fighters, overcome by the excitement and novelty of the situation, he left the steering-gear to look after itself, and ran to the forecastle head.

"By the great Jehoshophat, boys, come on deck!" he yelled. "Here's the skipper and the mate chawing each other on the poop."

Then he ran aft, so that he might not miss a moment of the entertainment, followed by the excited crowd, who came tumbling up the forecastle ladder with such eagerness that a little heap of them lay on the slippery fore-deck, just as a mighty sea thundered over the bows upon them. Drenched to the skin, they hurried aft, but paused instinctively when level with the after winch, for to all seamen the quarter-deck is more or less sacred; but, seeing the combat was in real earnest, they crept towards the poop.

It was a free and easy fight, for both men were far too unsteady to hit or guard with any precision, while the insecure foothold afforded on the wet deck by the madly rolling vessel only increased the erratic nature of the duel.

McPherson, from executing a sort of war-dance round them, became so excited that now and then he would get so close to them that he received numerous blows not intended for him, which so aroused his Highland blood that he went for both men, aiming blows at them with his festive banjo, till an extra plunge of the ship sent all three staggering into the scuppers.

The next moment the steamer, with no one steering, seemed to be lifted bodily out of the water, as she came beam to the sea. She heeled over, there came a fearful roar of the racing screw, and, in an instant, the *Creole* was more under the water than above it.

The bo'sun and a couple of hands fought their way through the blinding, washing seas to the bridge. They clung to the wheel, and presently brought the ship round.

The fight recommenced, but it was of short duration. Hudson, getting a heavy blow in between his opponent's eyes, sent him flying into the after-steering gear, from which place he was rescued by the panic-stricken steward and the second engineer, Watson, and with much difficulty carried below.

"A bonny scrap, a vera bonny fecht," gurgled McPherson, thumbing a sort of triumphal march upon his tuneless banjo. "Dinna ye think a sma' three fingers, skipper, ter celebrate your triumph——?"

"Yes, my lads," cried Hudson, inflamed with victory, "come down below with me. 'Ere Pipp, you scoundrel, get out a case of Schnapps."

The whole of that afternoon the greater part of the *Creole's* crew were down in the saloon. Towards evening Hudson appeared to think the carousal in the cabin had gone far enough, and drove the whole lot out at the point of his revolver.

The bo'sun, who, except the stoker on duty, was the only semi-sober man on the ship, deeming it to be tea-time, lashed down the helm and went to look up the cook. That worthy he found stowed away under a sailcloth far down the forepeak, an empty bottle by his side, quietly singing hymns to himself.

If all the inglorious doings of that crew, during the next five days, were to be chronicled, they would make a good-sized volume. Order and discipline were non-existent.

No watches were kept, no observations made, and the vessel was only kept on her course by guesswork.

Captain Hudson stayed in his cabin, utterly neglectful of every duty. He lay in his bunk, for the most part a victim to the intensest depression and fear, which all his wild bibulations failed to alleviate. Occasionally, in his madness, he would cry out, because a white face would look at him through the port-hole, and a scream, oft repeated, would come to his ears. He could not forget.

Talbot, hourly growing more incapable, spent most of his time in the engineers' mess-room. As to the crew, a new element of disorder had arisen with the discovery that there lay at hand unlimited material for rowdiness. It chanced that two of the firemen, being taken down into the engine-room by the ever-generous chief engineer, noticed that the refreshments offered to them were greatly superior to those which had been obtained at Fayal. A glance at the labels confirmed this assumption, and the suspicion that the engineers had been broaching cargo at once came

uppermost in their minds. This belief was communicated to the donkey-man, who, keeping careful watch, discovered that Watson paid more visits to the cross-bunkers than were consistent with his interest in the coal supply, and in making a thorough search he observed in the bunker, where the second's visits had been most persistent, that a circular plate in the iron bulkhead, held down by well-oiled screws, so that it could be easily removed, covered an entrance to the hold.

Watching his opportunity, he unscrewed this plate, and, entering the hold, discovered that his suspicions had been correct. There were cases and cases of liquor, some broken open, others pulled forward ready for use, and, so far as he could see, enough to last an unlimited time.

A dozen bottles were carried forward in an ash-bucket.

At first the bo'sun and one or two of the English seamen held back from participating in this find, for the broaching of cargo is, in a seaman's eyes, the most unpardonable of crimes, but little by little they were drawn into it, till there was nothing to choose between them. Matters grew worse.

The long strips of gulf-weed that the gale had wrapped around the white-streaked funnel and patched weather-dodgers, the untidiness of the decks, the litter of broken bottles, cases and fragments of food that lay about, all were eloquent of the state of disorder to which the *Creole* had been reduced, and, but for the fact that the violence of wind and wave had abated, the old tramp, quite uncontrolled as she was, would not have remained above water an hour.

On the sixth day since leaving the Azores, the third engineer, coming on duty in a very unsteady state, made his way first of all to the bunkers whence the perilous broached cargo could be reached, and coming back fell heavily over a heap of greasy cotton waste, half-way between the door leading from the engine room to the stoke-hole, and there lay on the plates much bruised and too helplessly fuddled to get up. No one came near him, and as the stoker, who had just gone off duty, not having been relieved, had given the fires but poor attention, steam was kept up only irregularly, and the crisis was reached when, through lack of oiling, the head-going eccentric strap "seized" and got bent.

From this time the fires were not tended, and when the third engineer awoke out of his stupor he discovered that the engines had stopped. He staggered up the ladders, thrown this way and that (for the ship, having no one at the helm, had fallen away, and was rolling in the trough of the sea with a dull, long, heavy motion), and made his way to the deck. He found McPherson sitting abaft the engine-room, hugging his banjo and crooning softly to himself in unintelligible Gaelic, while Watson, the second, was lying on a tarpaulin under the combing of No. 3 hatch, sobbing hysterically.

Down in the saloon was utter silence, but from the forecastle there came the sound of hoarse singing that was without time or rhythm, and presently that ceased.

Bottles were lying about the deck in every direction, clinking on the iron as the vessel rolled from side to side. The third engineer made his way to the galley, for he was desperately hungry, but finding the stove cold, and nothing to eat, he returned to his comrades, and knocking the neck off a bottle applied himself to the contents.

As he drank, gazing vacantly round the horizon, his eyes fell upon a ship—a barque—not half-a-mile away, drawing up on the weather bow. He paused just a moment to look at her, without comprehending that she was flying signals of distress; then, setting his head back, he fell asleep with the warm afternoon sun on his face.

* * * * *

"Gee-whiz! what lubberly shell-backs can be navigating that ship, hey?"

Captain Jasper Howell snapped out the words viciously. He was a long man, with a short temper and virulent tongue to correspond. When he had made several attempts to signal the steamer, without success, he grew wrathful, and stamped his feet on his own quarter-deck impatiently, while he muttered criticisms both eloquent and peculiar regarding any skipper and crew who could be so deficient in the common courtesy of the ocean as to ignore his most urgent signals.

For the *Stella*, since leaving Barcelona for New Orleans, seven weeks before, had known nothing but bad weather. Out of the Mediterranean, she had met gale after gale, driving her back and hopelessly out of her course, till at the moment of sighting the *Creole* she was so low in stores and general necessities of life, by reason of the seas having smashed in the store-room hatch, that she straightway bore down on the steamer, purposing to beg assistance.

"Is she a derelict, Mr. Skinner?" growled Captain Howell. "What d'you make of her?"

The mate stood beside him with a telescope glued to his right eye.

"Can't see no one aboard, sir," answered that officer. "There's narry a soul on the bridge, and I reckon no one's been at the helm for quite a spell by the way she's fallen off. She's lying like a weary whale on the water. I guess all their coal's used up, and they're down below stitching

their togs together to make canvas. Gosh! she rolls like a barrel!"

He lowered the glass, and handed it to the captain. He was a small bulgy man, with a shock of greyish hair and a comic squint. He cast his eyes reflectively up at the string of flags that made out the distress signal, and to the ensign of the stars

"There's little enough of it. It doesn't look as if there was any steam up. The ship must have been abandoned, and, if so, there'll be stores aboard, and, Mr. Skinner, I guess I'm going to have 'em, sure. We've starved and thirsted long enough, and you bet, sir, there'll be grub and water aboard that craft, derelict or whatever she may be."

"I AM GOING TO SEIZE THE HULL DARNATION SHIP!" HE SAID, DECISIVELY.

and stripes that blew out at the head of the mainmast; then he rubbed his hands and whistled to himself.

"It's a derelict, or I'm a Dutchman," said Howell, shutting the glass with a snap.

"Then how do you account for the smoke coming out of the funnel?"

"S'pose they're all down with cholera," suggested the mate, pleasantly, "or measles?"

"If it's black plague I'm going right aboard," answered the Yankee skipper, vehemently. "We might as well die of plague as of starvation, for even if we have a fair wind to the Bahamas, we haven't enough grub to pan out. Whip out the port

boats, my lads," he cried to the men, "and smart about it."

Within a few minutes the master of the *Stella*, with the bo'sun and three men, was making his way towards the *Creole*. The sea was very smooth, though the steamer, having no way on her, rolled almost continuously in the oily, almost imperceptible swell, so that it was a matter of some difficulty to get aboard. This accomplished, however, by Howell and the bo'sun, the boat lay a few fathoms off while the two made a tour of inspection.

Jasper Howell glanced swiftly round at the litter of bottles that encumbered the deck, then, seeing the engineers in the hopeless condition already indicated, he gave a prolonged whistle. The second and third engineers lay snoring on the tarpaulin, while the first, having lost his interest in his banjo as a musical instrument, was vainly attempting to use the reversed head of it as a drinking vessel.

Captain Howell took in the situation with Yankee quickness. He had seen this sort of thing before.

"She aint a derelict, so what about scooping in some stores, sir?" asked the bo'sun of his chief.

Howell glanced keenly round the *Creole*. He clicked his teeth with a snap like the shutting of a steel trap.

"*I am going to seize the hull tarnation ship!* he said, decisively.

(To be continued.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 12th.

The Results will be published in January.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"Four Towns"** (FINAL LIST).—In one of the advertisement pages you will find a form to cut out and send up after you have filled in the names of the towns. All the towns contain over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Twelve Best-known People in the World."**—Name them, and send your lists on post-cards. The senders of the three most correct lists will receive 7s. each.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—**"If I had to be an Animal."**—Well, suppose you had to be; what sort of animal would you prefer to be, and why? Keep your answers within 400 words, and remember to write very distinctly and only on one side of the paper. The three prizes will be articles from our advertisement pages (to be chosen by the winners) to the value of 7s.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Map of the Nile."**—Draw a map showing the course of the Nile and the principal places in its basin. The prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS, or their money equivalent.

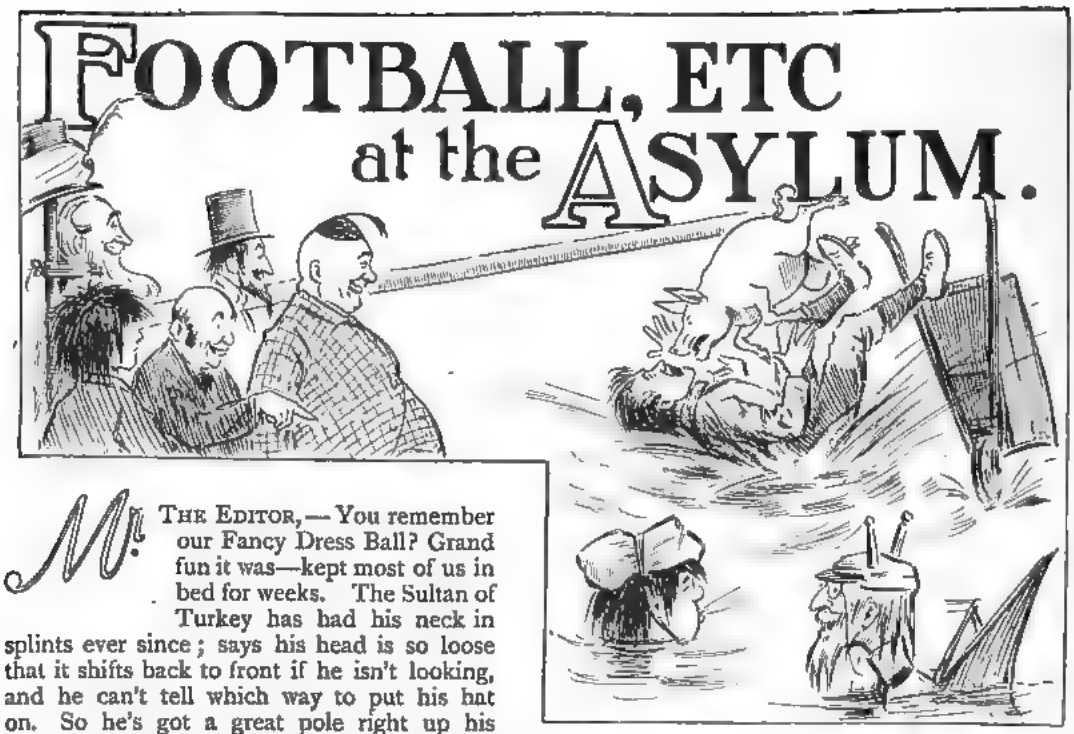
Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."**—(*a*) An essay on "How We Travel," limited to 400 words; (*b*) a photograph taken by yourself or a drawing executed by yourself (any subject); (*c*) an essay on "Our Coinage," limited to 400 words. Competitors may attempt all three subjects. A prize of 10s. in each class will be awarded. Competitions must reach us by March 12th, 1902.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.

FOOTBALL, ETC at the ASYLUM.



MY DEAR EDITOR,—You remember our Fancy Dress Ball? Grand fun it was—kept most of us in bed for weeks. The Sultan of Turkey has had his neck in splints ever since; says his head is so loose that it shifts back to front if he isn't looking, and he can't tell which way to put his hat on. So he's got a great pole right up his back, with his neck lashed to the upper end of it, and as it projects a good way above his head he sticks his old Imperial Hatt on the top of it, and looks as ridiculous and idiotic as you like. Upon my word, I sometimes think he's a bit m——you know what I mean, but we never mention the word here, some of my college mates are so absurdly touchy.

The poor old Grand Vizier's face is better. We got some sand-paper and cleaned it up properly for him; in fact, I'm afraid we rather over-did it, for his nose is nearly flush with his face now, and we took the polish completely off one eye.

Well, since then we've had another entertainment. Football! What do you think of that? We waited until the season had set in decidedly, and then we challenged Colwell Hatchney again. They came like a shot, with a whole sackful of balls to choose from—cricket balls, and croquet balls, and cannon balls, and billiard balls, and all the rest of it, but they hadn't got a football; said they thought we could "make out" with the others, as they were rather short of footballs that season, "the disease was so bad among them."

We didn't mind. We had an old football of our own which was busted and wouldn't hold any wind, so we loaded it up with shot until it weighed half a ton at least, and *we let them kick off!* My word! You should have seen it! Their captain ran fifty yards at full burst, and let fly a kick at it that would have landed it in China had it been the common, vulgar kind of football, but as it was it hardly budged an inch, and as for *him*—well, he gave a yell that blew the Sultan's old Hatt off its pole, and lodged it fifty feet up in an elm tree, and then he fell on his back and squirmed. We laughed till we were all very ill, and the Ambulance Corps rushed in with their stretcher, and waltzed him round and round the field to the tune of "Old Bob Ridley," till he fell out on his head, and the referee gave us a dropped goal and one for his nob.

Who do you think we had as referee? Why, Colonel Bogie, of course! You've heard of him? He's nailing good at games — always beats everybody, you know — so we wouldn't let him play, but made him touch-judge and referee all in one. We dressed him up as well as we could in keeping with his name, with bat's wings and ears and a long tail, and when he came out of the scoring tent half the other team set up a screech and bolted for the nearest trees. They haven't been seen since, but from the noise up there we think they must be starting a rookery. So that counted to us again—fifteen two and 11¾d. We were getting on. But the rest of their team were annoyed about something—we never found out what—and they went for Colonel Bogie, unloaded their old rag-bag of all its balls, and started out after him in real earnest. My wig! You should have seen him go! He bolted like the wind, as you may

imagine, and made for the island in the middle of our pond. It meant a long swim and a strong swim and a swim all together—I mean, by himself—and he got on very well for a yard or two. Then he tried to turn back. We all lined the bank and pelted him with clods or anything handy, amidst shrieks of laughter, until one of the others caught him on the nose with a puff-ball, and he blew his whistle and went to the bottom! So poor old Colonel Bogie holed out at last, and won the handicap; we always thought he would. Of course, after that the match was ours — two Bunkers and a Stymie against a Brassey.

At the call of half-time everybody who had passed the sixth standard and was over thirteen years of age took part in the "Pig and Grunt Competition." Really quite as good fun as the football. It was grand sport to see one after another trying to wheel the greasy pig along the pole, and falling into the pond on top of each other, while the pig sailed about in the wheelbarrow with a blue riband round his neck and a piece of holly in his mouth. Of course, they disturbed the weeds a bit, and to him, it's his teeth—they're always chattering. Nice gum-boils he's got on them, too!

After the competition was over—we won, by the way: two grunts and a squeak to nothing—the pig was harnessed to the barrow, and we all got in and drove home, waving imaginary flags and singing "We won't go home till morning," which from the rate at which we travelled seemed more than probable. However, at the mention of the word "Sausages," the pig took to his heels and bolted, so the wheelbarrow upset and we all arrived home, quite bruised and battered, and perfectly happy and contented, and sat down to a "high" tea, at which, it is almost unnecessary to mention, all the viands had been "hung" for an unusually protracted period. These consisted principally of fish and eggs, and the pig occupied a prominent position in the centre dish, and created great amusement by his efforts to escape.

After tea songs were freely rendered by various members, the whole company rising at the finish and singing "Oom, sweet Oom," in honour of the ex-President of the Transient Republic. At midnight, to the surprise of everyone, the clock struck, and refused to go any

HE GAVE A YELL THAT BLEW THE SULTAN'S OLD HATT OFF ITS POLE.

everybody's surprise Colonel Bogie suddenly turned up again; said he'd only been "*lying dormy*," but when someone flung the old football in after him he caught hold of it, and with its aid reached the shore. He said he found it a little damp down there, "but nothing to speak of." It's all very well for him to talk like that, but perhaps he can't help it. It's not more, so we crammed all our guests into the wheelbarrow, shoved the pig in on top of them, wished them a hearty good-bye, and turned the hose on them. They went home like anything, and a more delightful and enjoyable day was never spent by,—Yours truly,

THE K—G OF THE C——L ISLANDS.

(I didn't mean to let it out, but never mind.)

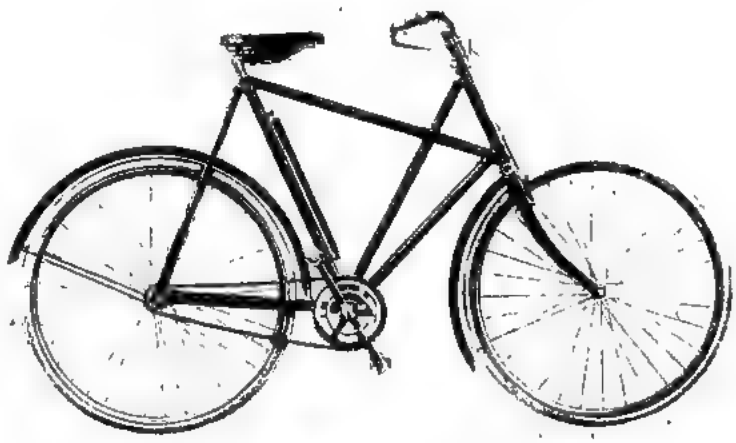
THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

THE COMING SHOWS.

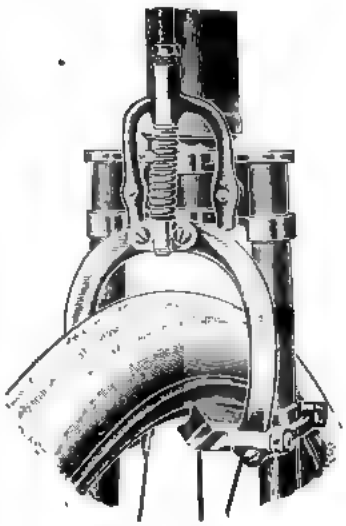
AN EXHIBITION has been rather aptly defined as a sort of demonstration of the world's progress since the previous exhibition was held. On a smaller scale, the same truth is applicable to a cycle show. It is, from its very nature, a demonstration of all, or of most, that has been done by makers of cycles and cycle accessories since the time of the show preceding it. Personally, I delight in a cycle show, and every fellow who takes an interest in the mechanical side of cycling, as every cyclist should, ought to attend the nearest show available for as many of the days that it is open that he can possibly manage to put in. I generally study the London shows and several of the provincial ones, and have more than once gone abroad with a similar object in view. The Paris show used to be a splendid exhibition of what was being done on the Continent, and in America, too; but latterly it has sadly dwindled in importance, and at the present moment I cannot say whether it is at all likely to be representative of what the Continent can do. But whatever show you visit, it is well to have a systematic method before you, so as to be sure that you study it in the right way. I have seen numberless people who seemed to be consumed with the idea that the only thing required of them was to collect as many catalogues as possible; and they would go home with all their pockets stuffed full with them, in the fond hope that at some time an opportunity would offer for careful study of their contents. The best way is to think as you go round, picking up only such literature as will remind you of something you have more than half learnt at the show itself, and then everything in your pocket will be of real value when you get home.

I propose to deal with a very few things that are sure to be shown at the shows, or very nearly sure. They may not all be novelties, for novelties in these days are chiefly confined to details, and such are not always of sufficient prospective profit to warrant those who exploit



CROSS FRAME RALEIGH LIGHT ROADSTER.

them in going to the expense of chartering a big stall. Of the old-established cycle firms there are few with any important novelty to offer. But any rider who will examine such exhibits as will be platformed by firms showing the Sunbeam, the Swift, the Rudge-Whitworth, the Bradbury, the Raleigh, or the Royal Enfield, will have the pleasure of seeing machines than which the world can produce no better. These are not necessarily the only ones that could be placed in a complete list of the wares that demand classification in the very first rank, but I name them because I am in direct communication with them on the subject of any novelties they may contemplate marketing, and because I know their wares to be of the very best.



BOWDEN FRONT WHEEL BRAKE.

The Centaur Company are again making a speciality of their feather-weight cross frame. It is a marvel of lightness, weighing, "all on," not more than 26½lbs., which is really an extraordinarily light weight for a fully equipped machine. There is something of a "rage" for cross-framed machines, and those who select

BOWDEN BRAKE LEVER.

one should be careful to choose a good one. The Centaur is certainly made of sound stuff. Only recently I examined one that had been ridden for ten years, over all sorts of roads, and on the track as well. It looked antiquated, of course, but it was, to all appearances, a thoroughly sound machine, and I should not mind riding round England, next week, on the very same.

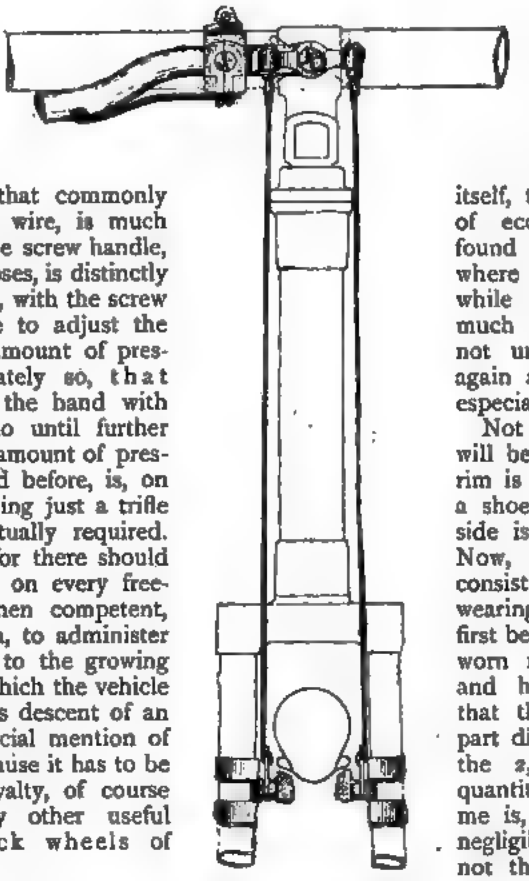
There is not likely to be very much in the way of new tyres at the coming shows. The Palmer people regard their tyre as practically perfect, and their standard pattern will therefore remain unaltered. Similarly, the Dunlop firm have seen no reason to make any radical alteration. The firm draw attention to the fact that both their wired and wireless varieties of tyres are made by their latest process of vulcanising the rubber and the outer fabrics together, instead of causing the same to adhere by means of solution. Apart from this there will be no change in the tyres, except the welcome one—to purchasers—that they are to be somewhat cheaper during the coming season.

It is difficult in an advance notice to deal adequately with the many aspects of cycling that are sure to be affected by the various exhibits. The matter of saddles is, however, always with us. I have spoken on other occasions of saddles which have seemed to me to have intrinsic excellences of their own. But I have not hitherto called attention to the merits of the Victor saddle, made by Messrs. E. & A. Noirit, of Walsall. It is nicely ventilated, having a deep opening down the middle line, and by the same means avoids pressure in those cases where pressure is a bugbear. It is readily adjustable, as all the good saddles are, and the rider must be clumsy indeed who cannot make it comfortable to his own requirements.

There may be expected a few novelties in brakes, for with the rapidly extending vogue of the free-wheel, a thoroughly trustworthy brake—not to say two brakes—attached to the machine becomes more and more obviously a *sine quâ non*. I would here again call attention to the merits of the Bowden arrangements. The invention of the Bowden wire for transmitting power round the angles and corners of the framework was a stroke of genius. It is probably the very best known way of getting tension transmitted

BOWDEN SCREW HANDLE GRIP.

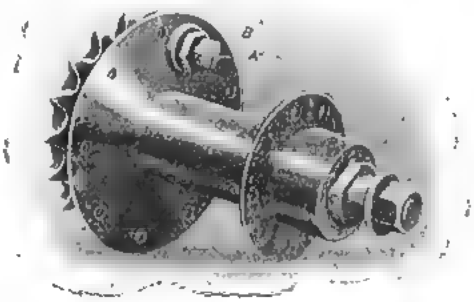
to the rim of the back wheel from the place where one grips the handle-bar. But the form of it in which the useful little trigger that commonly actuates the Bowden wire, is much better known than the screw handle, which, for some purposes, is distinctly its superior. You see, with the screw handle it is possible to adjust the brake to the exact amount of pressure, or approximately so, that you require, leaving the hand with no more work to do until further orders. The proper amount of pressure, as I have stated before, is, on long declines, something just a trifle short of what is actually required. The second brake—for there should always be a second on every free-wheel machine—is then competent, at the slightest touch, to administer the requisite check to the growing speed and impetus which the vehicle tends to gather in its descent of an incline. I make special mention of the Bowden wire because it has to be employed—under royalty, of course—in applying many other useful brakes to the back wheels of machines.



TILSTON & SALISBURY'S COMPENSATING BRAKE.

The compensating brake shown is a case in point, although this is primarily designed for application to front rims rather than to back ones. It is being manufactured by Messrs. Morgan Bros., Ltd., of Floodgate Street, Birmingham, and all particulars concerning it may be had either from them or from the patentees, Messrs. Tilston & Salisbury, of 62, Ayres Road, Manchester. It is so extremely recent an invention that I cannot say with certainty that it will be shown at the shows, but I make little doubt that such will be the case. The novelty of the brake lies in the compensation which its name implies. Most rim-brakes that are now upon the market are so constructed that the shoes rub very unevenly upon the rim. This is commonly due to unevenness in the rim itself; for, granted that a rim is true to begin with, it is almost sure, in the course of fair wear and usage, whether it be adjusted or left to itself, to develop a certain amount of eccentricity. There are then found to be segments of the rim where the shoes press hard on, while at other points they grip much less pronouncedly, and it is not unlikely that other segments again are entirely missed by them, especially during a fast "coast."

Not only is this the case, but it will be found that one side of the rim is sometimes being gripped by a shoe at a time when the other side is quite escaped by its fellow. Now, the defect here does not consist so much in the uneven wearing of the rim, as might at first be supposed. I have put badly worn rims under the micrometer, and have been surprised to find that the detrition in the thinnest part did not amount to as much as the 2,000th-part of an inch — a quantity which you will agree with me is, for all practicable purposes, negligible. The important point is not the bad wearing of the rim under such conditions, but rather the fact that the brake is not on all the time, and therefore misses something of its ideal efficiency. Messrs. Tilston & Salisbury's compensating brake has the merit of being on all the time you want it, clinging continuously to the rim, and with an even pressure on both sides of it. This effect is obtained by connecting the two brake-shoes to a swivel lever, which is free to oscillate about a fixed pin attached to the handle lever. This is well shown in the illustration. Of course, as in all rim-brakes, the method of application has ultimately to be a pulling-up action. In the diagram shown, it will be seen that this is got by a pushing-down movement, which, I may explain, is done by the



HUB OF THE RALEIGH FREE WHEEL AT WILL.

thumb, the return, or taking-off, being effected by the light spring shown. The brake, however, can be applied by a lever with its fulcrum situated on the far side of the head, in which case the action would be a pulling-up one, as is the case with the brake lever in the ordinary plunger brake, and would resemble the Linley brake, which I have previously spoken of as an excellent one for all front wheel work.

The firm will make either arrangement, as desired, but they wisely recommend the pull-up arrangement described. The actual pull is taken by two wires. Experimentally, these were wires that wrapped around two spindles, which were thus highly adjustable as regards the length of the wires. But the form of the brake which is to be made a feature of in the forthcoming season will be that in which two ordinary cycle spokes are employed as tension wires. These details, however, are details only. The main thing about the brake, and the point upon which its ultimate validity will depend, is the compensating swivel arrangement at the point of application of power from the brake lever. This is so designed that anyone can see at a glance, how, by a simple sort of see-saw arrangement, the pressure of the two shoes is kept on equally and continuously as long as the brake is required to act.

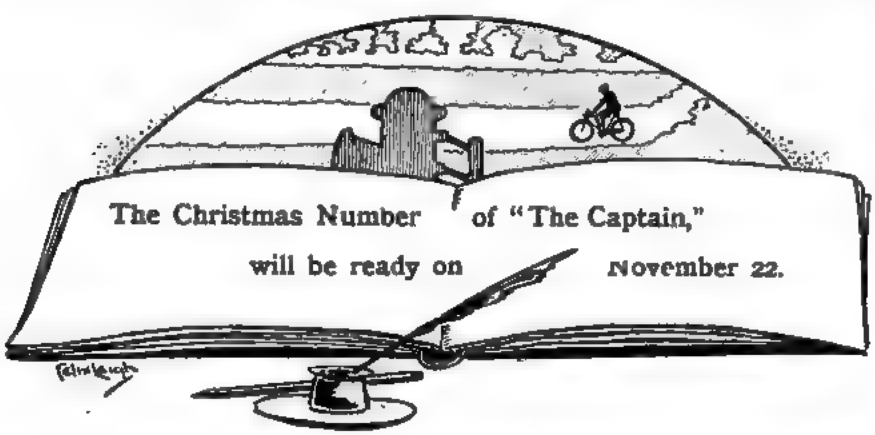
At the last moment I have received two "cuts" from the Raleigh firm. One is of their "Model No. 20 D." It is a light roadster, weighing 29lbs. "all on," and its design of cross frame is not only pleasing, but is one of those coming within the conditions I stated when dealing with cross frames generally. It will be observed that no one of the ends of the cross of the frame comes in contact with the middle of another tube, but that all junctions are made at terminal angles of the framework, and are there thoroughly well supported. The same firm has produced a "free wheel at will" hub. This is still another device, and a very good one, for changing a free gear to a fixed one, or *vice versa*. All that is necessary is to manipulate the contrivance marked "B" and "A." A bolt, which can be turned by a common wrench, is carried by a flange on the hub, and engages with an aperture in a corresponding flange upon the clutch. The arrangement is simplicity itself.

I have made no attempt to indicate all, or even a considerable portion, of the things of cycling interest that will probably be found at the forthcoming shows. That would be impossible at the time of writing. But perhaps I have indicated some of the directions in which students of these shows should look who wish to keep abreast with what is being done in the way of applying the art of engineering in the larger and lesser branches of cycle construction. The whole story of the growth of the beautiful vehicle of locomotion we can command to-day has been the story of added trifles; and if the shows of the present year of grace can offer us no more than trifles—which is, as yet, very far from certain—I would still advise every fellow, and, incidentally, every girl, who really cares about the pastime, to devote some serious days or evenings to a careful study of the shows.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. R. (Burton-upon-Trent).—I am very sorry that it is quite impossible to reply through the post. If you only saw my letter-bag you would readily forgive me. Your plan is a delightful one. As a first attempt, I should strongly recommend Bakewell as a centre. **"Marchie"** (Bolton).—I think it a fair offer, and you should find the machine all right. Some change gears are good; I will try to find opportunity to deal with the subject. The Swain and Horwich tyres are excellent value at the price. They are strong, and difficult to puncture; but, of course, that means that they are not fast. **C. E. Z.** (Mount Durand, Guernsey).—(1) I cannot advise you to purchase. (2) The sum you have is quite sufficient to buy something decent, and in the second-hand line it should command absolutely the world's very best productions. You should be able to succeed nearer home. (3) They rarely do; but dealers increase their discounts, which comes to the same thing, and private owners are generally more ready to sell.

H. P.



"CURIOUS CUSTOMS."

Some Essays by Foreign and Colonial Readers of "The Captain."

"IN ANTIGUA."
By May Malone.

THERE are few West Indian children who have not at some time of their lives gathered round an old nurse, or favourite servant, to listen eagerly to a "Jumbi Story," for, notwithstanding the number of churches, and these sixty-seven years of emancipation, the belief in jumbies is still widely spread, and in some districts an "obeah doctor," is paid to "set a jumbi" on anyone with whom his client happens to have a feud. The poor man's stock will then die, or some other calamity befall him, unless he has a counter charm worked by marking crosses on his windows and doors, and sprinkling holy water in his house, or even hiring a "jumbi catcher," who waits outside the house every night, until, with great shouts and cracking of his cart whip, he catches the jumbi and stakes him down on some distant hill.

The threat of "bottling up a person's shadow" is a common if mysterious one.

Should the country people, on their way home at night, have to pass a place where jumbies are seen, they turn their skirts or jackets on the wrong side to prevent the jumbies from following them, so that if a friend meets another with her dress on the wrong side, she will salute her thus: "Eh gal! you see jumbi?"

But let us leave the jumbies, and attend a country wedding. In spite of the low price of sugar, the guests (or "guesses" as they are sometimes called), make a fair show in their brilliant dresses. Very often the house is too small to accommodate the party, and a neighbour's house is borrowed for the day, and while the table is laid in one house the dancing is held in the other.

The better plan is sometimes adopted by erecting a tent with an awning of cocoanut boughs, which looks extremely pretty when decorated with flamboyant and other blossoms. The speeches and toasts are most amusing to listen to, and as it is not unusual for some members of a family to be serving while the others are guests, one might hear such a request as: "Mrs. Prince, kindly bring a clean plate for Mr. Prince."

The people have some strange ideas regarding animals. A necklace made of cashew nuts and bits of cork is supposed to cure a dog's cough; and if you pull a feather from a fowl's tail, burn it, pass it across its nostrils, and then bury it at the doorstep, that fowl will become tame, and never stray.

Singing meetings held on Sunday afternoons are very popular, and consist of Sankey's hymns and Scriptural debates. Perhaps Brother Tatty is asked to preside. He begins his speech thus: "Ladies and gentlemen,—I rise from my proxy or proxitorium, which is to say my chair, to address you a few words," etc.

The following questions were once asked at one of these meetings: "Do you know 'cripture? Yes. Well, tell me de place way Paul say to 'Grippa: ''low me to 'peak, for I 'tink meself wordy to 'peak as any odder else man.'"

Small prizes are often given to the best speakers.

These are some of the customs to which one is used, but which are full of interest to a stranger.

"IN PENANG."
By W. W. Davidson.

Naturally, in a place inhabited by people of many nationalities, as is Penang, there are many curious customs, but by far the most interesting are those of the Chinese, especially with regard to the future welfare of the dead. In the funeral procession, tables laden with food are carried, and are offered to the spirit of the dead person. At one funeral I counted no less than four goats, twenty pigs, and seventy-five ducks, all cooked whole, besides countless piles of cakes and fruits.

A month after the burial there are more sacrifices and prayers for the dead, Buddhist priests, who, by the way, make a good thing of it, officiating. On the morning of the day a lot of paper houses are fixed up in front of the deceased's home. These are cleverly made, being stuck on light bamboo frames, and decorated with tinsel, etc., looking exactly like houses built after the Chinese style, only rather small. They are arranged to look like a street, and in front of them are men, rikshas, and carriages. Tables,

laden with eatables, are placed near by, and in front of all is a paper horse and rider. Towards evening the priests commence to entice the dead person's spirit into this paper man by prayers. When, according to them, this has been done, the food is offered to the spirit, and afterwards the paper horse and rider are burned with a pile of "spirit money." These are small square pieces of paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon, and made up into fancy shapes. At midnight the houses are burned to afford a residence to the spirit.

The Chinese have also a curious custom of dealing with turtles. These are sacred to them, and when a Chinaman sees one for sale, if possible, he will buy it and take it out to sea to let it go. Before doing so, the man has his name carved on the shell, and immediately he lets it go, he burns incense and prays to the turtle. When asked why they release them, they say that, if ever afterwards they are shipwrecked, the turtle will come to rescue them.

When Malays are going to put up a house, they only fix up one upright beam to begin with, and tie to it a bundle of cocoanuts, sirih (betel-leaf) and betelnuts, as an inducement to "jins" (evil spirits) to go away. An old man is also called in to clear them out and bless the house. After some time they go on with the work of building.

"A ZULU CUSTOM."

By H. Goodbrand.

There is still an old Zulu custom, which is kept up by the heathen, called Ukukalel Amabele. Just about the time the amabele, or Kaffir corn, is beginning to flower, all the young girls of a kraal decide on a day to grind corn and make beer for their Princess, who is supposed to live in Heaven. Of course, they never see her, but they believe she can do anything for them. After making the tshwala, or beer, they pour it into small calabashes, one for each of their gardens. A calabash is a kind of pumpkin, scooped out and dried. They also pour some beer into a large calabash, which they carry on their heads, and when they come to the cornfields they sprinkle some of the beer on the corn. After they have poured the beer into the calabashes they put on mutshas (strips of cow-hide, which they tie just below their waists), and take the beer to their gardens. When they come near the gardens they say something, asking the Princess to watch over their cornfields and give them a good harvest. They go all round their gardens in a procession, and sprinkle them over with beer from the large calabash, whilst the small ones are left in the gardens for the Princess to drink. They think she will come to taste their beer after they have gone. All that day they spend out of doors, interceding for a good harvest, and if they come across any children they jump over them for luck. They take their meals by the riverside, and at sundown they bathe in the river before returning home.

"IN JAMAICA."

By Lionel Brown.

There are a few "Curious Customs" in Jamaica, which, I suppose, have their origin from the days of ancient Xaymaca. The following are a few, known to me, but I believe there are many others.

The first that I shall mention is the custom among the people of keeping "nine nights," or "wakes." This, as the name designates, is a function held on the *ninth night* after a death by the family and friends of the deceased.

There is a gathering in the house of the deceased, and songs (generally sacred) are sung, and refreshments passed round, generally "Old Jamaica," until the "wee hours o' the morn." These "wakes" usually commence at about nine o'clock in the evening, and last till daylight.

A lighted lamp or candle is kept burning in the room where the death occurred from the night of the death until the "*nine* night," as the people pronounce it.

Of course, this custom, and the rest following, are only observed by the people of the lower or more ignorant, classes.

Another custom which may be called "curious" is what is called "John Canoe," pronounced by the masses, "John Kunnoo."

At Christmastide only is this custom observed. A man (and sometimes a woman) dresses himself with bush, and flours his face, or, more generally, assumes the *rôle* of a horse or cow, by putting on the head of either of the aforenamed animals, and parades the town or village with a band of music, generally consisting of a concertina, fife, and drum, dancing, chasing people, and going into shops and other premises, begging for a collection for his performances. Curious to say, there are a large number of natives, chiefly women and children, who are dreadfully afraid of "John Canoe," and thus he is preceded by crowds of people screaming and running in different directions.

A curious custom practised by the peasant proprietors, or small cultivators, of this island, is what is called a "digging."

When one of these peasant proprietors opens or starts a new "ground," or cultivation, he sets apart a certain day on which he invites his friends to his ground. They bring with them their hoes

and other agricultural implements, and then the whole company set to work to dig yam hills, etc., while they lustily sing quaint songs, unintelligible to an English visitor, if he ever happens to find himself there.

At intervals they cease digging, and retire to feast.

The cooking is done on the ground, the meal consisting generally of roasted yams, breadfruit, and cocoes, together with codfish or herrings, or some such dainties. As usual, "Old Jamaica" is served round.

I may here mention that at a recent "digging" in the country surrounding this parish (Portland), there was a fatal ending. A quarrel seems to have ensued between two men, and one, in a fit of fury, hurled one of his tools at his opponent, who died afterwards.

The last "curious custom" that I shall tell you of is a "Tea Meeting."

This might sound familiar to you, and perhaps you may not see the curious part of it, but here is the curious part.

About a week before the "meeting" takes place, the town or village is placarded to advertise the thing. The placards generally bear the names of two or more men who style themselves "managers."

On the placards are also stated the place selected for the tea-meeting, and the admission (usually sixpence; children half-price).

The curious part of the tea-meeting is *that there is no tea!* It consists of songs, glees, recitations, dialogues, etc., and it would seem to be more an entertainment or concert than anything else.

These are what I know of "Curious Customs" in this part of the world (Jamaica), and I hope my feeble effort may be successful in being even 'honourably mentioned," if nothing else.

"IN CANADA."

By Eleanor M. Davis.

We have, I believe, no customs peculiar to us Canadians except those of the former inhabitants of the land, and most of these must be well known to all readers of THE CAPTAIN, through our friend Mr. John Mackie. Perhaps there may be a few that are not so familiar, and these may not have been described to you as yet by a Manitoban.

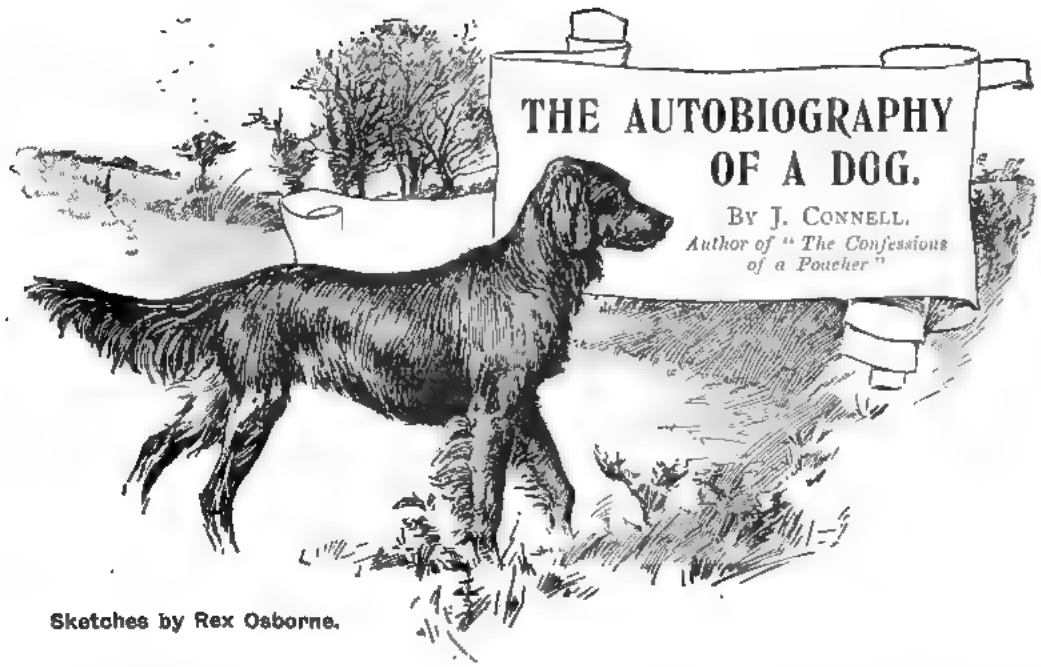
The "Red Indians," as old-country people call them, are at present rather few and far between, and also in a very dilapidated condition, that is, those left in this province. The ones in the north-west are more like their former selves, and there are some good specimens on the reserves.

As to their customs, I can remember only a few, for they have not flourished since the rebellion of 1885, when the rebel Indians were so thoroughly crushed. Out West lately they held their great "Pot-latch" and "Sun-dance," in honour of our new Governor-General, despite the authorities, who are always, and no wonder, afraid of their being excited to wild deeds in this way. I have never witnessed this dance, and cannot say that I have any desire to do so, therefore I am unable to describe it, but I can vividly recall, when between five and eight years old, how I used to watch the north red men gathering for their "pow-wows," or meetings. How full the town used to be of Indians! We white people would watch operations from a distance, and keep our dogs within doors, as our red friends used to search for those tasty animals for their feasts. Then what a number of "tee-pees" (tents) would go up, and how the "tom-toms" would beat the time for their monotonous dancing! And their "brave-making"! "Braves" are Indians whose "bravery" in certain ways has been tested—they are, in reality, tortured. I well remember seeing poles fastened in the ground near the tee-pees—all this from afar, of course—and being told that they were hanging Indians on these in different positions, and making them stay there for some hours. Whoever could do so without fainting was a "brave." This was only one of the tests; the others—they are similar—would take too long to tell about. Of course, they always adorned themselves with paint, feathers, skins of animals, and gaily coloured blankets, when their pow-wows were coming on, and I used at those times to walk abroad with great temerity, as I had in my small brain an idea that I might be scalped.

Another custom, which is most peculiar, is the way in which they carry their babies, or "papooses." They have an oblong case, rounded at the ends and gaily decorated with coloured porcupine quills, etc. Into this they lace the baby, feet first, leaving nothing showing but the little brown head. This arrangement is carried by the squaw on her back, and when she goes trading in town, she and the other squaws stick their babies up outside the shop until business is over.

Often when in his canoe, on a windy day, the Indian will put the bough of a tree in his canoe to catch the wind, and act as a sail, in this way saving himself the trouble of paddling. Perhaps the bush is too large, and over goes the canoe; hence our proverb, "He carries too much bush for such a small canoe," which I think you can translate.

As for other customs, lassoing Indian ponies, hunting the now almost extinct buffalo, and all the other interesting ways of our Indians, peruse Mr. Mackie's books. He can tell you better than I, who, alas and alack! have never seen these operations.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

By J. Connell.
Author of "The Confessions of a Poacher"

Sketches by Rex Osborne.

Finn M'Cool is an Irish setter of excellent pedigree. He becomes the property of Miss Juliet Boxwood, is "broken to the gun" by heart-rending methods which are detailed in Chapter II, and so profits by his tutor's instructions that sporting friends of the Boxwood family declare him to be the best setter they have ever shot over.

CHAPTER III.

FOR the benefit of the uninitiated, I may mention that the duty of a setter is to travel over the ground in a zig-zag fashion until he has found a scent. He should then halt, so as to give time to the sportsmen to reach him before the game rises. For some time after my first day's duty I was kept almost constantly employed. When the Boxwood Estate had been all shot over, I was taken to the neighbouring preserves, and everywhere gave unbounded satisfaction. A time came, however, when the shooting party dispersed, and I resumed the companionship of Miss Juliet. Although the season was winter, she spent a great deal of time in the park. When the weather was too cold to permit her to occupy her favourite rustic bench by the lake, she often entered one of the wooden shanties which were erected for the accommodation of keepers on night duty, and there enjoyed her eternal novel. I was thus enabled to indulge again my favourite propensity to "work the park," but not with the freedom of the old days. I could take great interest in performing a "set" when there were men behind me with guns, ready to hurry forward and knock the game over the moment it arose, but to point for an indefinite period with nobody to appreciate my cleverness I found very tame, and, indeed, stupid work. I could not stand in one position all day in the cold and wet grass, so I gradually departed from the teaching which had been so forcibly inculcated by my trainer. Especially was this so in the case of rabbits. They allowed me to approach them so closely that I could not resist the temptation to seize them. Two or three times did the keepers observe me carrying one to my mistress, and as often remark I was being spoiled. Once the head keeper actually caught me in the act of killing one, and yelled at me in a frightful manner. I fled, but not before I heard him remark that I should have to be "re-broken." This prospect so alarmed me that for several nights I could not sleep. The vision of that terrible trainer was ever present with me, and the crack of his whip rang in my terrified ears. I resolved to abandon my favourite pastime, though the determination cost me many a pang. No more would I be caught transgressing the rules of my profession. To lie constantly at my mistress's feet was repugnant to an individual of my buoyant spirits and active habits, but I reflected

that the period of extreme youth had now gone by, and that maturity brought with it powers which must not be misused, and responsibilities which must not be disregarded. At times the spirit of revolt almost got the upper hand. I asked myself whether the luxury I enjoyed was not dearly purchased by the sacrifice of my liberty. I knew that I could easily get my living by taking to the woods and fields, but love for my mistress overcame all other considerations, and I eventually settled down to a life of dull respectability.

At this time I began to feel even more keenly than before the misfortune of lacking the gift of speech. My mistress was constantly making mistakes regarding the people with whom she associated. I longed to set her right, but when I attempted to do so I could only get out "Bow-wow," or something even more objectionable. The favourites among the servants were often those who flattered her to her face, and mimicked and calumniated her behind her back. It was much the same with visitors. Certain of her teeth were rather long, and, because of this, one lady to whom she was exceptionally partial always referred to her as "the walrus." It was my privilege to hear all this, and yet be unable to make the slightest use of the knowledge. Again, there was a visitor named Lieutenant Cankerbrain, who generally joined our shooting parties, and who had the reputation of being exceedingly rich. He was a college friend of Master Tom's, but joined the army, and remained abroad for several years. I took a dislike to this gentleman the first time I saw him. He was ugly in the extreme. He had a mouth like a saw-pit, and a beetle-browed, retreating forehead suggestive of pettiness and cunning. His legs were ridiculously long, and he was knock-kneed and large footed. Yet my mistress seemed exceedingly partial to him. Whenever he stayed at the mansion her toilet operations absorbed an amount of time and energy which was quite laughable. She was constantly telling her maid of the compliments he paid her—compliments which *I* knew to be imaginary.

I COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SEIZE THEM.

Cankerbrain's conduct in her presence was invariably idiotic and repulsive. He was never tired of talking of himself and his exploits. If a tenth of the tales he told were true he would have outshone the greatest of Plutarch's heroes.

For instance, he claimed to have shot six Boers at the battle of Majuba Hill, and declared that he would inevitably have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross had it not happened that all the witnesses of his valour were slaughtered. He added that, of course, he could hardly blow his own trumpet. Facts which I have learned since make me feel extremely doubtful as to whether the Boer losses in that battle ran so high as six, but even supposing them to have reached six hundred, I am confident that not one of them was attributable to the marksmanship of Cankerbrain. Much more readily would I believe that some of the losses on the British side, which have never yet been satisfactorily explained, including the death of the gallant commander, could be traced to the wild shooting of which I witnessed so many examples in the vicinity of Mistletoe Mansion. Cankerbrain invariably spoke of Miss Juliet with the greatest contempt. When Master Tom was present, of course, he was obliged to avoid the subject, but when engaged in his usual occupation of chatting with the grooms, one of his least disrespectful methods of alluding to her was as "the old crow!" On many occasions my teeth watered to rend him, but he was a friend of the family, and I had to keep quiet. I could not altogether hide my hatred of him, and I am confident that Cankerbrain was aware of it. The chief cause of my anger and humiliation, however, was my inability to inform my beloved mistress of the events transpiring in her absence.

There is not much of interest to relate about the next few years. I was constantly petted and pampered, but every day so much resembled every other that life became somewhat dull and monotonous. Debarred from my favourite exercise of chasing rabbits and hares, I grew uncomfortably fat. My only diversion was an

occasional fight. I could not indulge my combative instinct in the presence of my mistress, but she was frequently absent from home, and these occasions were generally taken advantage of by the grooms and stable boys to turn my prowess to commercial advantage. They arranged battles between myself and all the champion "business" dogs of that part of the country, in which we fought for money. I was nearly always victorious, and consequently became almost as great a favourite with these people as with my mistress. I came out of several of these contests considerably the worse for wear, and the fictions related to account for my dilapidated appearance were as startling as they were amusing. Of course, no expense was spared to patch me up quickly, and after a few days' experience of ointment and lotions I was generally fit for another encounter.

I WAS NEARLY ALWAYS VICTORIOUS.

During this period my mistress continued to pay her addresses to Cankerbrain. It was whispered about that the latter had taken to gambling, and was losing heavily; still she angled for him. Even the news that he was compelled to sell a fourth of his estate in order to pay his debts made no visible impression on her.

When I was a little over four years old an event occurred which marked a turning point in my life.

At the time to which I refer the weather was extremely cold, and for the purpose of enjoying a warm nap I wandered into the kitchen. I laid me down near the range, and fell asleep.

It happened that a large saucepan stood over the fire, in which certain vegetables were being boiled. A slovenly kitchenmaid, in removing this vessel, partially overturned it, and spilled a large quantity of the boiling water over me. I was scalded all along the back, from the shoulders to the tail. The agony I endured was frightful. Of course, assistance was summoned immediately, and remedies applied which mitigated my suffering; but, nevertheless, I nearly died. Miss Juliet paid the maid a month's salary in lieu of notice, and ordered her out of the house there and then. Next day, I was carried in a sort of hammock a distance of about five miles to the nearest veterinary surgeon, in whose care I remained for about three months. During the whole of this time Miss Juliet was refused permission to visit me. At length I was pronounced cured.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day of my return to Mistletoe Mansion was bright and joyous. The sun shone warmly. The hedge-rows were covered with bursting buds, and wild flowers, delicate as fresh fallen snow, peeped through the soft green grass. I knew that on such a day I was sure to find my mistress on her favourite bench by the lake, rejoicing in the retreat of winter, and the victorious advance of summer. I was conscious of a considerable change in my appearance, but never suspected that that would affect in the very slightest degree the warmth of my reception. The veterinary surgeon had cured me in the sense of healing my wounds. The scalded skin had peeled off, but was now replaced by a new covering of similar material. My excessive fatness at the time of the accident contributed materially towards the completeness of my recovery. The distended condition of my skin permitted of an extensive shrinkage, with the result that, being now considerably leaner, I did not suffer from that contracted condition of the hide which impedes the movements and tortures the nerves of so many victims of scalding. There was, however, a patch on my back about twelve inches by six, over which the hair had not grown. Although I turned and twisted in all imaginable directions, I could not see this part. The luxuriant silken tresses which encircled it completely hid it from my view, but I knew it was there because the vet. often deplored it on the ground that it spoiled my appearance. I longed to survey myself in a mirror, but as the kennels did not contain such a luxury, I felt obliged to defer all hope of self-inspection until I once more had the run of my mistress's dressing-room.

I was led through the ample gate of the park,

up the winding carriage-drive, and was only liberated when I reached the mansion. As the day was now almost hot the doors were all open. I made a dash for my mistress's apartments, and soon satisfied myself that she was not there. I then hastened towards the seat by the lake, and found her, as I expected, immersed in a novel. I rushed at her, and made the best attempt I could to embrace her. I imprinted on her face and neck more kisses than there are drops in a shower of rain. To my intense astonishment she resented my demonstrations of attachment, and screamed "Murder!" "Help!" etc., at the very top of her voice. I stood bewildered for a moment, convinced that she did not recognise me, and wondering if she had forgotten our former intimacy. As nobody happened to be near, her cries were not heard, and so she began to walk briskly towards the house. I frisked around her for some minutes, hoping to remind her of old times, and occasionally tried to shake hands, but whenever I did the latter she renewed her screaming until I desisted. Presently we encountered one of the gamekeepers, to whom she hissed the command: "Here, Bunce, be quick! Take away *this loathsome brute!*"

"TAKE HIM AWAY!—TAKE HIM AWAY"

It was obvious that Bunce was as much puzzled as I was. He advanced a few steps towards me, then paused, hesitated, and stammered out:—

"Why, my lady, this is Finn!"

"Take him away—take him away!" she said; "he has got the mange!"

"Pardon me, my lady—that bare place is the result of the scalding. He is quite clean"

"Take him out of my sight at once. His appearance fills me with disgust."

Bunce drew from his pocket a large red handkerchief. This he placed around my neck, and used as a lead. Crestfallen and humiliated, I allowed myself to be marched off. A consultation took place with the other keepers, and it was agreed that, pending further orders, I should be sent to the kennels. Everybody was as much surprised as I myself was at the reception accorded me by Miss Juliet, and I could see that the keepers were not at all sorry for what had happened. They hoped that she would not change her mind, and that I should be left entirely under their control, so that I might be made to do them credit in the shooting season.

For some weeks I cherished a secret hope that my mistress would relent, but long-continued neglect brought on despair, and that in its turn gave place to resignation. With my kennel companions, I was taken out for exercise on most fine days, but I was generally led, and even when loose was threatened and sworn at if I indulged in the slightest freedom of movement. Utterly cowed and spiritless, I at length became a respectable dog of conventional habits and manners, and ceased to give any trouble to my keepers. The price paid for exemption from violence at first seemed rather heavy, but ultimately I lost all desire for freedom, and became a willing slave. The keepers were in the habit of saying that setters and pointers were never properly broken until they obeyed the command of the guinea fowl to "Come back, come back!" I had almost reached that stage of degradation, when an accident once more gave a new turn to my career. I may here interpose a few remarks by way of keeping my audience abreast of the facts.

Master Tom, who was many years younger than Miss Juliet, had joined the army. A few months after he had taken up his commission he was drafted to the west coast of Africa, and there promptly died of fever. This left Miss Juliet sole heiress to her father's estates, and the possessor of a marriage dowry, payable immediately, of sixty thousand pounds. In the meantime Cankerbrain's affairs had been going from bad to worse. He was compelled to sell another slice of his estate, and rumour had it that nearly all that remained of his income was swallowed up by the interest due on money he had borrowed. As he grew poorer he displayed a stronger and stronger yearning towards the fleshpots of Mistletoe Mansion, and ultimately he almost lived there altogether.

At last he married Miss Juliet—but I am anticipating.

Cankerbrain was extremely fond of shooting. He hardly ever hit anything that he aimed at, but his delight was to wander about the woods and grounds, gun in hand, and blaze

"THE SHOT TOOK EFFECT ON ME."

away at things in general. Following the orthodox practice, he was always accompanied by one or two dogs, although, to do him justice he seldom paid the least attention to their setting or pointing. Whenever he saw game, either on the wing or on the ground, he invariably pulled the trigger, and that was all the result that was visible to the naked eye. For a long time I anticipated an accident, but derived consolation from the reflection that the party to be hurt was rather more likely to be behind him than in front of him. However, the unexpected happened at last. I was very frequently placed at his service. I was always glad to escape from the monotony of the kennels, and so, during my hours of duty, was invariably on my best behaviour. I worked steadily, and never ranged wide. I must confess that I had more than one warning of what was coming, but I do not even now see how I could have escaped my fate. I witnessed several sheep, two or three cows, some poultry, and an underkeeper fall to Cankerbrain's gun, and then my turn came. Whether he decimated the Boers or not, it is certain that he did great execution in the vicinity of Mistletoe Mansion. One morning he fired, or was supposed to have fired, at a rabbit, but the shot took effect on me. The charge tore my side for a length of 15ins. It lay bare two ribs, but luckily did not penetrate deeper. I was bandaged up as quickly as possible, and led off to the kennels. After a hasty examination, the head keeper declared my wound incurable, and ordered me to be destroyed. The task of making away with me was allotted to a young keeper, who had recently joined the establishment and who had previously been a poacher. His father still followed the same ancient profession, and was eminent in his district as a highly successful dog-doctor. My allotted executioner was aware of my superiority in the matter of scent, and, thinking that I might be cured, made me trudge, all wounded as I was, over six miles to his father's cottage that same night. Then began a series of surgical operations of a fearful and wonderful character. Ointments and lotions of a sort totally unknown to the veterinary fraternity were produced from recesses in the walls, and rubbed into my unfortunate flesh with a faith in their efficacy which would shame the confidence of a martyr. I survived it all. Perhaps my escape is attributable to the fact that I so often pulled off my bandages, and licked the wound clean. At all events, I recovered, and in due course was taken out poaching. My adventures in that line had better be related in another chapter.

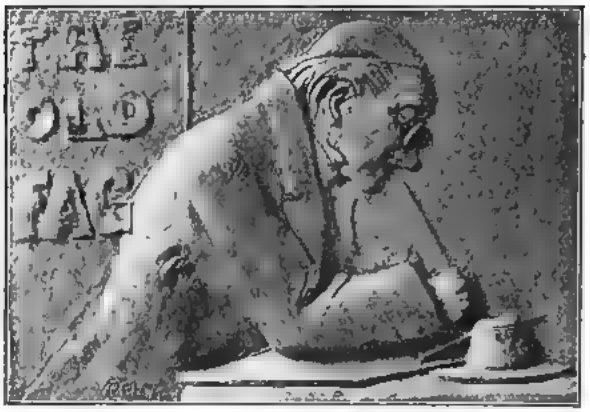
(To be concluded.)

ON MODELLING.

A NEGLECTED HOBBY.

By J. A. Kay.

THE enjoyment of modelling as a rule lies more in the making than the keeping of the models, and the average collection of clay models is, to say the least of it, weird. What many modellers have long wanted is something that can be used over and over again any number of times. Mr. Harbutt, of Bath, who has come to the aid of modellers, and found a way out of this difficulty, has been telling a representative of THE CAPTAIN something about this new modelling material, called "Plasticine."



THE OLD PAG AT WORK ON THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The curious thing about Plasticine is that it is practically indestructible, requiring no water, like ordinary clay, and remaining plastic for any length of time, so that it can be worked over and over again; yet, if you happen to make some model that you are desirous of preserving, it is sufficiently firm to stand exhibition purposes. Moreover, it is clean, and quite harmless in character—unlike ordinary clay.

H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

"The secret of success in modelling," remarked Mr. Harbutt, "lies in keeping on trying. Modelling is easier than drawing or writing, and there is plenty of fun in it.

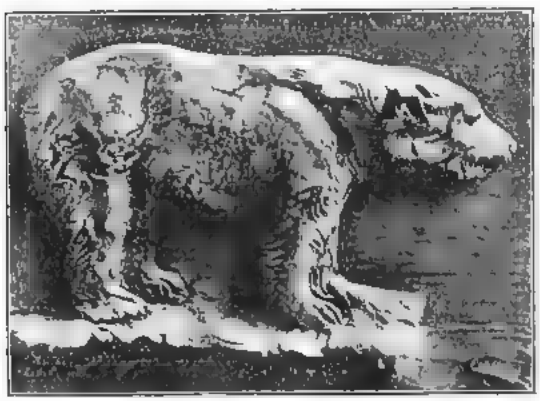
"Before you begin to fashion anything, take a lump in the hand and play with it. Roll it into long rolls, plait it, bend it, twist it, coil it round your finger, and roughly form spiral shells, rings, letters, and other simple forms. By this free treatment—experimenting and play—you will get command over the material and of your fingers, so that when you want to begin and express your ideas, or construct anything, the Plasticine will readily follow the impulse of your desire."

At any rate, the material in Mr. Harbutt's hands seems to follow the impulse of his desires in a truly marvellous manner.

On these two pages are a few photographs of specimens of his work.

"All of them are quite simple studies," explained Mr. Harbutt. "Take the Polar bear, for instance; bas-reliefs of animals, profiles of heads, etc., are very good things for beginners to make a start upon."

But it would be waste of time to describe in detail how each of the models illustrated here can be made. All one wants are a few general directions on how to use the material, and these will be found in every box.

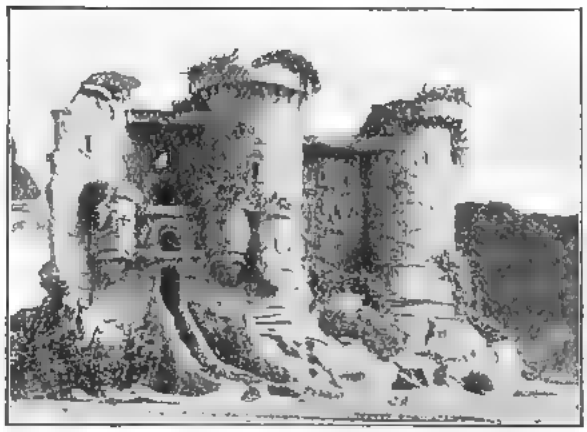


THE POLAR BEAR.

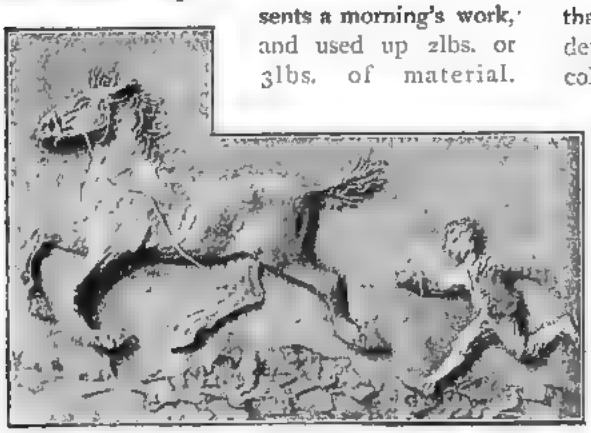
"But then," he continued, "though the models I have made give CAPTAIN readers some idea of the kind of thing they can make for themselves with the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity, *don't* always imitate what other people have done. 'He who follows is always behind.' Do something original, and get to the front. Try and get real things to copy from, or good drawings of them—fish, and small creatures, flowers, shells, fruit, and objects about the house. Design things, and carry out your own inventions; build your own bridges, and gateways, canals, and docks, and harbours. The amateur modeller will find plenty of scope for his inventive faculties."

Our illustrations certainly show that models need not be monotonously alike. That of the Kaiser Wilhelm is quite a striking portrait. The bear below him is an easier study. It is merely intended to represent a common or Arctic Polar bear, and is not meant to convey any subtle reference to Russia, as its association with the picture above might suggest.

Of course, modelling even in Plasticine cannot be done in a hurry; it takes time and patience. For instance, the "Gateway at Harlech Castle" represents a morning's work, and used up 2lbs. or 3lbs. of material.



GATEWAY, HARLECH CASTLE.



"HE'S OFF!"

There are many architectural remains of singular beauty scattered about the country within the reach of all to copy from. They make easy and picturesque subjects, and the models can quite easily be made from an outline sketch or photograph, as was that here illustrated. But one need not always confine oneself to castles and buildings. Skilful fingers can impart a good deal of lifelikeness into a pound or two of Plasticine, as is shown in our photographs of the bas-reliefs of an eagle and the runaway horse.

STUDY OF AN EAGLE.

Another of the various advantages possessed by Plasticine over ordinary modelling clay is that it is now made in various colours. This departure is useful, as well as ornamental, and coloured models are often used to illustrate lectures to medical students at various big hospitals. Very attractive, too, are the physical maps that can be made with the same material; the natural resources of any part of the world being quickly demonstrated in a novel and picturesque manner. The Old Fag, at the beginning of this article, is a wonderfully realistic model, picturing him hard at work preparing the grand Christmas Number of THE CAPTAIN, and all done in Plasticine—such stuff are models made of.

REVIEWS OF SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

MOST of the magazines reviewed below arrived at our office in August, too late, owing to our press arrangements, for notice in the September number of THE CAPTAIN.

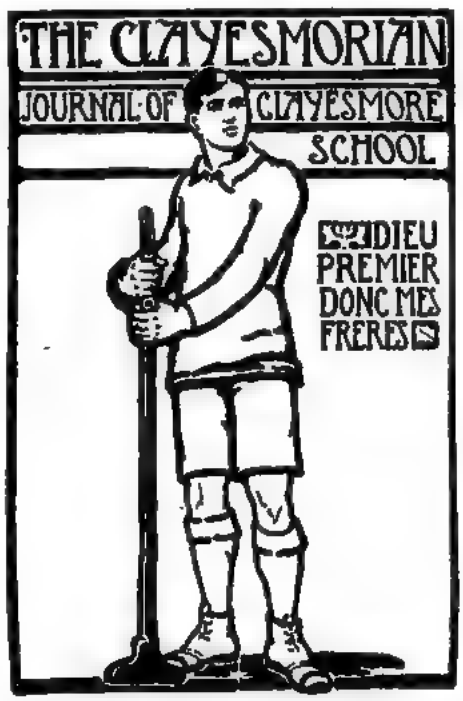
Carthusian (August).—We are sorry to see in a school like Charterhouse, which in the past has produced its share of literary men, that the editor has had no response to his appeal for contributions. One does not look for a genius of the type of Thackeray, any more than one expects that each recruit who shoulders his rifle and struts across Founder's Court will become a "B. P."; but there must be plenty of fellows who could turn out a readable article on some topic of interest, and a couple of these every month would decidedly improve what is in other respects an excellent publication.

The Collegian (Greenock) is small, but good as far as it goes; it would, however, look much better with a cover.

The Colfeian (Colfe's Grammar School, Lewisham).—Well got up. The paper and printing are good, and the subject matter varied and interesting.

The Clayesmorian.—A taking little paper with several illustrations, evidently the product of the Clayesmore Photographic Society, which appears to be in a flourishing condition.

The Haileyburian (July 16th and 30th).—The issue of July 16th contains an interesting account of Speech Day. Canon Lyttelton made some very sensible remarks on the training of officers, and Lord Goschen put it very truly when he said: "One of the great characteristics of the British public school has been the love of fair play."



FACSIMILE OF THE "CLAYESMORIAN" COVER.

Heversham School Chronicle.—Neat, and on good paper. Like the *Carthusian*, would be better for a few original articles.

The Hurst Johnian (August).—As good as ever. A pity 'tis so small!

Harrow View Magazine has a short article describing a visit of our old friend Balbus to Margate, where he was much impressed by the bathing and bathers. It must certainly have been a change for him, after his labours in building and the tormenting of that indefatigable "boy."

The Johnian (July).—More animated than usual. "W. L. D." knows how to write verses.

The Lincolnian (July) contains some amusing answers to examination questions. A parasite, we are told, is a kind of umbrella; the Sublime Porte is very fine old port; monopoly is a kind of champagne (a case of Heidsieck, no doubt); and P.P.C. means "Please pay costs." In a history paper we read that "the most important thing in the reign of Henry II. was his death."

The Malvernian (August) is unpretentious, but clearly printed and well arranged. The pages might, with advantage, be fastened together, and a correspondent seems to have placed his finger on a weak spot when he complains of the absence of an Oxford or Cambridge letter.

Mill Hill Magazine (August).—The school news is concise, yet comprehensive; the doings of old boys, too, are carefully followed and chronicled.

The Pilgrim (July).—Considerable attention appears to be devoted in this school to botany and entomology. The locality (Reigate) should be a good one for these interesting pursuits.

The Reptonian (July).—Convenient in size and in the arrangement of its news. The eight sent to Bisley seems to have had a series of misfortunes, but we trust it will meet with better luck next year.

The Salopian (July).—We are glad to note that the Rifle Corps has become an accomplished fact.

The Sedberghian (July) is full of bright articles, while school doings are not neglected. An up-to-date problem paper asks several satirical questions, obviously of local interest; but No. 12 has probably puzzled many a boy with an imposition which has not been done by the time it should have been. The question runs: "Find the present value of twenty-five lines, advancing in G. P. and three days overdue?"

Sotoniensis (Midsummer) has a good cover, and is well put together, though we think the number of extracts from Voltaire, Locke, Colton, etc., is rather overdone.

Ulula (July).—We think it a pity that advertisements are ever inserted in a school magazine, and trust, in the present case, that sufficient support will be given in the future to enable this objectionable feature to be dropped.

The Wasp (July 31st) is a production with a yellow cover, which is quaint in its way. The house notes seem good, and, happily, the paper belies its name, for it has no sting.

We also beg to acknowledge receipt of: *Academy*, *Arvonian*, *Lorettonian*, *Olavian*, *Quernmorian*, *Review*.

"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER.

SEASONABLE WORK.

BY the time these notes are read by those interested in this corner of THE CAPTAIN, the hours of sunlight will be few and the evenings long, and most of the plates or films used during the holidays will have been developed. What to do with the resulting negatives will be a question which many of you will be asking. One of the most popular and charming forms of positives you can make from them are lantern slides. Even if you have not a lantern of your own, you can probably get a friend who will be delighted to put them through for you; and, even when viewed without a lantern (either with or without the aid of a magnifying lens), they will, if properly made, show a greater range of gradation than a paper print. They have also the advantage that they are not so easily annexed by admiring friends.

The necessary materials are: Lantern plates, lantern masks, binding strips, cover glasses. The English standard size is 3¼ins. × 3¼ins., and all lanterns, except the "toy variety," are made to carry slides of these dimensions. The same dishes used for developing and fixing your negatives may be used, and the same printing frame used for paper prints, provided it is not smaller than the plates. There are, however, special frames made and sold for the purpose, which are a convenience.

A lantern slide is really a print on glass made stronger than a paper print, so that it may be viewed by looking through it instead of on it; the lantern plate being placed in contact with the negative in the dark room in the same way as bromide paper exposed to artificial light, and then developed, fixed, washed, and dried. It then only requires mounting, which is done by sandwiching a suitable mask between the film and a clean glass, and the whole bound together by the gummed strip of paper called a binder. This operation requires a little practice to do it neatly. Before commencing you should beg, borrow, or buy a good plain photographic slide, so that you may know what sort of result to aim at. The following are a few precautions which will (if observed) help you towards success:—

(1) Carefully adjust your subject on the centre of your plate before exposing.

(2) Always use the same source of light, and at the same distance, when making exposures.

(3) Right exposure is most important. If you make an error, double or halve it next time; smaller alteration makes no practical difference.

(4) Use the hydrokinone developer advised by plate maker, and have plenty of yellow light to work by.

(5) Observe the most scrupulous cleanliness in all operations.

AN OLD STREET IN BOULOGNE.
Photograph by Oswald Fordham.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. Jessop (Guernsey).—The snaps you send are good, but badly toned. You cannot do better than purchase the "Ilford Manual of Photography," price 1s., of all photographic dealers. This will be a great help to you. **Frank W. Thorogood.**—Keep your hands clean, and handle your negatives carefully by the edges only, as fingermarks are very hard to remove. If they are only dirt, you might scrape the film very gently with a sharp pen-knife. **Clericus.**—I quite understand your difficulty, and sympathise with your desire to brighten the evenings of your parishioners during the coming winter. In this you will find a magic-lantern very helpful. You can obtain an excellent lantern from Walter Tyler, 48 and 50, Waterloo Road, S.E., at prices varying from 18s. 6d. to nine guineas. Mr. Tyler is a manufacturer, and anybody purchasing a lantern from him may have the loan at any time, free of charge, of any of his sets of slides, of which there are over nine hundred to select from, embracing many subjects, and dealing with all parts of the world. These slides may also be hired at very reasonable rates by anyone. **Oswald Fordham.**—Observe how your photograph has been trimmed. You did not hold your camera level, and so the buildings do not look upright. Artistically, the figures are not quite happy, and it would have been better taken when the sun had got a little more to the left.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN has been awarded to MISS ISABEL PICKTHALL ("Nobody Much"), 2, Randall Well Street, Bradford, for her quaint contribution entitled: "A Hundred Years Ago."

A Hundred Years Ago.

PERHAPS it will interest some of THE CAPTAIN readers to learn a few of the rules our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had to keep in view when they were well-behaved boys and girls. Fancy having to do this:—

"When you desire to speak to a person, rise, so that he will see you want to speak. When his eyes are fixed upon you, advance modestly and bow discreetly. Say what you have to say, bow again, and wait patiently for an answer. Upon receiving one, incline your head, and stand until you are asked to sit; then, bow respectfully, and retire modestly to your seat."

The latter half of the following rule seems slightly superfluous.

"Listen carefully to the sermon—you are not required to get by heart the whole of it."

"Do not speak at home, or elsewhere, of what has been done in school, for nothing that passes there should be told abroad."

THIS IS A CURIOUS ROCK CALLED "THE SHOE" (EL ZAPATO), NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CAPILLA DEL MONTE, IN THE CORDOVA MOUNTAINS, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Photograph by H. Ferguson, C.C., Argentine Republic.

The following out of this advice resulted in such tyranny as was practised at Salem House in "David Copperfield's" time.

"Never desire more dinner after your parents tell you that you have had enough."

A trifle hard, this, especially at Christmas time.

"Do not laugh at table, much less sneeze, cough, or yawn."

What would our meals be with never a laugh sounding merrily across the table? People must have thought that there was sufficient enjoyment to be derived from eating to last the dinner hour through. And it was rough luck on a fellow who had a cold!

Now, this is how you had to sit when there was company present:—

"In a genteel, easy posture; put one hand in the bosom of your waistcoat, and let the other fall easily on your knee."

It would be a little awkward if every boy learned to do this, and rather surprising to a stranger, upon entering a room, to see groups of fellows sitting round, every one with one hand resting on his waistcoat and the other falling easily on his knee. In time it would also become a trifle monotonous.

"Do not look at any particular person during the service in church; but keep your eyes modestly fixed upon the minister."

How could our poor ancestors act up to this rule? If they carried out the first half of it, they would be disobeying the latter half, and *vice versâ*. Or perhaps it is meant that the minister was not a particular person at all; but, of course, we cannot tell—he lived such a long time ago—a hundred years ago, indeed.

NOBODY MUCH.

The Football League Champions.

THERE was a general feeling of satisfaction among followers of football, last April, when it became known that Liverpool had won the League Championship. Football enthusiasts are nothing if not admirers of pluck, and it was looked upon as a great achieve-

ment for a club barely nine years old to obtain the greatest honour of the football world.

The Liverpool Club was the result of a split in the other great Mersey club—Everton. A dispute occurred as to the management of the club, and, as a consequence, a section of the members revolted and founded the present Liverpool Club.

Money was readily forthcoming, and a good team of players, mostly Scotch, was raised. A capital season's work was accomplished the first year, the Lancashire League championship being captured, besides victories gained over Sheffield United, Darwen, Corinthians, and Everton. Their second season saw them in the Second Division of "The League." Again were they champions of the League, and this time without a single defeat! The test matches went in their favour, and they now realised their ambition—a place in the First Division. Alas! everything went wrong, and, winning but seven matches, they earned the dreaded "wooden spoon." Liverpool failed to win their test matches and had again to appear in the Second Division, of which they were once more champions. Succeeding in the test matches, 1896 saw them reappear in "The League," where they have remained ever since, and now with so successful an issue. Hats off to Liverpool!

E. A. TAYLOR.

THIS IS A SKETCH OF THE RENOWNED ESQUIMAUX MILLIONAIRE, TOOKOO TITOO, WHO IS REPORTED TO BE WORTH FORTY-TWO FISH HOLES AND 2½ TONS OF BLUBBER.

Drawn by W. Bridge.

A Useful Embrocation.

A WELL beaten-up egg, one and a half glasses of turpentine, one glass of vinegar. Shake well and frequently, and the mixture will be ready for use in twenty-four hours, when it ought to look like milk in colour. The embrocation is very cheap, and it is as good as that which you buy at such a high price. If any reader has a sprain, let him rub it with this, and it is sure to cure. If he has a cold in the chest, let him be rubbed in that part with this every night before getting into bed, and the cold will soon disappear. Anyone with a weak chest should use it. Readers who go in for athletic exercises should rub this into the muscles after the exercises are over. In addition to preventing the stiffness that is often felt afterwards, it is highly beneficial to the muscles. In fact, it is beneficial to a hundred and one little ailments.

T. W.

IN SUNNY CLIMES.

Photograph by K. H. Smith.

SONS OF THE DESERT.

Photograph by K. H. Smith.

The Cave-dwellers at Dieppe.

MUCH has been written concerning Dieppe at one time and another, but one peculiar feature has been almost universally ignored, and that is the "troglodditic" Dieppois, if such a term is applicable to a class of civilised people who live in caves, fitted, in some cases, with doors and windows. These curious dwellings are mostly to be seen honeycombing the cliff which overlooks the entrance to the harbour, but a few may be also found in the other direction, towards Pourville. The inhabitants, who are mostly fishermen by profession, are no less curious than their domiciles, being all of them dark and swarthy, and more of a gipsy type than the rest of the Dieppois. I passed a cavern one evening with a group of these people inside, seated round a wood fire, a couple of dim oil lamps casting a fitful glow on their dark faces, and producing an effect not unlike a picture by one of the old Dutch masters. They are, as a rule, miserably poor, and, unlike most of the French peasantry, have a great

many children. In summer, the men gain a living by fishing, helped by the women, who catch prawns in the harbour, and gain a few francs by showing their caves to visitors; but in winter their lot is a hard one, as the fishing is then bad. A great many of them apply for situations at the local tobacco factory, but very few get taken on in proportion to the number of applicants, and, as a class, they have to endure great privations.

While in Dieppe this last summer, I visited one of the larger caverns, which was owned as a show place by one of the families, and I was greatly surprised at its picturesque appearance. The folk only inhabited a small portion, and the rest consisted of a sort of central hall, from which galleries branched off in all directions. These, I learnt, merely led to rooms where fishing gear was stored, but it was not difficult to imagine that at one time they were secret passages, and this place the haunt of smugglers.

MR. BLOBKINS: "What thundering idiot is at that end of this telephone?"
VOICE: "The idiot is not at *this* end, sir!"
Drawn by Bert Thomas.

A hole in the roof communicated with the outside air, and admitted ventilation and a certain amount of light, but otherwise the cavern was in comparative darkness, the reeking oil lamps scarcely penetrating the gloom. No stalactites, such as the explorer of caverns usually finds, were to be seen, but there was spar, apparently crystallised by saline petrifaction, and calcareous flint-stones, split and jagged, in the walls, evidence of the lengthened period these caves had existed, and how little alteration the passage of years had worked upon them. But although nothing very beautiful was present, still, there was a primitive appearance about the whole that possessed a charm all its own, and when I came away I had seemed to breathe an atmosphere of romance, my thoughts dwelling upon the infinite possibility of the "might have been."

R. C. HOWLDEN.

LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT AT ABERDOVEY, S. WALES.
Photograph by D. Graham Crafts.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

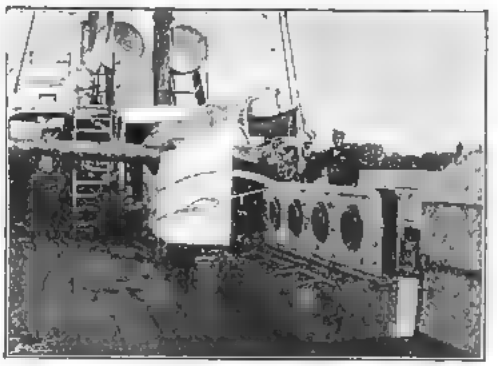
LITERARY.

Penn Wright.—Your panorama article is good enough to enable me to say: "Try again." You might leave a margin on your paper next time. **T. G. Falkner.**—I thought people had left off writing parodies on "The Absent-Minded Beggar." Write *original* verse; I think you have ability. **J. Garratt.**—I think you might have enlarged on your subject with advantage. How about the Romans and their wonderful mortar? **B. A. T.**—The only interesting item I could discover in your essay on "Deal" was that the pier cost £11,000. Now, why didn't you write an essay on the pier? A few inquiries would soon have put you in possession of some readable facts—as to how long it took in building, etc. I shall be glad to see some short essays on "Piers"—let C.C. contributors make a note of this. **S. H. Muir Mackenzie.**—Your instructions to the boy cyclist would prove more efficacious, I fancy, if delivered in prose, your poetry, if you will excuse me for saying so, being a little faulty in metre. **Vet.**—Try me with some more natural history notes. **Dorothy Johnson.**—You seem to have scribbled off your essay on "Esprit de Corps" without staying to think over your subject much. The result is a short string of bald platitudes. Spend a little more time and trouble over your next contribution. **Saxon.**—The photographs sent in by readers are often of a very high standard of excellence. You will have to improve greatly as a developer if you ever hope to win admittance to these pages. **G. Sunderland.**—Contributions should be clearly written on exercise paper, and only on one side of it. If drawings are sent, they should be done on cardboard, in Indian ink.

ARTISTIC.

Fred. G. Skinner and "E. W."—(1) For fixing pencil, crayon, or charcoal drawings, get a bottle of "Fixatif" from any artists' colourman. It is sold in shilling bottles, or, with a diffuser for spraying, eighteenpence. This will last you a long time. The old-fashioned method is to run over the drawing some

skimmed milk and let it dry, when the drawing will be permanently fixed. (2) The two initials you send are not quite suitable for publication. **Hampton C. Gordon.**—Your sketch would not reproduce—too niggled. **A. O'Malley.**—From the enclosed, I cannot say whether you will become a great artist, as you are rather young. I should recommend you to buy "Light, Shade and Shadow," which will give you information on all kinds of drawing, with 125 illustrations. The price is 3s. 6d. Or you might procure the "Tit-Bits Drawing Book," price 8d. **W. J. H. Hunter.**—Your photographs are too light, and rather small for reproduction. **P. Marsh.**—Photographs not good enough. "**D. N.**"—Your sketch, illustrating an "Irish Bull," is a little too freely drawn, though vigorous, but the underlines are not suitable for publication. **Sibyl O'Neill.**—Regret we cannot find space to insert your drawing of the octopus your brother caught. **Stanley Wilson.**—You are a persevering sort of fellow, and, although I wish to encourage all good draughtsmen, I am sorry that I cannot accept any of the batch of drawings that you send. Your letter was very interesting. **Morris Perrott** (Adelaide).—Your numerous drawings to hand. They are all too fine for reproduction. That illustrating Mr. Hassall's interview is interesting. **Althea Money.**—Your snap-shots of Essex county cricketers are cleverly taken, and I hope at some future date to insert some of them in The Captain. **L. Bennett.**—Your photographs of hop-pickers are rather too dark for publication—the result of over-printing. Will you (and other readers) bear in mind that, when sending photographs and drawings to The Captain Club pages, the name and address, and title of the photograph (or drawing) must always be written on the back? **W. Humphreys.**—I am handing on your suggestion to the "O.F." Photographs too late for this year. "**Aspirant.**"—(1) Unless a man has great ability he would not stand much chance of making a large income by designing advertisements. (2) The drawings sent in for The Captain are generally about as large again as they appear in our pages. **E. Arthur Miller.**—Your snapshot, "The Backbone of Sussex," I will endeavour to use in a future number. **Gildhart J. Walker.**—Shall endeavour to use photograph of the Scotch express when space permits. **T. H. Brown.**—Of the two interesting photographs you send, No. 1 has the defect of having a railing right in front of the distant figures, while No. 2 is over-printed; otherwise I should have endeavoured to use them. "**Mudge.**"—Write to the "O.F." if you want further advice about your dog, and use blacker ink.



6.7 INCH NAVAL GUN, ON H.M.S. "CIRCE."

Photograph by Val Murray.

Contributions also received from: J. F. Bevington, J. R. W. Burnett, D. Robertson, L. MacDonald Gill, George H. H., James Williams, Frank Garratt, Oswald Fordham, K. H. Smith, L. S. Hughes, A. Mackinnon, Val. Murray, G. H. Parson, "Little Goose," W. M. Wace, W. B. Huntly, Bert Thomas, W. Bridge, K. A. H. Goodyear, A. O. M., "Vet.," P. W. Bennett, H. L. Dobrée, "Puzzled Pupil," A. G. Scott, and others.

(A number of Contributions and Criticisms are held over.)

COMMENTS ON SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The Four Towns Competition is as popular this month as last, but the list is a more difficult one to guess, owing to such towns as Luton, Lewes, Manchester and Maidenhead being interchangeable. Many competitors had nearly all the towns right, but in the wrong order. This was particularly the case with the towns beginning with L. The winner in Class I. had nine, in Class II. eight, and in Class III. only six, wrong. The correct list is as follows:—Grantham, Guildford, Glasgow, Gravesend, Hastings, Hull, Hertford, Huddersfield, Inverness, Ipswich, Ilfracombe, Idle, Kidderminster, Kettering, Kendal, Keith, Luton, Lincoln, Lewes, Leeds, Maidenhead, Monmouth, Margate, Manchester.

No. II.—The winning list in Class I. is a very good representative one, and is as follows:—

J. Chamberlain ..	Earl of Birmingham.
Alfred Austin	Knight.
A. Conan Doyle ..	Knight.
A. J. Balfour ..	Earl.
W. St. John Brodrick	Knight.
George Wyndham ..	Knight.
C. T. Ritchie	Baronet.
W. G. Grace	Knight.
W. C. Gully	Baronet.
Cecil Rhodes	Earl of Cape Town.
George Cadbury ..	Baronet.

No. III.—Some very good snap-shots were submitted, afternoon tea in the garden being the most popular meal pictured.

No. IV.—A great many well-expressed essays on "Hobbies" were sent in, the most popular being Stamp Collecting, Gardening, Fretwork, Photography, and Keeping Pets, the great point in all mentioned being the promise of small outlay and speedy returns. I must specially mention the essay on "Learning English," sent in by Achille Van Swae, who seems to have ridden his hobby to some purpose.

No. V.—Excellent indeed were some of the enlargements of The Captain Stamp submitted, the winning drawings in each class being almost *fac-similes*.

No. VI.—I had to disqualify quite thirty *letters* as *post-cards only* were asked for. Many of the jokes were enough to make one's blood run cold, such as—

When did The Captain readers learn to cook?
When they did C. B. Fry (sea beef *fry*).

Why did the railway train?
Because it *saw the signal-box*;

and many more of an equally heart-rending character.

N.B.—Important.—Please do not enclose any communications for the Editor with competitions, or applications for Captain stamps. When asked to choose Consolation Prizes, please write to the Editor direct.

The Competition Editor.

13, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"The Captain" Christmas Number will, as usual, contain a more than ordinarily big budget of stories by CAPTAIN favourites, specially ordered for the occasion. But this is not all. We shall this year publish, in reality, *two Christmas Numbers*, because the January number, which will be on sale just about the time you are wending your way home for the holidays, will also be filled with contributions suitable for the season. Readers who usually rely on finding copies of THE CAPTAIN at whatever shop or stall they happen to call at, instead of having the magazine delivered at their houses, or kept for them, are advised to make sure of getting these two Christmas numbers by *ordering them in advance*. This is always the most satisfactory method for all concerned, as it ensures the reader his copy, it helps the bookseller or book-stall manager to assess the number of copies he will require, and it assists *us* in gauging what number we shall require to print. All readers requiring copies posted to friends abroad or in this country should send the necessary address and 8½d. in stamps to the Publisher, THE CAPTAIN, George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, London, W.C.

Some Contributors
TO THE
Christmas Number

C. B. Fry.
Dick Donovan.
Tom Browne.
Rev. A. N. Malan, D.D.
Warren Bell.
Fred Swainson.
Clifford Mills.
W. E. Hodgson.
Stacey Blake.
"Vive La France."
Alf. B. Cooper.
Louis Wain.
Onslow Deane.
Cockburn Reynolds.
Etc., etc.

READY NOVEMBER 22nd. PRICE 6d.

When the Fighting Editor went to Margate for his summer holiday, I particularly warned him that he must only take a month. Instead of that he took two months. When I wrote and told him to come back, he sent me a picture post-card (view of Margate beach, with children paddling) telling me that if I wanted him back I must fetch him back. Now, though I am willing to box, wrestle, run, jump, or swim any old man of my own age, I can't take liberties with a Fighting Editor; so the villain stayed at Margate until he felt inclined to return—until, that is to say, the weather down there grew uncomfortably chilly—when he sent me another picture post-card (this time it was a view of the pier, with a person who looked like the F. E. very much in the foreground) politely intimating that he would be on duty again immediately. I confess I was glad to hear from him, for his services had been in request many times during his absence. Several wild-eyed poets had gone unscathed owing to his having been "away," and the Idea

Merchant had regarded the period as a sort of jubilee—dashing in with ideas all day long, from morn to eve. Indeed, the I. M. chummed up with one of the long-haired ones, and they conspired together against me for all the world like two soothsayers or magicians of the very long-ago times. They knew I didn't want to see them, but they were determined to see *me*, and so they *lunched on the stairs*, sending out a printer's boy for bottled beer, sandwiches, and jam puffs. Their first picnic of this kind was so successful that they decided to have another, and fixed a date for it. Now that very morning I had received the picture post-card from the Fighting Editor, saying he would be back "about lunch-time." So I went off to my own modest little meal with a merry heart, and when I returned I found —well, I did not find either the poet or the Idea Merchant, but I found the Fighting Editor demolishing various light refreshments with all his old appetite.

Further Food for the F. E. — I have mentioned the Fighting Editor because I seriously contemplate handing over to him the addresses of correspondents who regularly and wilfully break certain rules which I have made—those correspondents, for instance, who enclose "letters to the editor" with their competitions; who put questions to Mr. Fry, Mr. Nankivell, Mr. Haydon Perry, the Photographic Editor, and myself, all on one little sheet of paper; and those who deliberately copy poems and jokes out of other papers and submit them as "CAPTAIN Club Contributions." The Fighting Editor is thirsting for work, so let the above offenders beware! Aye, and let callers who call with vain questions look to themselves!

Callers are one of the worries of an editor's life, especially when they call with ridiculous suggestions. A man who has got some really good, fresh, original idea to propound is always welcome if he will state his business and be off without delay. You may not believe me when I tell you some of the absurd things people call about. One man came up and interrupted me in the midst of a most beautiful thought which I was putting into a correspondent's album. When he had seated himself daintily in an easy chair, he said: "Do you take stories for your paper?" Naturally, I whistled for the F. E., who bounded in fresh from attending to a gentleman who had been trying on conjuring tricks with my hat and coat—trying to make them vanish, in fact. It must be palpable to anybody who troubles to look through THE CAPTAIN that I *do* take stories. Another man once waited on me with a sheaf of articles and tales which had already appeared in two London papers, and remarked that he would be quite willing to sell them to me at a reduced rate. Needless to say, his generous offer was not accepted. Another caller, who exasperated me very much, hurried into the office one day with an air of great importance and asked if I ever printed articles about schools. On my replying that I occasionally did, she observed—for it was a lady caller—that she would shortly be attending a prize-giving at a small private school, and would be glad to write me an account of it. When I told her that that sort of thing was more suitable for the columns of a local paper, she went out looking disappointed and indignant.

The shortest call I can recollect was paid me by a rough-looking American customer, who sauntered in without knocking. The following dialogue ensued:—

"Say, are you the boss?"

"I am!"

"Do you want an article on 'How they Flay Folks Alive in China'?"

"No!"

"That's straight talk. Morning!"

"Morning!" And he sauntered out again.

"A Cavalier Maid."—The present instalment of this serial ends at a most interesting place. History tells us of many brave deeds that have been performed by women—woman's wit has often won the day when man's strength has failed—and this "Cavalier Maid," as you will shortly see, plays her part to perfection. In the chapters that follow you will be filled with admiration for the manner in which the author, while setting Etienne Glanvil a hard task to perform—such a task as would have daunted the spirit of many a man—shows how the maid, in spite of the fact that she has to pose as a Cavalier and don a Cavalier's dress, preserves throughout her womanliness, and yet never for a moment betrays her secret. But read on—next month she has to ride for her life!

"In Deep Water."—Those of our readers who think of going to sea may take to heart Messrs. Blake and Hodgson's description of life on this particular "tramp" steamer. A

good many steamship apprentices have to learn their sea alphabet on ships almost as badly governed as the *Creole* was; in fact, one voyage of this kind very often cures them of any desire to go to sea again. The picture given of the *Creole's* turbulent voyage is not one whit overdrawn; indeed, a good many of the incidents are considerably toned down. The further instalments of the story possess some startling developments, for Captain Howell quite meant what he said when he expressed his determination to "seize the hull tarnation ship." Curiously enough, Mr. W. E. Hodgson mentioned the plot of this tale to me quite five years ago; but, a busy man, he has little time for writing, and so, although the main features of the plot have been in his head all this long time, it was only quite recently that he enlisted the co-operation of Mr. Stacey Blake—ex-sailor and writer also—in order, as he would remark, to get "In Deep Water" "under weigh."

"Captain" Club.—We are making fine headway with the List of Club Members. It may be as well to remind new readers wishing to join that supplementary lists will be published from time to time containing the names of new recruits. In the majority of cases we find that members have given their home rather than their school addresses. Of course they are at liberty to give either, or both. We should be notified of change in address.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. B.—I thank you for your kind suggestion with regard to character reading by handwriting. I am not greatly in favour of a feature of this kind, as I don't believe anybody can give you information really reliable and worth having by simply reading a letter you have written to him. Of course, it is possible to determine certain characteristics from handwriting. You can tell, for instance, whether people are slovenly in their habits, or have a firm will (to some extent—not always), or are artistically inclined, but I fear much of the information supplied by graphologists is guess-work. I have heard of a graphologist receiving a letter from a young lady, written to her by the man to whom she was engaged, and she wanted to know the man's "character." Now, if the graphologist had said he was a bad lot and not worth marrying, she might have believed him and broken off the engagement. In this way, you see, a good deal of harm can be done quite innocently, because, of course, though the graphologist exercises his art to the best of his knowledge, he may, quite unwittingly, upset the peace of mind of a large number of people who trust to his guidance.

Carrie Ingham.—Your suggestion *re* publishing some of the prize-winners' photographs is a good one; but, as the results of competitions only reach us as we are going to press, and are accordingly—as I daresay you have often noticed—printed on the last page of the magazine, we hardly have time to communicate with prize-winners. However, I have observed that some of our readers have got, not one, but several prizes, and it would certainly be interesting to publish the portraits of some CAPTAIN prize-winners who have given proof of their ability in such a substantial fashion. I shall, therefore, be glad to receive the portrait of any CAPTAIN prize-winner who has won six or more prizes, seeing that anybody who has done that must be very clever indeed.

NOW READY.

"Acton's Feud."
By FRED SWAINSON.
Price 3s. 6d.

"The Heart of the Prairie."
By JOHN MACKIE.
Price 3s. 6d.

"Tales of Greyhouse."
By R. S. WARREN BELL.
Price 5s.

The Caxton Magazine is the title of a new monthly periodical, devoted to the printing and publishing trades, especially appealing to all those interested in typographical matters generally and present-day journalism. Printed on toned paper, its get-up is very superior. The subscription is 1s. per month; or post free for one year from the publishers, Messrs. Blades, East & Blades, 23, Abchurch Lane, E.C., 10s.; to foreign subscribers, 13s. 6d. In the number before us (September, 1901), there is an article which CAPTAIN readers will peruse with interest, as it deals with Sir George Newnes, Bart., M.P., the founder of the firm which owns THE CAPTAIN.

Canuck.—Thanks for your letter. In reply to your query: A fellow can certainly be in love at sixteen in a sort of way. I fell in love myself when I was sixteen; yes, with a blue-eyed fairy who used to sell stamps at the post office, and I need hardly tell you that I often bought stamps when I didn't want them. I cannot tell you how long this passion lasted—at the outside, perhaps, three weeks! I think that is about the limit of all sixteen-year-old boys' "first affairs." After all, a fellow is very much better employed playing cricket or football than dangling round after some blue-eyed sylph, who only laughs at him when his back is turned.

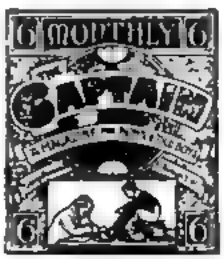
M. F. H.—Official representatives at various places are supposed to buck THE CAPTAIN up all they can, and to get absolutely every fellow they know to take it in, as well as all their girl cousins, sisters, friends, etc. If everybody works for THE CAPTAIN

like this, we shall soon have the largest circulation in the world, and that will mean the knocking out of a lot of rotten periodicals that ought never to be allowed to disgrace the bookstalls. (2) Clubbed. (3) Your handwriting is a little uneven, but it shows character, and is quite readable.

M. O. Smith.—See my little article in the April number, entitled, "Advice to Literary Aspirants." It would not be much use your trying to procure a position on a country paper unless you knew shorthand, and certainly your handwriting might be improved. It is not likely you will be able to get into any office unless you are personally acquainted with the powers that reign there. Is it not possible that you are more suited for some other profession?

M. Kent writes: "Your correspondent in the September number of THE CAPTAIN, namely, N. Emo, may be ingenious, He is clearly very incorrect. The compound German word of which he makes a hash is, Constantinopolitanischerdudelsackpfeifegeselle. If you compare it with his you will see the difference; for one thing, in mine there are only forty-five letters, instead of sixty-seven. Scotland is not the only country in which the bagpipes are heard."

W. S. Biggs has had a stroke of bad luck. He writes: "I was going in for the 'missing word' competition a little while ago, and prepared what I thought might be a possible solution. For some reason or other it was not posted; but when the result was published I found it corresponded exactly with my solution." Our sincere commiserations.



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

R. J.—(1) Mr. Cockburn Reynolds knows quite as much about jungle life as Mr. Kipling does; I daresay he knows more, as he lived for years in the jungle before he came to this country. (2) I have handed your question about the bat to Mr. Fry. You ought to be the best judge yourself as to whether it is too heavy for you. If it is, try another.

A. H. B.—The following two books will be very useful in your study of English trees: Mathew's "Familiar Trees and their Leaves," illustrated with drawings from Nature, price 7s. 6d.; and Nisbet's "British Forest Trees," price 6s. net. You can obtain both of them from Messrs. Parker & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

D. G.—In order to become an engineer in a shipping company of good repute, you must go through some engineering works. As soon as you become a competent mechanic, you should apply to the company whose service you wish to enter. The engineering course at Derby College will no doubt be of great use to you.

A Record School Dive.—V. B. Willis, of the Wanganui Collegiate School, New Zealand, holds, I believe, the school record for a long dive, viz., 238ft. He accomplished this at the swimming sports, held at the school, on March 4th, 1901. The previous best for the school was held by R. K. Murphy, whose dive was 167ft.

A Bathonian.—I am very pleased to hear that you have done so much for us in the way of getting new subscribers. We do not send specimen copies of THE CAPTAIN to anybody, so I am sorry that I cannot grant your request. I think you will agree with me that if a rule is made it ought to be adhered to.

W. Newell.—(1) *Bonâ fide* is Latin, not French. (2) You can tell how old THE CAPTAIN is by looking at the number on the copy before you. (3) Dr. Gordon Stables did write a story for THE CAPTAIN. It was entitled "The Cruise of the *Vengeful*," and it ran through Volume IV.

J. Garratt.—I believe you can obtain a cheap translation of the "Book of the Dead," from Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co., 20 and 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., from whom you can probably acquire some information respecting the other book you mention.

Jack V. Pearman.—The "C.C.C." pages are reserved for members of THE CAPTAIN Club, who are supposed to send to them original contributions in prose and verse, also photographs and sketches. Now you know what that corner is for, go ahead.

P. E. S. A.—As you are interested in wood-carving, I will bring to your notice a periodical just issued, called the *Woodworker*, price 2d. For designs you might try "Hobbies" Publishing Department, 12, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

E. A. B.—I have already said that I cannot undertake the responsibility of putting readers into communication with one another.

Bandit.—Your letter was most interesting. The manœuvres of the boys who wanted to see your badge were certainly very amusing. **Marjorie Paulley.**—Certainly we review girls' school magazines. **B. A. T.**—Will try and arrange it, but can make no promise. **Olive Ferrar.**—I think you write in all sincerity, but the majority of readers hold a contrary opinion. **C. J. Brewer.**—No, I am not the Rev. F. A. G. Leveson-Gower. **Eric Rothwell.**—Your writing is full of character, and denotes ambition. **G. F. Bourne.**—"Clubbed." Freak photographs should be sent to the "C C C." pages. **H. W. M.**—I am. **"Competition."**—I am afraid that the number of readers that could tackle a "cipher" competition would be limited. **Edwin Turner.**—You will find your name among the "T's." **Walter McKie Hislop.**—"Clubbed." Your name will appear in a supplementary list that will be printed when these lists are finished. **J. M. Luck.**—Your suggestions are very sensible. I will bear them in mind. **R. C. H.**—If you will send the latest number of the *Christowe Record*, I will review it. **Nathan Zelinsky.**—Explanation accepted. **F. R. D. Gibbs.**—The blocks are made of zinc from pen-and-ink drawings, reproduced by a photographic process. **An Admirer.**—Try Hamley's, High Holborn, London, W.C., *re* the game you mention. **Winnie M. Rogers.**—Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, W.C. Write for their catalogue of plays. **J. A. M.** (1) Feed your newts on worms and pieces of meat. (2) No, I don't think they will eat your tadpoles. **"Amo"** and **W. J. Riley.**—Write to F. H. Butler, Esq., M.A., Mineralogist, 158, Brompton Road, W.

Official representatives appointed: W. R. Brooks (Witney), D. C. Blaber (Worthing), H. L. Burton (Burton-on-Trent).

Letters, photographs, etc., have also been received from: "B. H.," Walter Forsyth (clubbed), R. L. Bridgnell, H. T. Peirett, Stanley Hide, and others.

(A number of answers held over.)

THE OLD FAG.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Four Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: FRANK A. GARRATT, "Holmly," Wolverton Avenue, Kingston Hill

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WILLIAM L. ALLEN, 48, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn J. Welsford, A. G. Trumble, Constance J. Regan, L. D. Nicol, Joseph W. Connell, Augusta A. Allain, William Borthwick.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM BRUCE, 18, Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: L. E. V. TIFFEN, 51, Sprules Road, Brockley, S.E.; and FRANK B. MORTON, 61, Castle Street, Southwark, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George W. Booth, H. Wentworth Cathie, W. C. P. Austin, Percy L. M. Battye, Fred. Hales, Norman F. Waugh, H. J. N. Kenward, C. B. Tidboald, W. G. Tilling, W. J. Juliff, Robert H. Carrick.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: CHARLES PEACOCK, 110, King Henry's Road, Hampstead, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CECIL S. BIRD, Kennet Lodge, Theale, Berks.; and A. H. MORTON, 15, Ashley Place, Westminster

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nancy Parker, Ronald Walker, Edwin T. H. Knight, F. A. Trenchard, William D. Morton, Henry E. Maunder, Denis D. Philby, E. M. Stapley, Francis G. Turner, John Cartland, Winnie Andrew.

No. II.—"Titles for Popular People."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s: J. HAROLD ROUND, 8, Victoria Terrace, Dudley.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, Albion Cottage, Heavitree, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John L. Turner, William Armstrong, Richard L. Bridgnell, Sidney A. Wright, Edgar H. Cross, W. D. Ereaut.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: INGA S. BELL, 9, Marchmont Terrace, Glasgow, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: T. R. DAVIS, 6, Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Colin A. Arrol, Alex. Patton, William Aitken Oldfield, P. Ramsay Laird, J. S. Baird.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: EDGAR A. PEERS, 10, Stapenhill Road, Burton-on-Trent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ruth McCloskey.

No. III.—"For the Camera Fiend."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HERBERT J. MASON, Carlton House, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Owen, F. C. Sharp, O. C. Lupton, C. J. B. Masefield, Mayne Reid, Maude Hart, A. H. Oldham, F. Jarman, Basil Schön, Kathleen Cartland, W. Pothecary, Blanch Tracy, Gwynedd Hudson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: S. A. STRATT, 207, Evering Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. Llewellyn, Stella Bedford, Aston W. H. Peach, Allan Drummond, C. G. Dowding, A. D. Strutton, Helen Josephine Tracy, Jerardine Byrom, Gwendoline Finlaison, Leonard Hardy, Eveline Venon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: R. SHERMAN, 9, Gloucester Place, Greenwich, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Kenyon, Frank Hale, A. Poncon, D. W. Fenton-Jones, Geo. S. McCreedy, Fred C. Lansdell.

No. IV.—"What is the Most Useful Hobby?"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: PERCY H. BEASLEY, 152, Usher Road, Bow, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HARRY PAYNE, 14, Dryden Street, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Ereaut, R. A. H. Goodyear, Edgar J. Ereaut, Marguerite Dowding, Ernest A. Taylor, Eleanor V. Taylore.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ACHILLE VAN SWAE, 39, Quai de la Station, Antwerp, Belgium

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: WINIFRED D. EREAUT, "Belleville," St. Saviour's, Jersey; and MONNAS THOMPSON, "Brentwood," Regent Square, Doncaster

HONOURABLE MENTION: O. P. Davies, S. G. Ereaut, S. G. Wilson, Wilfred White, E. W. Stiles, Gertrude Sterling, John B. Edgar, Martyr Luck, Cyril Burrage, George F. Good.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: CHARLES MURRAY, c/o Cleghorn, 15, Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. W. IVEY, 171, Barking Road, West Ham, Essex; and R. RAMSAY LAIRD, 11, Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh

HONOURABLE MENTION: Victor G. Sair, P. Waterhouse, Harry Cooke, M. J. Kemble, Lilian Weber, Alexander Mackenzie, H. H. Wellington, G. T. Atkinson, Mary Douglas, F. Morbey, James Weir.

No. V.—"Drawing of 'The Captain' Stamp."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: LUTHER SOWDEN, Grafton House, Allerton, near Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Inkster, John England, E. Cook, A. S. Atkinson, Joseph Johnston, W. J. White, S. Wilson, Gwynedd M. Hudson, Percy Hamer, Edith Winifred Frowd, Mabel Le Maistre, Florence Warde, Helen Blackwood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

7s. 6d. divided between: TOM STREET, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh; and OLIVER LEWIS, 10, Wren Street, Coventry.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: E. H. WARD, 16, Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Price, Harold Gayton, Grace West, Vera Nikolic (Austria), James Henderson, F. Hales, A. L. Ball, T. W. Collins, C. H. Gregory, Eva L. White, James Weir, Harold Hamp.

CLASS III.—(Age limit; Twelve.) No award.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Nancy Huntly, Alice Margaret Ogden, H. T. J. Warner, Frank Victor Hall.

No. VI.—"Riddles."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. P. H. THOMPSON, "Corrawallen," Carrigallen, co. Leitrim

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. G. McRae, Q. L. Smith, Geo. Mottershead, H. Mack, L. Keston

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: J. S. PROTHEROE, 18, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: JOAN THOMAS, Forest Fach, Swansea; and E. HALDEN, 134, Onslow Drive, Dennistown, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Holford, Olive Jackson, J. Harold Round, E. W. Stiles, M. I. Fulkner, Gustavus Hamilton, D. C. Hudson, R. A. Haydon, William S. Harley, Dorothy Wordsworth, H. P. Milsom, H. C. Ransley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: GWEN OKEDEN, The Grove, Stretton, Suffolk

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: PERCY J. SLADE, Calderon Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edgar A. Shilling, C. G. Murphy, Percy Leonard, Horace S. Dickins, Norman B. Ashford, Gladys Amphlett, Wm. A. Mavin, Fred. Gibbons, W. Ethel M. Rempson, J. Green, Gilbert Dewar

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number

Continued from October issue.

MORTON, Herbert W., 2, Mount Norris Villas, Esplanade, Bray, co. Wicklow.

MORTON, L. B., 61, Castle Street, Southwark, S.E.

MORTON, Kate F., 61, Castle Street, Southwark, S.E.

MORTON, William Grierson, 5, Woodside Place, Glasgow, W.

MOSES, Sidney, St. Mawes, Hill Lane, Southampton.

MOSS, Farries, 39, Tresillian Road, Brockley, S.E.

MOSS, V., 12, Pembridge Square, W.

MOUNSEY, J. L., 24, Glencairn Crescent, Edinburgh.

MOUNTNEY, Ernest, 25, Saltergate, Chesterfield.

MOWLING, Robert Horace, 67, Bostock Avenue, Northampton.

MÜLLER, O. H., Berliner Bank, Depositen-Kasse, Friedrich-Strasse 4, Berlin, S.W.

MULLETT, Harry, 208, Abbey Road, Alexandra Villas, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

MULLOY, N. F. C., Kelvedon, Bulmersh Road, Reading.

MUNDELL, H. Dawson, Litton, Poole, Dorset.

MUNN, Duncan, Shucklurgh Vicarage, Daventry, Northamptonshire.

MUNRO, Mullott, St. Chads, Purley, Surrey.

MUNRO, R., St. Chads, Purley, Surrey.

MURRAY, Charles, 18, Downfield Place, Edinburgh.

MURRAY, F., 10, Stanhope Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

MURRAY, Frederick, 85, Buckingham Road, Brighton.

MURRAY, James A., Fernichill House, Liberton, Edinburgh.

MURRAY, Maimie, Drummond Lodge, Inverness, N.B.

MUSGRAVE, R., 451, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

N

NADIN, Joseph, 23, Ashby Road, Burton-on-Trent.

NASH, Charles, Midford, near Bath.

NEALE, Fred A., 4, Blackfriars Street, King's Lynn.

NEEDHAM, Geoffrey A., 46, Serpentine Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

NEILL, N., The Grammar School, Barrow-on-Soar, Loughborough.

NEILL, William A. Y., 6, Baring Place, Heavitree, Exeter.

NEILSON, Duncan H., 39, Wellmeadow, Paisley.

NETTLETON, W. J. C., 70, George St., Portman Square, W.

NEWILL, Dorothy, The Homestead, Winchester.

NEWMAN, T. W. W., 12, Wilson Street, Long Acre, W.C.

NICHOLLS, Harold John, 6, Park Place, Weston-super-Mare.

NICHOLLS, Stanley Gordon, Oak Villa, Pontefract.

NICHOLAS, A. C., Ivy Cottage, Station Road, Romsey, Hants.

NICHOLSON, Charles Robert, 99, Tanners Hill, Deptford, S.E.

NICHOLSON, J. A., "Cardinal Wolsey," King Henry Street, Mildmay Park, N.E.

NICHOLSON, J. P., 104, Twycross St., Leicester.

NICKERS, Magdalen, Knowle Grange, Sidmouth.

NICOL, L. D., 4, West Grove, Cardiff.

NIXON, B., Inniefail, Merton Road, Bedford.

NIXON, Geo. R., Primrose Grange, Sligo, Ireland.

NOAKES, J. T., 46, Morris Road, Lewes, Sussex.

NORDEN, D. C., 41, The Gardens, East Dulwich.

NORKETT, Edwin, C. G. Station, Southbourne, near Christchurch, Hants.

NORMAN, Charles F. K., 291, High Road, Lee, S.E.

NORRIS, J., Almondbury Vicarage, Huddersfield.

NORTON, Harry E., 1, Edinburgh Terrace, Newbury, Berks.

NOTT, Geo., 5, Victoria Crescent, Newport, Mon.

NOTT, S. C., Waterloo House, Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Hants.

NUTTALL, R. C. W., 56, Bedford St., Liverpool.

N., C. J., Havering House, Lewisham Hill, S.E.

O

OAKLEY, H. Lawrence, Tulford Road, York.

OAKLEY, Richard R., The Schools, Oswestry.

OATES, George, 108, Marlborough Rd., Hightown, Manchester.

O'BEIRNE, Geo., 6, St. James Avenue, Brighton.

O'BRIEN, Walter P., The Lodge, Mitchelstown, co. Cork.

O'CONNOR, Arthur P., 2, Clifton Place, Monkstown, co. Dublin.

O'DALY, William, 22, Parliament St., Dublin.

ODELL, E., Tanglewood, Grove Road, Sutton, Surrey.

OFFER, Cledwyn M., 168, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

OGDEN, Philip E., 1, St. Mary's Road, Cheetham Hill.

OKEDEN, W. P., Turnworth, Blandford.

OLDFIELD, L. C. F., Ivy Bank, 8, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

OLDFIELD, W. A., York City and County Bank, Ltd., Doncaster.

OLDHAM, Miles, Heathcot, Marlborough Road, Putney.

OLIPHANT, James McNaught, 11, Burnbank Terrace, Glasgow.

OLLIS, George Robert, 4, Hanbury Road, Clifton, Bristol.

OLIVER, C. F., c/o B. Wilson, Esq., B.A., Sedbergh School, Sedbergh, Yorks.

OLIVER, Charles J., 32, High Street, Jedburgh.

OLIVER, Fred R., 59, Curzon Street, Derby.

OLLERENSHAW, R. E., 79, Ashwell Road, Bradford.

OLVER, J., 68, Percy Road, Canning Town.

OMBLER, E. H., 60, Cromwell Street, Stretford.

OMEGA, M., Villa August, Watford Road, Pinner.

O'NEILL, Sibyl, 3, Harbledown Place, Canterbury, Kent.

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O'REILLY, Howard E., Bewley's Shipyard, Northwall, Dublin.

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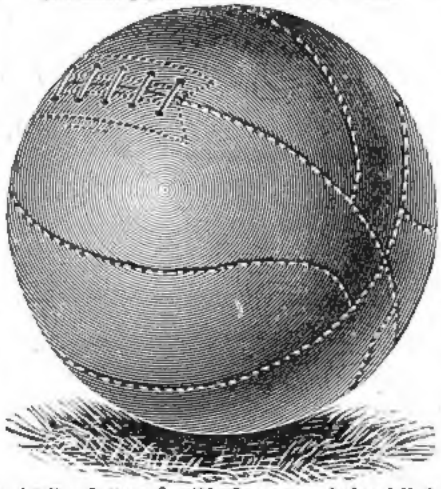

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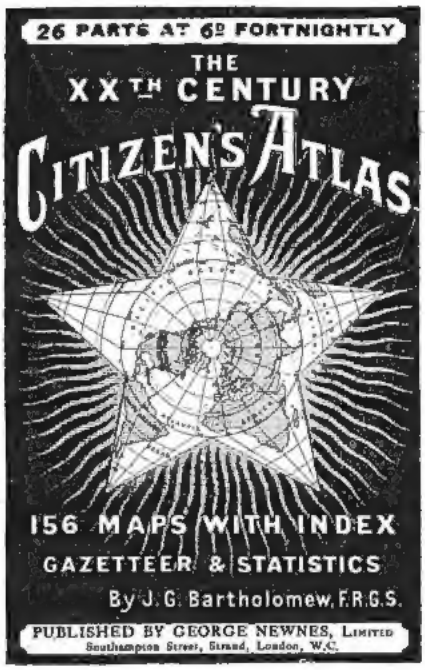

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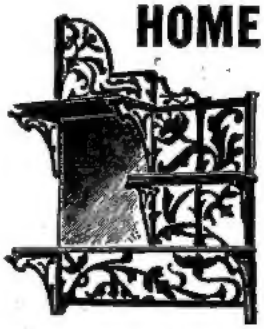

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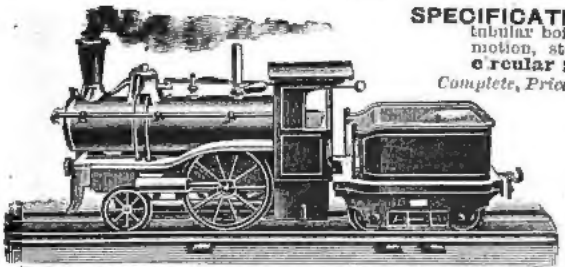

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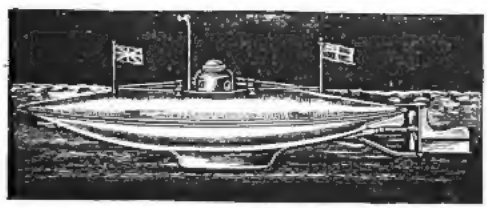

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